

I'm a What?

by Clara Minutes

What does the Giant Squid have to do with Nymphadora Tonks? Originally written for Omniocular's August Challenge on Livejournal.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter or anything associated with it.

Nymphadora Tonks walked quickly down to the lake. Those stupid boys had been making fun of her again. They kept calling her plain. It really wasn't her fault she looked like everyone else.

I'll show them, she thought, dropping down on a large boulder.

This was her safe haven. People would come by and look for her, but couldn't find her when she was hidden away like this. Well, she wasn't technically hiding, just out of direct sight.

She would rush down here and toss rocks into the lake. Sometimes, the Giant Squid would splash around while she watched. Today, the Squid decided it would be fun to launch her rocks back at her. She had to duck quickly to avoid getting hit.

She stuck her tongue out at the Squid and started to move toward the lake to get a closer look.

Kneeling beside the water's edge, she looked down at her reflection. The Squid was making ripples by lightly splashing out near the middle of the lake.

Looking at her mirror self, she wished that she wasn't just so plain. Anything that would make her different, or special, would be welcome. All of a sudden, her hair changed. She looked harder at her reflection, not believing her eyes. Thinking it was a trick of the ripples in the water, she got even closer. Unfortunately, she tipped a bit too far and landed in the lake with a loud splash.

"Hey there! Wha' are ya doin' in the lake there, missy?" The hulking form of Rubeus Hagrid was marching his way across the grounds from his hut.

Reaching into the lake, he grabbed her by the back of the collar and pulled her out.

"I'm sorry, sir. I thought I saw something funny, so I got closer to look. I'm a bit clumsy though; I didn't mean to fall in!" she explained quickly.

Hagrid gave a loud chuckle. "Tha's okay. No 'arm done."

He lowered her carefully to the ground. "Now, I don't recognize ya? I thought I knew all o' the kids," he said, scratching his chin through his beard.

"Hagrid, what are you saying? You know who I am."

"Nymphadora? You don't look like yerself." Hagrid had stopped moving and was staring at her.

"I wish you wouldn't call me that. I like Tonks better than Nymphadora."

"What'd ya do to yer hair?"

"What? Oh, that's what I was trying to figure out. I thought about it really hard, and it changed. It was an accident." She looked down at her feet, thinking she was going to get in trouble.

"Let's take ya up to see the Headmaster. He'll put you to rights quick enough." Hagrid clapped her on the back, nearly knocking her over.

"Headmaster Dumbledore, I'm bringing you a student. I found little Nymphadora here splashin' around in the lake."

She stood with her head bowed.

"Miss Tonks, what have you done to your hair? It's not every day someone comes into my office with hair that shade."

"I don't know, sir. I didn't mean to turn it purple. I was just thinking that I didn't want to be plain and simple anymore, and it changed colors!"

"Really, my dear, could you do it again?"

"I can try."

She looked around and concentrated really hard on looking different. Imagining her hair longer and brighter, she scrunched up her face. The thought she felt something strange along her scalp, so she opened her eyes.

The Headmaster had a look of wonder on his face. "My dear, no one should ever call you plain again," he said with a kind smile.

"What do you mean?" As soon as the words left her mouth, she noticed that her hair was down past her shoulders, it was also bright red. "Oh, wow," she breathed, holding the ends up before her eyes.

"Miss Tonks, I shall have to send a letter to your parents. They will be thrilled to know they have a Metamorphmagus in the family."

"A what?"

"A Metamorphmagus, that is, someone that can change aspects of their appearance at will. It is very rare, and not something that can be learned."

As Professor Dumbledore had been explaining, he had also written a short letter to her parents.

"If you would be so kind as to take this to the Owlery?" he asked her, placing the letter into her hand.

"Certainly." She beamed.

She made her way down the stairs back to the main hall. She practically ran up the many flights of stairs. When she reached the Owlery, she called down one of the school owls and tied the letter to his leg.

"Take this to my parents, Andromeda and Ted Tonks. They will be so excited!"

The bird hooted and flew off threw the window.

Looks like I'll never be called plain again, she thought happily, heading back down to her common room.

Author's Notes: Thank you to GinnyW for beta reading.

Feedback is always welcomed and appreciated!