

Socks

by HermioneWeasley1972

Dumbledore gets his Christmas wish granted.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Dumbledore sat in his chambers at Hogwarts, reflecting on the Christmas holiday that had just ended. As always, he'd had a wonderful time with the staff and students. They'd had quite a crowd due to the fact that it was a Triwizard Tournament year and almost everyone had stayed for the Yule Ball.

He smiled as he looked down at his large pile of presents. As always, everyone had been very generous with their gift giving this year. But sadly, once again, most of the packages contained books.

Oh, it wasn't that he didn't love books. On the contrary, reading was one of his favorite pastimes. But what he really was in need of was socks. He smiled as he remembered a talk he'd had with Harry four years ago.

"What do you see when you look in the mirror?"

"I? I see myself holding a pair of thick, woolen socks."

Harry had stared at him in amazement.

"One can never have enough socks."

Of course, he had never told anyone else this. He enjoyed the books that others had given him, and well, there was always next year.

* * *

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the castle, a conspiracy was in action.

"Does everyone know what they are going to do?" one figure asked.

"Yes, Dobby knows what his part is."

"You know, Hermione?"

"Harry, we've been over this a million times."

"Okay, then. Dobby, we're counting on you. You let us know as soon as Professor Dumbledore is out of his room, and we'll get to it."

The tallest figure in the group thought about how surprised Dumbledore would be when he got back to his rooms.

"Go now, Dobby!"

Dobby vanished, reappearing fifteen minutes later.

"Sir, Professor Dumbledore is in his office!"

"Okay, now, let's go! Dobby, you let us know when he's on his way back."

The small group of people, laden down with bags, headed for Dumbledore's rooms. The eldest in the group gained them entrance by giving the password. Their work was done just as Dobby gave his warning, retreating back to Gryffindor Tower just in time.

* * *

When Albus Dumbledore returned to his private quarters at Hogwarts, he was astounded by what he found. Socks, hundreds of them, all over his rooms. There were socks with each of the four house symbols on them, socks with candy of all kinds on them, socks of every color imaginable.

Finding a note on his desk, he picked it up and read:

Merry Christmas, Professor Dumbledore.

We have left you enough socks to last a lifetime.

With Much Love,

Harry Potter

Ron Weasley

Hermione Granger

Ginny Weasley

Dobby

Minerva McGonagall

A tear came to his sparkling blue eyes. "Thank you so much," he whispered.

His Christmas wish had come true.