

Diving for Dunderheads

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one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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On a bright, crystal-clear morning, Albus and Minerva looked on fondly as the little fairy penguins splashed in the shallows where the sea washed up over the edge of the ice floe. The little dears played as if they hadn't a care in the world.

"Seventeen sorted into Gryffindor this year." Minerva preened a bit, noting the plethora of red and gold scarves on the frolicking little blues as she ran an oh-so-casual flipper over the yellow and black plumes that marked her as a macaroni penguin.

Albus puffed his chest, as emperor penguins are wont to do, before replying. "They are a promising lot, Minerva. I am, however, concerned that young Harry and his friends appear to be missing. Are you aware of any mischief they might have had planned?"

Suddenly, squeals of terror rent the air, and the tiny creatures scattered across the ice floe as a great, whiskery walrus rose to the surface and launched himself onto their beach, tossing three bedraggled little birds before him. Even in their current sodden state, there was no mistaking the bushy, if dripping, crest of the female and the scar and freckles that marked her companions.

"I caught them playing with that damned dog-fish again. Only this time, they were less than half a mile from where the Dark Shark and his pod were feeding," Severus snarled.