

The Fennoderee's Favourite

by Wahoo and Wesleyanne

Orla Quirke's first year at Hogwarts. From the start Draco takes an unreasonable dislike to the first-year Ravenclaw.
A tale of a little-known Canon character.

Orla of Summerhill Farm

Chapter 1 of 7

Orla Quirke's first year at Hogwarts. From the start Draco takes an unreasonable dislike to the first-year Ravenclaw.
A tale of a little-known Canon character.

Disclaimer: We don't own it, JKR does. Good on her!

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Many thanks to my wonderful beta, the most noble Ladyinthecloak.

A Dictionary Drabble Challenge

Words, Definitions & Challenge rules follow story

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Chapter One

Orla of Summerhill Farm

The first time Draco saw Orla Quirke, Madam Malkin was oohing and ahing over Orla's long, long hair as though no one had ever seen a blonde before. Orla had two thick yellow plaits that hung down past her knees. When Madam Malkin asked her if she ever wore it free, the girl recited a charm and shook her head, and the plaits unbraided themselves in mere seconds, the hair falling into a wavy curtain of sunshiny hair.

"The Fennoderee taught me charms to help me take care of my hair," Orla said.

"Aye, child, I recall your grandmum's hair when we were in school together," Madam Malkin replied. "Brown, but as long and pretty as yours. And your mother's hair, too. The Summerhill Farm girls always have the prettiest hair at Hogwarts."

"Ah, Master Draco," Madam Malkin continued, looking up to see him. "Here to pick up your new robes. See this sweet child? It's Robert Quirke's sister, Orla. This is Draco Malfoy. Now you'll have a new friend your first day at school." Orla curtsied the way her mother had taught her and extended her hand to Draco as Madam Malkin leaned conspiratorially towards the lad. "Doesn't she have the loveliest hair you've ever seen? It's even prettier than yours."

Perhaps Madam Malkin thought that someday Draco and Orla might make a handsome blond couple. She never knew that she caused a completely new idea to enter

Draco Malfoy's mind: *Perhaps I do not have the most beautiful blond hair in the world.* As ever with Draco, he instantly hated anyone he perceived as a possible rival.

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Draco teased young Orla from her first day at Hogwarts. His sycophants, taking their cue from Draco, pulled her braids and mocked her. Orla's brother, Robert, accused Draco of picking on the little girl because he was jealous that he no longer had the most beautiful blond hair in the school. Even Crabbe and Goyle guffawed at that until silenced by Draco's anger. The story spread quickly, and soon even Potty and the Weasel were teasing Draco that he was jealous of a girl, a first-year girl.

Draco was all the more furious because it was true. He insisted he disliked the girl because she was Manx. Hermione Granger glared at him and accused him of xenophobia. No one really accepted Draco's protest, though. Even his own housemates believed he was jealous of Orla's hair. The more obsequious among them took up Draco's cause and teased the child.

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Professor Snape quite liked Miss Quirke, if truth were to be told. She was universally civil (until forced to be otherwise by Draco Malfoy and his goons). She was sweet and kind, without being in any way saccharine. She was beautiful without a trace of vanity. Even the way she dealt with her hair (which was spectacular, he had to admit) was calm and matter-of-fact, without so much as a hint of ostentation.

In short, Orla reminded him of Lily Evans.

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Professor Flitwick was exceedingly fond of the fairylite little Ravenclaw, the shortest student in her class. He hoped that she wouldn't be unpopular. He had another unusual blonde charge, Miss Lovegood, who was not popular amongst her classmates.

Flitwick knew from experience that anything different, like Orla's long fabulous hair, could provoke dislike, especially when coupled with her otherworldly air. She spent long hours discussing the flora and fauna of Man with Miss Lovegood and never teased the older girl. Flitwick feared Orla would be disliked for her differences. Once a child was branded an outsider, he knew it was a long and often fruitless struggle to gain popularity.

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On Hallowe'en of Orla's first year, the day after the guests arrived for the Tri-Wizard Tournament, things came to a head with the teasing from Slytherin House. A number of first-year Slytherin girls cornered Orla that afternoon after Potions class and began to pull at her robes, telling her to undress and cover herself with her hair like Lady Godiva.

Professor Snape hurried out of his classroom as soon as he heard the disturbance, but Orla was already being protected by Cho Chang and her fifth-year friends. Cho was livid with the Slytherin girls and told them off sharply. Professor Snape stepped back into his classroom after noting which of his House had been harassing the girl. He would not defend Orla there, Miss Chang was doing that nicely, but he would discuss this seriously with his Slytherins.

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Appearing like a Deus ex Machina to defend Orla sealed the growing affection Cho had been forming for the first year. She took the tearful child back to the Ravenclaw common room and suggested that the girls could style her hair specially for the Hallowe'en feast that night. Although not chosen as a Prefect, Cho Chang was a bellwether. Orla and her long hair were approved by Cho; therefore, the rest of the house was quick to accept her. Several girls braided and twisted and tried a number of hairstyles on the patient Orla before the consensus was formed that styling her hair into the shape of a crown would be perfect for Hallowe'en.

That night at the Hallowe'en feast, Draco sneered at Orla's crown hairstyle, denouncing it as an excrescence. Professor Snape glared at Draco and glowered at the first years who had attacked Orla earlier that day. The guilty looked abashed. The students from Durmstrang looked puzzled. The jollification at the other tables continued unabated.

Professor Flitwick smiled at Professor Snape. Flitwick had heard about the incident and seen Orla's torn robes. Snape had assured Flitwick that letters would be written to the offending students' families, signed by both of them. Flitwick was well pleased. Snape was less so. His Slytherins had attacked a fellow student, (a pureblood at that, from the foremost Wizarding family of the Isle of Man). What would the students from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang think?

TBC

Author's note:

Thank you to my wonderful beta, Ladyinthecloak.

I had in mind the tale I wanted to write. Somehow, in fitting the Challenge Words in, it ended up reflecting the points of view of different people.

The Isle of Man is a real country, part of the British Isles but not part of Great Britain. Although there are farms named Summerhill Farm in the English-speaking world, The Quirk's Summerhill Farm and its stone circle are figments of my imagination. The Fennoderee is not. But more about him later.....

A note on names:

Orla comes from the Isle of Man. Someone or something from Man is called Manx. (Like Manx cats.)

I have been told that the surname Quirke (with an e) is more common in Ireland than in Man. Although Quirk is more common in Man, both Quirk and Quirke are surnames there. In fact, some documents from the 17th or 18th centuries list one brother as Quirke and another as Quirk; therefore I chose to make Orla Manx rather than Irish, for family reasons.

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Dictionary Challenge, April 5, 2008

RULES

1. Use some or all of the following words in a drabble (doesn't have to be 100 words--anything under 1k is fine)
2. Word list changes every Saturday
3. Upload your drabbles here or at the Petulant Poetess under the Potter Place Fun Categories (any other archive is fine as well). Remember, SH has a Potter Place Category.
4. Have fun, baby! Whoot!!

It should be interesting to see what we can come out with using dictionary.com's daily words while boosting our vocabulary. Teehee

The word list (swiped from the past week's list):

1. excrescence
2. obsequious
3. xenophobia
4. jollification
5. deus ex machina
6. bellwether
7. ostentation

Words with definitions below:

excrescence \ik-SKRESS-uhn(t)s\, noun:

1. Something (especially something abnormal) growing out from something else.
2. A disfiguring or unwanted mark, part, or addition.

obsequious \ob-SEE-kwee-us\, adjective:

Servilely attentive; compliant to excess; fawning.

xenophobia \ZEN-uh-FOE-bee-uh\, noun:

Fear or hatred of strangers, people from other countries, or of anything that is strange or foreign.

jollification \jol-ih-fuh-KAY-shuhn\, noun:

Merrymaking; festivity; revelry.

deus ex machina \DAY-uhs-eks-MAH-kuh-nuh; -nah; -MAK-uh-nuh\, noun:

1. In ancient Greek and Roman drama, a god introduced by means of a crane to unravel and resolve the plot.
2. Any active agent who appears unexpectedly to solve an apparently insoluble difficulty.

bellwether \BEL-weth-uh\, noun:

A leader of a movement or activity; also, a leading indicator of future trends.

ostentation \os-ten-TAY-shuhn\, noun:

Excessive or pretentious display; boastful showiness.

Orla of Ravenclaw House

Chapter 2 of 7

Orla has an unhappy Christmas surprise. A Dictionary Challenge response about a little-known canon character.

Disclaimer: We don't own it, J. K. Rowling does. Good on her!

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Chapter 2

Orla of Ravenclaw House

Professors Snape and Flitwick both kept a watch on Orla Quirke over the next months. The teasing about her hair died down with the introduction of Miss Delacour, whose magical beauty was attracting a lot of attention from the older students. At first some children mentioned it to Orla, telling her she no longer had the prettiest hair in Hogwarts.

"I never did," she would reply artlessly. "Ginny Weasley has always had the most beautiful hair in the school." Orla's lack of anger or vanity soon put an end to that avenue of teasing. The child was not the least envious of the Veela girl.

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Under Cho's protection, Orla was popular. Her long hair became a source of pride for the other Ravenclaw girls. Draco noted this and it angered him, but Professor Snape had punished the girls who tore off Orla's school robes on Hallowe'en. Draco didn't want any letters sent to *his* parents, so he left off teasing Orla, at least where there were any teachers or prefects to hear.

He continued to observe her, though. She knew charms that would braid her hair up in seconds. She didn't make a show of it, but sometimes she'd have her hair down, and then, with a few words of that vile Manx language, it would be neatly plaited or twisted and wrapped around her head, magically held out of the way for whatever class she was going to. Draco despised her, but hid his pugnacious attitude from his Head of House.

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Professor Flitwick was fascinated by Orla's Manx Charms for managing her long hair. She could tell it to untangle itself, and the strands of hair would begin to work themselves free of any snarls that had formed. It looked as if unseen hands were delicately grooming the child. She often sat in the library or common room studying as her hair rid itself of any tangles acquired during the day.

The afternoon of Orla's last exam before Christmas, she fell asleep in the library while waiting for a friend to finish her test. Twenty minutes later her friend found Orla asleep with her head on the table, one long plait neatly severed and lying on the floor. The horrified shrieks of the two girls alerted the entire library.

An hour later, when Cho Chang angrily accompanied a woebegone Orla into the Great Hall for dinner, all conversation ceased. Cho glared accusingly around the Hall. Orla stood next to her, a long braid hanging on one side of her head and hair cropped off under her ear on the other.

Even Professor Snape, who generally paid little attention to the students at dinner, noticed the caesura in the noise and looked over to see Miss Chang and one of his favourites, little Miss Quirke. Professors Snape and Flitwick gasped in unison.

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Professor Snape looked sternly at Draco Malfoy. The importunate boy had been arguing for ten minutes that he was innocent of any complicity in the case of Miss Quirke's hair.

"I know you told your camarilla you wanted Miss Quirke humiliated," Professor Snape said gravely. Draco looked up in guilty alarm.

"How?" he gasped out.

"It was no afflatus, nor was it Legilimency," the professor replied. "Your thoughts give you away, Draco. I can read them like an essay. You have incited your friends to harm a pureblooded witch from an ancient and influential family."

"Her father is a *farmer*," Draco protested. "And I never met them. How influential can they be?"

"Just because her parents perform honest work does not make them less magical nor less influential," said Professor Snape. "She is not from Great Britain; Man is its own country. The wizards there are wild. They have no Ministry, only an ancient stone circle where they convene. And that stone circle is on the Quirke family farm."

"However, even if she was Muggle-born, you have no right to attack her. We have certain standards of behaviour in Slytherin House: Respect the ladies, don't fight anyone younger than yourself, and *don't get caught!*" Professor Snape loomed menacingly over Draco.

"You have disregarded those rules," he continued as the boy cowered. "Your detentions shall be served with Mr. Filch after your return. Your partners in crime, when caught, shall be joining you."

Draco opened his mouth for one more argument, noticed the fire in Professor Snape's eyes and snapped it shut again.

"Yes, sir," he said meekly.

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The next morning at breakfast Draco deliberately sat facing away from the Ravenclaw table. The entire Great Hall was buzzing with rumours about Orla's attack. She had been hexed, or hit on the head from behind, some maintained; others said Peeves had snipped off her braid. Some claimed Vincent Crabbe had been seen sneaking out of the library just before the screaming started.

Most of the students felt sorry for the inoffensive child. They shared the latest rumours and wondered if she would cut the other side of her hair to match. Most agreed that cutting only half of her hair off, forcing her to choose to cut the rest was even nastier than cutting it all off would have been.

~o~

Later that morning, the older Ravenclaws walked their younger housemates to Hogsmeade Station in a show of solidarity. Orla was not allowed to be alone; the normally voluble first year was still in a state of shock.

Many of the students who were staying for the Yule Ball would be returning to their homes afterwards for the rest of the Christmas Holidays. Robert Quirke would certainly return home after the Ball. He was only staying because Orla insisted he not miss it.

Robert had sent two Owls winging towards Man the night before, warning that Orla's hair had been cut off for a cruel prank. One letter was for their parents and the other for the Fennoderee.

To be continued.....

Dictionary Challenge rules and list for April 12

Rules:

1. Use some or all of the following words in a drabble (doesn't have to be 100 words--anything under 1k is fine)
2. Word list changes every Saturday

3. Upload your drabbles here or at the Petulant Poetess under the Potter Place Fun Categories (any other archive is fine as well). Remember, SH has a Potter Place Category.

4. Have fun, baby! Whoot!!

It should be interesting to see what we can come out with using dictionary.com's daily words while boosting our vocabulary. Teehee

The word list (swiped from the past week's list):

camarilla

importunate

woebegone

voluble

caesura

afflatus

pugnacious

Words with definitions below:

camarilla \kam-uh-RIL-uh; -REE-yuh\, noun: A group of secret and often scheming advisers, as of a king; a cabal or clique.

importunate \im-POR-chuh-nit\, adjective: Troublesomely urgent; overly persistent in request or demand; unreasonably solicitous.

woebegone \WOE-bee-gon\, adjective:

1. Beset or overwhelmed with woe; immersed in grief or sorrow; woeful.
2. Being in a sorry condition; dismal-looking; dilapidated; run-down.

voluble \VOL-yuh-buhl\, adjective:

1. Characterized by a ready flow of speech.
2. Easily rolling or turning; rotating.
3. (Botany) Having the power or habit of turning or twining.

caesura \sih-ZHUR-uh; -ZUR-\, noun; plural caesuras or caesurae \sih-ZHUR-ee; -ZUR-ee\:

1. A break or pause in a line of verse, usually occurring in the middle of a line, and indicated in scanning by a double vertical line; for example, "The proper study || of mankind is man" [Alexander Pope, An Essay on Man].
2. Any break, pause, or interruption.

afflatus \uh-FLAY-tuhs\, noun: A divine imparting of knowledge; inspiration.

pugnacious \puhg-NAY-shuhs\, adjective: Inclined to fight; combative; quarrelsome.

Orla of Man

Chapter 3 of 7

Orla returns to Hogwarts. Draco whinges.
A tale of a little-known Canon character.

This is a response to the Potter Place Dictionary Challenge. The rules, word list for April 18, and their definitions follow the chapter.

Thanks are due to my kind and helpful Beta, Ladyinthecloak

Chapter 3

Orla of Man

The Isle of Man was supposed to be salubrious. Certainly the score or so of Wizarding children who had just spent three weeks there looked rosy and healthy. It struck Draco as odd that an island so under-populated and unimportant should have such a disproportionate number of children at Hogwarts. He'd asked his parents and discovered that many British Wizards emigrated to Man to be free of unnecessary government interference. The percentage of Wizarding folk there was much higher than in Great Britain.

Draco had been blissfully unaware of the Isle of Man until he met the irritating Orla Quirke. Now he knew more than he wanted to know about it. He was disgusted with the sissy, Orla, who'd cried when her hair had been cut. Such a troublemaker, she was.

Disgusted or not, Draco sidled closer to the roistering crowd of Manx children. By eavesdropping he discovered that they had all Flooed into the Leaky Cauldron and boarded the Knight Bus there for the short trip to King's Cross. Some of them were talking about a ferry.

I don't suppose Man is civilised enough to be on the Floo system Draco thought scornfully. *They must have had to come over on a common Muggle boat.* Muggle transport or not, the children all seemed to have enjoyed their peregrinations.

Draco spotted Vincent and Gregory waving at him from a window of the train. They motioned for him to come inside. He hadn't spotted Orla yet, although he was certain she was somewhere in that barbaric crowd of foreigners. He hurried to join his friends on the train.

~o~

"Mother gets more clingy every year," Draco whinged as he entered the compartment his friends had appropriated. "It's worse than ever this year because I stayed at Hogwarts until after the Yule Ball."

"I don't think Professor Snape wrote my parents about that little contretemps before Christmas," he continued. "Father didn't beat me, at any rate. That's a good sign."

"Snape wrote me a note wishing me a happy New Year and reminding me of my detentions with Filch in January. But not a word to my parents," Vincent said enthusiastically. He had been the lookout when Orla's hair was cut.

"Same here," agreed Gregory. He had done the actual cutting. He was less worried about a beating. His parents hadn't spanked him for years and hadn't ever given him the sort of beatings Draco and Vince described.

"Yeah, I got detentions, too," Draco admitted rather sheepishly. "Snape says I'm a bad influence on you two."

"Slytherin House has certain standards of behaviour," he said, standing up and glowering in his best imitation of their Head of House. "Respect anyone richer or more powerful, don't harm anyone who can help you, and *don't – get – caught!*"

~o~

On the platform, a small strange grey cloud suddenly appeared. Everyone leapt out of the way except the four Quirkes who smiled as the roiling miasma approached them. Once it surrounded them it all but disappeared, transforming into pure light and a palpable sense of benign magic.

"What's that?" Gregory cried, staring. Vincent, seemingly stricken with some sort of magical abulia, gaped out of the window beside him. By the time Draco got to the window, the grey cloud had disappeared, but his attention was captured by the sight of Orla Quirke standing with her family. Her hair hung in two plaits, not only past her knees but just brushing the ground.

"So they used a charm or a glamour," Draco said with a shrug. "Everyone knows it's not real. Even hair growth charms can't make the hair as thick and strong as naturally-grown hair. Otherwise half the girls at Hogwarts would have hair as long as Orla Quirke's." Draco managed to pack a great deal of scorn into his comments. The other boys nodded absently, accustomed to Draco's constant objurgation of Orla.

Blaize and Pansy joined the boys, who left the window.

"Did Snape write your parents?" Pansy asked.

"No," Draco replied. "I don't flatter myself that I was able to inveigle Professor Snape into letting us off. I believe he didn't make it public because of the honour of Slytherin House." He smiled winningly at Pansy.

"But for whatever reason, our parents didn't hear of it; that's the important thing!" Draco concluded.

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It was nearly time for the Hogwarts Express to leave. No one from Draco's compartment saw the elder Quirkes embrace their children and slip them some extra pin-money. Nor did they see Mr. Quirke remove the Glamour from Orla's hair before she boarded the Hogwarts Express. Barely anyone watching noticed the scintillating cloud of magic accompanying Orla on to the train; they were all too busy gaping at the girl's hair. But Orla felt the magic board with her and knew that the Fennoderee was on his way to Hogwarts.

To be continued...

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Author's Note

Regarding the Wizarding population:

Although there were 40 people in Harry's entering class at Hogwarts, I am assuming that that particular year was not a popular one to have babies due to Voldemort's rise to power. JKR said there were 'about a thousand students' at Hogwarts; later she reduced the number to around 600. Other classes must be considerably larger than Harry's for there to be 600 or a thousand students there.

About two dozen students from the Isle of Man is a very high percentage, indeed, but in my 'reality,' Wizards move to Man to be free of the Ministry. Wouldn't you?

~o~

Dictionary Challenge rules, word list, and definitions for April 19th

Rules

1. Use some or all of the following words in a drabble (doesn't have to be 100 words--anything under 1k is fine)
2. Word list changes every Saturday
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4. Have fun, baby! Whoot!!

It should be interesting to see what we can come out with using dictionary.com's daily words while boosting our vocabulary. Teehee

The word list (swiped from the past week's list):

objurgate

miasma

pin money

roister

abulia

salubrious

inveigle

Words with definitions below:

objurgate \OB-juhr-gayt\, transitive verb:

To express strong disapproval of; to criticize severely.

miasma \my-AZ-muh; mee-\, noun:

1. A vaporous exhalation (as of marshes or putrid matter) formerly thought to cause disease; broadly, a thick vaporous atmosphere or emanation.
2. A harmful or corrupting atmosphere or influence; also, an atmosphere that obscures; a fog.

pin money \pin money\, noun:

1. An allowance of money given by a husband to his wife for private and personal expenditures.
2. Money for incidental expenses.
3. A trivial sum.

roister \ROY-stur\, intransitive verb:

1. To engage in boisterous merrymaking; to revel; to carouse.
2. To bluster; to swagger.

abulia \uh-BOO-lee-uh; uh-BYOO-\, noun:

Loss or impairment of the ability to act or to make decisions.

salubrious \suh-LOO-bree-us\, adjective:

Favorable to health; promoting health; healthful.

inveigle \in-VAY-guhl; -VEE-\, transitive verb:

1. To persuade by ingenuity or flattery; to entice.
2. To obtain by ingenuity or flattery.

The Fennoderee of Man (Part 1)

Chapter 4 of 7

Orla returns to Hogwarts with a special friend hovering protectively.

A. N.

This is a Dictionary Challenge response.

The rules, word list, and definitions follow the chapter.

Chapter Four

The Fennoderee of Man

Part 1

Draco should have seen Cho Chang's happy smile as a portent. She entered the compartment an hour into the trip and announced that there would be a Quidditch meeting in the Great Hall that night directly after dinner.

"I saw Professor Hooch during break, and she asked me to tell the other teams on the train today," Cho continued, her face beaming with delight. "Please tell the other members of your team." Cho winked at Draco before turning to leave, the winsome girl's face brimming over with suppressed mirth. Draco should have seen the warning sign. Instead he thought maybe the Ravenclaw beauty fancied him. He preened a bit as Pansy fussed about the wink.

"I can't help it if she likes me, Pans," he said soothingly, smirking at the other boys the moment Pansy looked away.

"I don't know, Draco," Blaise said thoughtfully. "It didn't look much like flirting to me. Looked more like she *knows* something."

~o~

By the time Draco and his friends got off the train, they knew something was amiss; most of Ravenclaw house had wandered by their compartment to smirk or stare. Draco now knew from their strange looks and not-quite-threatening comments that they were there to tease him, not to lionise him. As he left the train, he spotted the Ravenclaw quidditch team, who fell silent when they saw him.

"See you at dinner, Draco!" called Cho Chang as he almost ran across the platform and pushed some smaller students aside to hop into the first carriage that presented itself.

~o~

When Draco got to the castle, he was struck by the sight of his least favourite students, Potty, the Weasel, and the Mudblood, standing in a crowd in the entrance hall with Professor Flitwick and Orla Quirke. It seemed that about a quarter of the school was gathered there, staring at Orla. That morning, Orla's braids had just touched the ground. Now they were a good two feet longer. One was trailing on the floor next to her. Professor Flitwick was excitedly examining the other equally-long plait.

Draco stood stunned. What really struck him was not the length of the hair, but the colour. That morning he had seen Orla with ordinary blonde hair (if hair touching the ground can be considered ordinary). This evening the hair was not only longer, but it had also changed to a fabulous golden colour. Not blonde, golden—like gold.

"It looks like metal, Miss Quirke," Professor Flitwick enthused. "It feels like hair, but it looks like real gold."

"The Fennoderee did it," Orla said. "He was very angry, but now he's happy again because I'm happy."

"I understand congratulations are in order, Miss Quirke," Professor Snape said as he walked through the students, parting them like the Red Sea. "I am pleased to see that Dame Rumour has, for once, been outstripped by Dame Truth." Orla looked puzzled.

"I mean to say, Orla," he continued softly, "that your hair is even more lovely than these prattling nincompoops described it."

Orla curtsied and murmured a shy, "Thank you."

"However," Professor Snape continued in a louder, harsher voice, "I understand it now grows at a dangerous rate. You will keep your hair subdued and under control at all times in my classroom, Miss Quirke. I will not have you involved in any accidents!"

"Yes, sir," Orla said, suppressing a smile. "I understand."

~o~

Draco fled to his dormitory in disgust just as Fleur Delacour led a contingent of Beauxbatons students into the entrance hall to exclaim over Orla's hair. That idiot, Creevey, had begun to take photographs. Orla Quirke had changed from a troublesome first year into a spoiled epigone of Rapunzel.

Now Draco knew why those ubiquitous Ravenclaws had been smirking at him on the train. As soon as he got to the Slytherin common room, he began criticising Orla Quirke to the few inhabitants there. He wished he could lambaste her in person, but even Professor Snape liked the brat. One of the students present was Viktor Krum, who had never been able to understand Draco's dislike for the innocuous child.

"Vy do you hate the little golden girl, Draco?" he asked.

Suddenly there appeared in the common room a miasma of grey fog, roiling threateningly. The students gasped and scurried out of the way as the cloud coalesced into something roughly man-shaped.

Draco shook his head. Surely this was a chimera, merely his imagination. The frightening fog was now changing texture, taking on a darker colour and hairy texture.

Draco was terrified. This thing was hideous, uglier even than that horrible hippogriff. If the feel of the magic rolling off it in angry waves was anything to go by, it was also considerably more dangerous than the brute that had scratched Draco's arm the year before.

"Yes, Draco," said the alleged figment of his imagination. "Why do you hate the little golden girl?"

To be continued...

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A N:

This was supposed to be four parts, but I had such fun describing Draco's bad day that I had no more room to finish this week. This chapter will continue next week.

Dictionary Challenge

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List for april 26

1. portent
2. lambaste
3. chimera
4. lionize
5. ubiquitous
6. winsome
7. epigone

Definitions:

portent \POR-tent\, noun:

1. A sign of a coming event or calamity; an omen.
2. Prophetic or menacing significance.
3. Something amazing; a marvel.

lambaste \lam-BAYST\, transitive verb:

1. To give a thrashing to; to beat severely.
2. To scold sharply; to attack verbally; to berate.

chimera \ky-MIR-uh\, noun:

1. (Capitalized) A fire-breathing she-monster represented as having a lion's head, a goat's body, and a serpent's tail.
2. Any imaginary monster made up of grotesquely incongruous parts.
3. An illusion or mental fabrication; a grotesque product of the imagination.
4. An individual, organ, or part consisting of tissues of diverse genetic constitution, produced as a result of organ transplant, grafting, or genetic engineering.

lionize \LY-uh-nyz\, transitive verb:

To treat or regard as an object of great interest or importance.

ubiquitous \yoo-BIK-wih-tuhs\, adjective: Existing or being everywhere, or in all places, at the same time.

winsome \WIN-suhm\, adjective:

1. Cheerful; merry; gay; light-hearted.
2. Causing joy or pleasure; agreeable; pleasant.

epigone \EP-uh-gohn\, noun: An inferior imitator, especially of some distinguished writer, artist, musician, or philosopher.

The Fennoderee of Man (Part 2)

Chapter 5 of 7

The Fennoderee confronts Goyle, Crabbe, and Malfoy. The Halcyon bird sings.

Disclaimer: Based on JKR's work, just for fun. We make no money and gain no fame from this.

AN:

Thank you to my wonderful Beta, Ladyinthecloak.

This is my response to the Potter Place Dictionary Challenge. The rules, this week's words, and their definitions follow the story.

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The Fennoderee of Man

(Part 2)

Professor Snape had left the confluence in the entrance hall and was walking towards the Slytherin common room when he felt the wards fall. An intruder was in his common room! But he could see the door from where he was; no one had entered that way. He ran the last fifty yards, calling out to the door to open for him.

Inside Draco stood terrified, gaping at a man-shaped hairy being. Professor Snape couldn't tell if the creature was furry or wearing some fur covering. There were a few younger students cowering in the corner. Viktor Krum had stepped between the youngsters and the creature that was facing Draco.

"I trust I have the honour of addressing the Fennoderee of Man," said Professor Snape with a bow. The Fennoderee looked at the professor and smiled.

"Forgive me, Professor Snape, Orla is calling me," he said and faded away into a puff of smoke.

Draco collapsed onto a sofa as the other students clamoured excitedly. They fell silent at a gesture by their professor.

"Mr. Malfoy," said Professor Snape.

"He hates me!" Draco cried. "Did you see his eyes, full of hate. He's going to kill me!"

"He called Draco a troublemaker, but did not threaten him otherwise," said Viktor.

"Actually, he looked quite benignly upon me, Mr. Malfoy, but then, I look benignly upon Miss Quirke. This creature seems to be attached to her family."

The fireplace in the common room blazed green for a moment, and the Headmaster's head appeared. "Severus, faculty meeting immediately after dinner."

"Yes, Headmaster," Professor Snape answered. "And dinner is now, so come, all of you."

~o~ ~o~ ~o~

An hour later, most of the teachers had left the Great Hall and were meeting in the faculty lounge.

"The Quirke children are conducting this creature around Hogwarts as though he were a dignitary," said Professor McGonagall disapprovingly.

"And so he is, Minerva," replied the Headmaster, "for we have not the power to remove him and would find it some days' work to construct the spells that could keep him out. He is a dignitary not because he is invited, but because he cannot be uninvited."

"I personally felt no animosity, no malice from him," said Professor Snape. "I posit that if we give him what he wants, he will leave."

"But what is that? Does he want whoever cut Miss Quirke's hair punished?" asked the Headmaster.

"I have been speaking with Robert Quirke," said Professor Flitwick. "He believes it simply wishes to be assured of the Quirke children's safety, especially Miss Quirke's."

"I shall conduct a House meeting," said Professor Snape. "I believe the malefactors are from Slytherin, although no one has yet confessed. If I can convince them to adjust their attitudes towards Miss Quirke, I think the Fennoderee will know."

"Even if they fear her (as I begin to think they should), I feel the creature will be able to tell. Perhaps as long as they intend her no further harm, he will be satisfied. He seemed to look into my feelings about the child as easily as I could look into a first year's mind."

Dumbledore smiled a little. He knew Miss Quirke was one of Severus's favourites. The Potions master stood in no danger from the Fennoderee.

"Where is this creature now?" asked Professor Sprout.

"He is having dinner with the house-elves, then pudding at Hagrid's hut, with the Quirke children and Miss Lovegood," replied Professor Flitwick. "It seems he is by way of being a distant cousin to the house-elves. And Hagrid and Luna, well we know how interested they both are in magical creatures."

~o~ ~o~ ~o~

Madam Hooch was not at the faculty meeting; she was in the mostly-deserted Great Hall with the House Quidditch teams.

"I have arranged some Quidditch practice sessions for the rest of the school year," said Madam Hooch. "The pitch will be occupied later in the spring, but we can still use the courtyard. I don't want you players to lose ground because of inactivity. Especially those of you who can't fly at home."

"Gregory Goyle, you cut the Golden Child's hair off," intoned a deep voice that seemed to come from all around them. "You did it to hurt her feelings. Alone in deed, yet you

were not alone in spirit."

A dark grey, angry-looking cloud of smoke began to appear from nothing. It formed into a shape and size roughly human and began to take on more substance until it appeared as the dark-furred Fennoderee Draco had seen earlier in the common room.

Madam Hooch drew her wand but stood, immobile. She'd been told not to anger this strange, powerful creature that was roaming the castle, but she would defend her students if need be.

Suddenly Hagrid burst into the Great Hall; on his shoulder was a bird that looked like an ordinary kingfisher, except for its magically-changing plumage. The Halcyon raised its voice above the commotion. Those present thought it was the loveliest sound they had ever heard; she sang with sweetness that could never cloy.

Hagrid smiled. He hoped that, since the Halcyon could bring peace to a maelstrom at sea, she might be able to bring peace to this maelstrom here at Hogwarts.

"Leave him alone!" Draco said, surprising even himself by stepping between the monster and Gregory, and drawing his wand. "It's not his fault."

"Think you I fear your sticks, human?" the Fennoderee asked with a laugh. "Wands, brooms! I need no gimcracks such as humans do. My magic is stronger than you know, Draco Malfoy."

The Fennoderee looked around the room, gazing into each person's eyes in turn. Those who liked Orla felt nothing but a gentle approval from him while those that disliked her felt their motives and intentions questioned. Confronted by such strong mental powers, Draco and his friends admitted in thought that they would never again tease or harm Orla or incite others to do so.

The doors opened and Orla slipped into the Great Hall.

"Oh, here you are, Professor Hagrid. And I see you have found the Fennoderee!" Orla said, approaching the magical being. "What made you run off from pudding, my dear Fennoderee?"

"The one who cut your hair is here, Orla," said the Fennoderee. "I came to confront him."

"Oh, no! NO!" Orla cried, clapping her hands over her eyes and spinning to face the doors. "I don't want to know! Can't we just start over and be friends now?"

In turn, the Fennoderee stared into Gregory's, Vincent's, and Draco's eyes. Each boy nodded, willing to accept Orla's lenity rather than face this creature's wrath.

"Very well, child, we shall return to Hagrid's now," said the Fennoderee, taking Orla's hand and exiting the Great Hall.

To be continued...

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AN: Finally getting towards the end! A thousand words the challenge calls for, and it is hard to move the story along in only a thousand words. I had to run over a little bit this time.

-Wahoo

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The word list (swiped from the past week's list from dictionary.com):

List of May 3

1. **confluence**

2. **posit**

3. **maelstrom**

4. **gimcrack**

5. **lenity**

6. **cloy**

7. **halcyon**

----- Words with definitions -----

confluence \KON-floo-uhn(t)s/, noun:

1. A flowing or coming together; junction.
2. The place where two rivers, streams, etc. meet.
3. A flocking or assemblage of a multitude in one place; a large collection or assemblage.

posit \POZ-it/, transitive verb:

1. To assume as real or conceded.
2. To propose as an explanation; to suggest.

3. To dispose or set firmly or fixedly.

lenity \LEN-uh-tee\, noun:

The state or quality of being lenient; mildness; gentleness of treatment; leniency.

maelstrom \MAYL-struhm\, noun:

1. A large, powerful, or destructive whirlpool.
2. Something resembling a maelstrom; a violent, disordered, or turbulent state of affairs.

gimcrack \JIM-krak\, noun:

1. A showy but useless or worthless object; a gewgaw.
2. Tastelessly showy; cheap; gaudy.

cloy \KLOY\, transitive verb:

1. To weary by excess, especially of sweetness, richness, pleasure, etc.
2. To become distasteful through an excess usually of something originally pleasing.

halcyon \HAL-see-uhn\, noun:

1. A kingfisher.
2. A mythical bird, identified with the kingfisher, that was fabled to nest at sea about the time of the winter solstice and to calm the waves during incubation.
3. Calm; quiet; peaceful; undisturbed; happy; as, "deep, halcyon repose."
4. Marked by peace and prosperity; as, "halcyon years."

The Fennoderee of Man (Part 3)

Chapter 6 of 7

The penultimate chapter, in which much talk is talked, and little happens.

Disclaimer: None of this belongs to Wesleyanne or me! Even the Fennoderee is a Manx legend and not ours!

-Wahoo

A. N.: Thanks to the ever-helpful Ladyinthecloak for beta-ing this little opus

The Fennoderee of Man

(Part 3)

The enormous hearth in the Great Hall burned green for a second and spat out Professor Dumbledore, who looked around as he brushed soot from his beard and robes.

"Have I missed the Fennoderee?" he asked. He noticed that Draco, Vincent, and Gregory were looking abashed.

"That *thing* just left with Hagrid and Orla Quirke," said Madam Hooch in an aggrieved tone.

"Thank you, Madam Hooch," said Dumbledore. "I shall join them." He wandered out the doors, humming an old Music Hall tune to himself.

"One interruption after another," Madam Hooch grumbled, although she had actually been relieved to see the old Headmaster.

"Well, now, if that is quite finished, we may continue with our meeting," she said. The Quidditch and flying instructor did not expect the students to pay her even a moiety of their attention after the interruptions, but she wasn't giving up the appearance of being in control.

"If I might say something?" Cho asked. Madam Hooch nodded her permission.

"I think we should all promise not to tell what happened here today," Cho said. "If Orla wishes to forgive those who hurt her and chooses not to know who they are, I think we should accept that and not tell anyone."

Everyone looked over at Gregory Goyle. Most of them thought that if Goyle had cut Orla's hair, Malfoy and Crabbe must have been involved. One by one, each member of the disparate group of Quidditch players nodded his head in agreement with Cho.

~o~ ~o~ ~o~

Draco, Vincent, and Gregory met sub rosa with Professors Snape and Dumbledore later that night. The professors were relieved to hear that the boys had all agreed silently, as the Fennoderee probed their minds, not to harass Orla anymore.

"I cannot say with certainty that you are contrite," said Professor Snape. "However, I do believe you are *convinced* that having nothing more to do with Miss Quirke is quite the safest course of action."

"You do not wish to anger the Fennoderee," stated the Headmaster bluntly. "He is not from our world, but rather from the world of the Fair Folk."

"Fairies?" said Gregory incredulously. "Who's afraid of little fairies?"

"As you saw for yourself, the Fennoderee is not little," said Professor Dumbledore. "And the Fair Folk as a race are not small. They match us in size and more than match Wizards in power."

"You bowed to him," Draco said to Professor Snape. He knew Snape was as parsimonious with displays of respect as he was with praise.

"You would do well to emulate me, should you ever see the Fennoderee again," Professor Snape replied gravely.

"I think maybe you two had better lay off with the Bludgers, too, when we play Ravenclaw," Draco said, looking uneasily at his friends. "At least don't foul Robert Quirke."

~o~ ~o~ ~o~

Meanwhile in Hagrid's hut, under the watchful eye of the Halcyon bird, the Fennoderee sat chatting with the children under his protection, Robert and Orla Quirke, and his new friends, Luna and Hagrid.

"Orla, those boys will not bother you now. I saw it in their minds." said the Fennoderee. "But I will punish them if you wish it."

"Oh, no, please, dear Fennoderee!" Orla said. "It truly is best to start over and never know. If I knew for certain who cut my hair, I might be tempted to feel angry at them. I am better off not knowing."

"Mother and Da will be very proud of you for feeling that way," said Robert with a smile.

Orla stared down at her mug of tea, a little uncomfortable with the praise.

"That is very wise, Orla," Luna said. "Garden Bontilliers are strengthened by thoughts of revenge and anger. And we'll be passing by Hagrid's gardens on the way back to the castle."

"Is it true, Mr. Fennoderee, that free brownies can be sent away by a gift of clothing?" Hagrid asked. He was fascinated by the magical creature, who was, of course, not a mindless animal but sentient, powerful, and highly intelligent. Hagrid thought that the Fennoderee sounded as cultured and educated as any gentleman, for all that he was covered in fur.

"Yes, some can," replied the Fennoderee. "But some will only leave if the clothing is of poor quality. I knew a brownie that served a farm called Ballachrink." Orla and Robert nodded, knowing the place well and the story even better.

"But long ago they laid out a meagre offering, rough hempen clothing and a cheap fustian cloak, unlined against the cold wind. The family themselves wore fine silken clothes, warm wool cloaks, and soft linen shirts so they could well have afforded decent garb for the creature that made them so prosperous."

Little Orla was unable to contain herself.

"And the brownie said, 'Hempen-hampen, hempen-hampen,'" she blurted out, bouncing in excitement. "'No more will I grind nor stampen. Had you given me linen gear, I would have served you many a year.'"

"And the family never prospered after," she continued. "In 1827 they left for America. They were Muggles, so perhaps they knew no better."

"And what sort of brownie are you, sir?" asked Luna. "The type that wants clothes, or refuses them?"

A sort of tremor seemed to vibrate the very air in the room. Orla laid her hand gently upon the Fennoderee's arm, and it began to subside.

"The Fennoderee is not a brownie at all," Robert said, "though some call him such. He is the Fennoderee of Man."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Luna, a little taken aback. "I meant no disrespect."

"No," agreed Orla, "Luna never says a cruel word to anyone."

I beg *your* pardon, Miss," said the Fennoderee. "I was too hasty in taking offense."

"I say, sir," said Hagrid, eager to change the subject. "Will Orla's hair stop growing soon?"

"She will be able to control the speed at which it grows as soon as she learns to control the spell," replied the Fennoderee. "Judging from how quickly she learned to control the other charms I taught her, a few weeks should have her in complete control of the length of her hair."

To be continued...

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A.N.: The next chapter is the final chapter!

Dictionary challenge

Rules:

1. Use some or all of the following words in a drabble (doesn't have to be 100 words--anything under 1k is fine)
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The word list (swiped from the past week's list from dictionary.com):

List of May 10

1. **sub rosa**

2. **disparate**

3. **fustian**

4. **contrite**

5. **moiety**

6. **sentient**

7. **parsimonious**

----- Words with definitions -----

sub rosa \suhb-ROH-zuh\, adverb:

1. Secretly; privately; confidentially.
2. Designed to be secret or confidential; secretive; private.

disparate \DIS-puh-rit; dis-PAIR-it\, adjective:

1. Fundamentally different or distinct in quality or kind.
2. Composed of or including markedly dissimilar elements.

fustian \FUHS-chuhn\, noun:

1. A kind of coarse twilled cotton or cotton and linen stuff, including corduroy, velveteen, etc.
2. An inflated style of writing or speech; pompous or pretentious language.
3. Made of fustian.
4. Pompous; ridiculously inflated; bombastic.

contrite \KON-tryt; kuhn-TRYT\, adjective:

1. Deeply affected with grief and regret for having done wrong; penitent; as, "a contrite sinner."
2. Expressing or arising from contrition; as, "contrite words."

moiety \MOY-uh-tee\, noun:

1. One of two equal parts; a half.
2. An indefinite part; a small portion or share. 3. One of two basic tribal subdivisions.

sentient \SEN-shee-uhnt; -tee-; -shuhnt\, adjective:

1. Capable of perceiving by the senses; conscious.
2. Experiencing sensation or feeling.

parsimonious \par-suh-MOH-nee-uhs\, adjective:

Sparing in expenditure; frugal to excess.

The Fennoderee of Man (Part 4) & Epilogue

Chapter 7 of 7

The end of Orla's little tale.

"Living well is the best revenge." George Herbert (1593 – 1633)

AN:

Thanks to my beta, Ladyinthecloak for all her help!

Thank you to all who have read, and double thanks to reviewers.

Everything you recognize belongs to JKR. The Fennoderee belongs to the Isle of Man.

This is a Potter Place Dictionary Challenge response. Challenge rules, this week's words, and definitions follow the story.

~o~

The Fennoderee of Man

(Part 4)

When the Fennoderee left Hogwarts, Dumbledore sent up a paean to the Deity of his choice. The powerful entity had deigned to leave the school without taking any lives or hostages or harming anyone. The Headmaster appreciated the latitudinarian attitude that allowed Orla to refuse to learn who her attacker had been, but he feared that if the truth were suddenly sprung upon her, the girl might indeed take umbrage at Gregory Goyle or his instigator, Draco Malfoy.

~o~

Gregory took council with his best friends, and for the first time, Vincent Crabbe and Gregory Goyle overruled the mighty Draco Malfoy, who wished to whinge and cavil about Orla and her furry friend. Vince and Greg told Draco that they were well out of it, and they never wanted to see or speak to Orla again.

"Don't you feel fettered by this situation?" Draco whinged. "Don't you feel that we're being forced to kowtow to a lesser person?"

"She's not a lesser person," Greg pointed out. "She's a pureblood. And from what Dumbledore said, she's like nobility in her own country."

"That's what Snape told me, but she's nowhere near as wealthy as I am."

"Neither are we, Draco," said Vince. "No one thinks me an' Greg are nobility. We want to leave her alone. Her furry friend is right scary."

"And *you* won't have to jump every time you see a shadow or hear a noise behind you," Greg added. "And you won't have Snape and Dumbledore breathing down your neck about it."

Draco stopped and looked thoughtful. If he stopped teasing Orla and encouraging others to tease her, he could stop panicking every time something subfusc moved in a dim corner. Whereas if he kept at it, eventually his parents would find out. His father had already made it clear that Draco was *not* to get into trouble at school.

"Alright," he said sullenly. "I'll lay off Orla Quirke. She doesn't exist as far as I'm concerned." Draco admitted, only to himself, that he felt somewhat relieved. No more worries, no more furry monsters.

"That's great, Draco." Vincent said. "We'll be happier without her in our lives. She doesn't exist."

"Who doesn't exist?" asked Greg. Vince guffawed at the joke.

"But Potter and Weasley," Draco continued, "and the Mudblood you're still with me there?"

"Of course," laughed Vince, and Greg joined in, laughing and nodding. Draco's clear voice added to the happy laughter. He felt that all could not be wrong with the world as long as his friends were with him.

End of Chapter Four,

The Fennoderee of Man

~o~ ~o~ ~o~ ~o~

Epilogue

That summer Draco hoped that he would not see Orla Quirke until September (and he felt like he could do without her even then). In the middle of July, however, he attended a charity ball at the Ministry of Magic with his parents.

Around the edges of the ballroom were many booths offering items for sale to benefit various charities. There in a little flower-covered bower was Orla Quirke, her hair unbound and pooling around her on the floor in golden glory. There was a sign at the booth that read:

Silent Auction for St. Mungo's!

This girl's lovely hair will be cut off tonight and made into a custom wig.

Bid for this one-of-a-kind wig!

A Magical opportunity for a Magical wig to your specifications!

Wigmaking services donated by Madam Thomasina

There was a parchment and a magic quill for people to write down their bids for the wig of Orla's hair. A wealthy lady of a certain age and a popular singer were eyeing each other with animosity over the bidding.

Against his will, Draco was pushed closer to the bower by the crush of the crowd. Orla looked at Draco as though she'd never seen him before. Then her face lit up in recognition.

"I met you last summer in Madam Malkin's shop!" she said with a laugh. "I was sorted into Ravenclaw; what house are you in?"

"Uh, Slytherin," he replied, taken aback.

"Oh, that's nice. Green is such a pretty colour," Orla said with a huge smile. "Would you like a biscuit?" She offered a plate of delicious-looking treats. Draco took one in confusion and wandered away stunned as Orla's attention and her biscuits were claimed by others.

Draco wondered about Orla that evening and for some days. In fact, for the rest of his life he would never know if Orla, for all her acumen, had been unaware that he had hated her all that time, if she had forgotten how he teased her during her first semester, or if she knew, but simply and truly didn't care.

The End

~o~ ~o~ ~o~ ~o~

AN:

Living well is the best revenge.

George Herbert

English clergyman & metaphysical poet (1593 1633)

http://www.quotationspage.com/quotes/George_Herbert/

~o~ ~o~

More information about the Fennoderee

There are many alternate spellings of Fennoderee.

Fennodoree, Phynnoderee, & Fennodyree are only a few examples. About any combination of letters you can think of that will sound the same will work.

If you Google "Manx Brownie," you will find information about the Fennoderee, under many spellings. Really, though, he isn't a brownie.

The legend goes that the Fennoderee was one of the Good Folk who was turned ugly and banished by his tribe because he missed a Faerie revel to court a human girl.

In my 'reality' the Fennoderee is very attached to the Wizarding family at Summerhill Farm and always guards the children. I like to think that if he ever goes back to his people, they will relent and turn him back into a handsome Faerie Lord.

~o~

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Word list of May 17

acumen

cavil

umbrage

fetter

paeon

subfusc

latitudinarian

----- Words with definitions -----

acumen \uh-KYOO-muhn; AK-yuh-muhn\, noun: Quickness of perception or discernment; shrewdness shown by keen insight.

cavil \KAV-uhl\, intransitive verb:

1. To raise trivial or frivolous objections; to find fault without good reason.
2. To raise trivial objections to. 3. A trivial or frivolous objection.

umbrage \UHM-brij\, noun:

1. Shade; shadow; hence, something that affords a shade, as a screen of trees or foliage.
2. a. A vague or indistinct indication or suggestion; a hint.
3. b. Reason for doubt; suspicion.
4. Suspicion of injury or wrong; offense; resentment.

fetter \FET-uhr\, noun:

1. A chain or shackle for the feet; a bond; a shackle.
2. Anything that confines or restrains; a restraint.
3. To put fetters upon; to shackle or confine.
4. To restrain from progress or action; to impose restraints on; to confine.

paean \PEE-uhn\, noun:

1. A joyous song of praise, triumph, or thanksgiving.
2. An expression of praise or joy.

subfusc \sub-FUHsk\, adjective:

Dark or dull in color; drab, dusky.

latitudinarian \lat-uh-too-din-AIR-ee-un; -tyoo-\, adjective:

1. Having or expressing broad and tolerant views, especially in religious matters.
2. A person who is broad-minded and tolerant; one who displays freedom in thinking, especially in religious matters.
3. [Often capitalized] A member of the Church of England, in the time of Charles II, who adopted more liberal notions in respect to the authority, government, and doctrines of the church than generally prevailed.