

Pettigrew's Journey

by Southern_Witch_69

Peter flees what he's done, but it will always be with him.

One-shot Story

Chapter 1 of 1

Peter flees what he's done, but it will always be with him.

Peter had been scurrying about for days in his rat form, trying to find a safe hiding place. He'd hidden away in Muggle vehicles, in a big Muggle box, and now he'd ended up in a rubbish bin on the platform at the London Underground station. One bloke had already tried to beat him to death with a folded up newspaper. Luckily, he'd found a hole in the wall to hide in until the blighter had gone away.

The smell of something sweet on the air had drawn him out, though, and lured him to sift through the rubbish tossed away by the Tube's passengers. And finally he found it: an éclair, stale to be sure, but delicious all the same. It was nearly as good as the ones James' mother made sometimes for Sunday dinner.

The morsel caught in his throat, and he felt suddenly overwhelmed with emotion. 'James,' he thought, shivering, 'what have I done?'

Suddenly, the stale éclair wasn't so appetizing. He opted to sleep instead, hoping he would wake and the nightmare his life had begun would be just that--a nightmare.

Written for the Potter Place Drabble Night. MMADfan requested Peter Pettigrew, the Tube, and a stale éclair

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