

Spring Crushes and Other Disasters

by Lady Whitehart

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The following is one of my 500-word fics for Challenge Eighteen: March Madness Redux on Live Journal's Romancing the Wizard community. The challenge included the following guidelines: use of a rare pair, spring setting, and the idea of the prompt done in 500 words. Enjoy!

Spring Crushes... and Other Disasters

Diagon Alley was bustling with shoppers intent on enjoying the spring sidewalk sale in spite of the war. Vincent Crabbe was among them, enjoying the fresh breezes and warm sunlight. A few weeks of freedom from school were just what he needed--no thinking, just fun.

"Rose! Hurry along, girl!" snapped a tense, middle-aged woman to the blond-haired girl tagging along behind her.

"Coming, Mum."

Vincent watched the pair as they poked about the sale tables outside the apothecary. The girl was vaguely familiar to him; likely she was a few years younger than himself. She was pretty too: smallish, freckles, and a long braid that was tied at the end with a jaunty black and yellow bow. Yellow and black? Oh, she must be that Zeller girl from Hufflepuff. Hufflepuff or not, she still was a pure-blood. Weren't they only supposed to like pure-blood girls? He was sure they did, but he'd have to ask Malfoy to be certain. Now he just had to get her attention, so she could see how big and strong and impressive he was. Then, he would ask her to go to with him on the next Hogsmeade outing.

He tried to think of incantation for the Notice Me Spell. *Uh... starts with 'I'... Incendio? Intentio? Yeah, Intentio!*

Pulling his wand out of his pocket, Vincent pointed it at her and mumbled, "*Incendio!*"

Luckily, Rose picked that moment to knock over a jar of beetle eyes, because as she leaned forward to right it, she was narrowly missed by the spell, which caused the display of mook tails to burst into flames. People started screaming in surprise, including Rose.

Feeling certain if Rose suspected he was trying to catch her on fire, she probably wouldn't consider going to Hogsmeade with him. Vincent charged forward, pointing his wand at the blaze and shouting, "*Aquamarines!*"

A shower of light-blue gems spurted from his wand. They were very sparkly and nice but didn't do anything to the fire. He tried again "*Aquavelva!*"

This time, a perfumed liquid hit the flames, making them flare and expand.

Confused, he squinted at the business-end of the wand to see if the tip was damaged. No, that wasn't it. The correct incantation popped into his head *Aguaamenti!* A jet of water shot directly into his face, soaking him completely.

As he stood there, dripping wet and looking ridiculous, someone else put out the fire. Great, his first successful nonverbal spell, and it didn't help him one bit. Vincent thought about drying himself off with a charm, but decided against it. With his luck, he would end up a giant slug. His shoulders slumped dejectedly as he turned to shuffle off into the crowd.

"Are you all right?" asked a timid voice. It was Rose.

"Yeah," he grunted.

She smiled shyly. "Thanks for trying to help. T'was very, um... gallant of you."

"Welcome." He returned the smile. He would ask her about Hogsmeade some other time, when he didn't look so silly.

Author's Notes: Seriously, what can you expect from a poor kid engulfed the Room of Requirement in Fiendfyre? Luckily for him, Rose is younger and would still be impressed by his efforts.

Aquamarines! is pretty self-explanatory.

Aquavelva! (inspired by the aftershave) produces a stream of men's cologne. This caused a flare due to the alcohol content.

Intentio! is a Latin translation for 'attention,' which directs the target's attention to the caster.