

## The Figurine

Smirk firmly in place and head held high, Draco Malfoy strode into the somewhat crowded Great Hall of Hogwarts on a Thursday morning. His personal sycophants (he personally relished the term), Vincent Crabbe and Gregory Goyle, following behind him in stupid obedience.

"Out of my way, you stupid Fluffy-Puff," he snarled at a passing second year Hufflepuff. Giving him a fear-filled look, the young girl scampered away from him.

Yes, everything was as it should be.

Striding to his usual seat at the Slytherin table (his back to a wall, of course), he pulled a few breakfast items toward himself and began eating.

"Post is here," Goyle grunted.

Draco looked up, seeing a flock of owls enter and disperse, each carrying letters or packages to their recipient. Not seeing the Malfoy family eagle owl, he returned his attention to his breakfast until a plain, brown school owl landed in front of him with a medium sized package in tow.

Curiosity piqued, Draco gingerly retrieved the package and opened it. A three inch tall figurine stood before him, unmoving. Its features were blank, looking somewhat like the mannequins at Madam Malkin's. Unrolling the accompanying scroll, he absently shooed the owl away from his plate of bacon.

**Draco,**

**I came across a small item you may find amusing. Simply tap the figurine, give it a name and an action, and enjoy the show. For instance, if you ever wanted to know what the Potter boy acting like a chicken looked like, this figurine will comply.**

**It is limited only to people you can picture. Actions are not limited in any way.**

**Regards, S S**

A malicious grin blossomed on Draco's face. Where better to explore the boundaries (well, the publicly viewable ones anyway) of this new toy than right here and now? Scarhead and his cronies were right over there, jabbering away about something or other. Now what would embarrass one of those three the most?

"Hey, everyone, take a look at this!" Catching the attention of about half of the Slytherins and more than a few Ravenclaws, Draco tapped the figurine with his wand and said, "Hermione Granger, acting as a beaver."

Immediately, snickers from the Slytherins and disgusted glares from the Ravenclaws formed around him until Draco Malfoy looked down and his mind went blissfully blank.

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"Hey, everyone, take a look at this!" Padma Patil looked over from her breakfast at the sound of Draco Malfoy calling for attention. Though he was annoying, it paid to keep tabs on what the Slytherin wizard was up to. Draco tapped something in front of him with his wand and said, "Hermione Granger, acting as a beaver."

Grimacing, Padma was about turn back to her breakfast when Draco's expression of pure rapture caught her attention. Based on what he'd just said, Padma was expecting more amusement than this look of almost wanton lust. Based on the expressions of Crabbe and Goyle, they were expecting something totally different than what was playing out in front of them.

Curiosity getting the better of her, Padma stood up and moved over enough to see what had everyone's attention. Peering over the seated Parkinson's head, she saw a miniature version of Professor Snape. From the back, it appeared he was wearing nothing save a lime green Speedo and holding a beach towel. Padma's eyes widened at just what the miniature Snape was doing with the towel.

"For my favorite little ferret," the mini-Snape called out in his distinctive voice. It then proceeded to begin singing a recent hit song by Celestina Warbeck and do some sort of weird . . . dance with the towel.

By this time, more than a few Ravenclaws were watching. Many were beginning to snicker, while the rest were frantically waving friends from the other three houses over to watch. Almost all of the watching Slytherins were beginning to shift uncomfortably. Malfoy, however was still gazing in awe.

Finally, the song wound down and, after blowing a kiss up at Malfoy, the mini-Snape reverted to a featureless figurine.

Malfoy blinked and then threw his head back in roaring laughter. He was joined by every non-Slytherin who'd witnessed the spectacle.

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Wiping tears from his eyes, Draco finally noticed that all the wrong people were laughing. Frowning in confusion, he looked at the sea of student faces and spotted the Gryffindor mudblood leaning on her little Weasel. He'd expected her to be enraged, or better yet, running away in tears. Instead, she could hardly stand up for the laughter.

"You found that amusing, Granger?" he drawled, eyeing the looks of blank confusion and apprehension his house-mates were giving him.

"Immensely," Hermione confirmed, wiping her eyes. "Thank you for the show, Malfoy. Please feel free to repeat it."

All the non-Slytherins listening broke into fresh laughter, drifting back to their own tables.

Frowning in confusion, Draco looked at everyone sitting around him. "What?"

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**Gred and Forge,**

**Success! Malfoy didn't know anything was wrong until well AFTER the show was over and Parkinson explained it to him. Fortunately, none of the professors witnessed the spectacle.**

**Looks like the veela hair did the trick. I'll bring the pictures to the shop next time I'm in Diagon Alley.**

**Love, G**