

Invisibility Gone Awry

I'm going to kill George, Fred Weasley thought to himself as he stealthily moved down the hallway.

"Mr. Fred Weasley."

Damn, busted.

"Mr. Weasley, might in inquire as to the meaning of this?"

"Meaning of what, Professor?" the redhead in question turned to Headmaster Dumbledore calmly. The Hogwarts Headmaster was one of only ten people in the world who could tell him and his twin brother apart, and they'd never managed to figure out how he could do it.

"I'm referring to the situation that I've found you in."

"Oh!" he looked down for a moment and then back at him. "You mean this."

His eyes twinkled. "Yes, this. For your sake, I sincerely hope the situation isn't what it appears to be."

Given a lifeline, he promptly grasped it. "Of course not, Professor."

"Then could you be so kind as to tell me what it is?"

Unfortunately, there was nothing pulling on the other end of said lifeline. He thought over his options rapidly. What all could cause invisibility? "I was attempting an invisibility charm, Professor." He looked down a moment and back up at the Headmaster with a bit of chagrin. "I appear to have miscast it."

Dumbledore's eyes twinkled even more. "Indeed. So this is the unfortunate result of a miscast charm, and you are not really standing in front of me starkers?"

Fred nodded firmly. "Correct, Professor." A mistake casting a charm wouldn't get him in trouble. Running through the castle buck naked most certainly would.

Before another word could be spoken, Peeves came zipping down the corridor, cackling. The poltergeist had a halberd that he'd no doubt taken from one of the suits of armor. He was dragging the huge weapon by the handle, the heavy, bladed end gouging a deep score along the floor. The poltergeist stopped at seeing the naked student and the Headmaster in the corridor ahead of him. Studying the tableau for a moment, he gave a wicked grin, dropped the weapon, and made a straight line dash for the Gryffindor common room.

Fred paled. There was no telling what Peeves could do with this information. Unfortunately, it wasn't like he could do very much about the uncontrollable poltergeist. His current situation, on the other hand, might yet be salvageable. "Professor, might I be excused? My charms book is in my dorm room, and if I could just -"

With a far-away stare, Dumbledore interrupted him quietly, "This reminds me of a similar situation I found myself in approximately twenty years ago. I was heading toward the Gryffindor common room." He looked up and down the still empty corridor and continued, "Right along here as a matter of fact. I found another student running along in the buff. I asked him what had happened."

A flood of Gryffindors, led by three Weasleys, a Potter, and a Granger, came barreling down the corridor with Peeves bobbing along over their heads, grinning madly. Fred moved his hands down to strategically cover himself and backed into the corridor wall. Peeves called out, "What did Peeves tell you? Measly student was caught NAKED by the Headmaster!"

Dumbledore, meanwhile, was still rambling on, staring at the ceiling, "His answer was that he was testing a new invisibility cloak that he was attempting to produce."

Most of the girls were giggling with the exceptions of Hermione, who was glaring in disapproval, and Angelina, who was grinning appreciatively. Most of the guys were grinning at finding one of Gryffindor's preeminent pranksters caught with his pants down. George was grinning more broadly than anyone.

Fred attempted a wandless and silent Unforgivable Curse on his twin brother. He settled for glaring when it didn't work.

"I gave him several pointers on producing proper invisibility cloaks. He was quite attentive, actually. I wonder if he ever got one properly produced."

A flash of light caught the attention of everyone except Dumbledore. Colin Creevey lowered his camera with a wide grin.

"Creevey," Fred ground out, "if you don't give me that camera right now -"

"I'll protect you from him, Colin," George interrupted, "provided you give me a copy of the picture."

Colin nodded to George before he asked, "Who else wants a copy?" Many of the assembled students, mostly female, immediately began peppering Colin with their names.

"At any rate, Mister Weasley," Dumbledore started up again after silently pondering something, "I shall give you the same advice I gave him." Removing his outer cloak, Dumbledore whipped it around Fred with a flourish. "I'm sorry to see that your experiment didn't work out. Please return to your dormitory and cover up its shortcomings, Mr. Black."