

Dumbledore, After Midnight

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Submitted: September 5, 2006

Updated: September 5, 2006

This is the companion story to Snape, After Midnight and its sequel, The Picture. What does our beloved Headmaster do after midnight?

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1 - Dumbledore, After Midnight

Disclaimer-I do not own Harry Potter or any related characters. They belong to J.K. Rowling. This applies to all chapters of this fan fiction.

A/N- Okay, this is the companion story to Snape, After Midnight and its sequel The Picture. This was originally part of Hogwarts Staff, After Midnight, but I've broken it up into two separate One Shots. Please enjoy!

Dumbledore...

The elderly Headmaster of Hogwarts, School of Witchcraft and Wizardry sat at his polished oak desk, playing with a small muggle contraption. It ran on something called batteries...no, that wasn't right. Maybe it was called butteries?

Anyway, it had a metal arc that was made to fit over one's head. At each end of the arc were small, foamy things that fit over one's ears. Dumbledore slipped the metal contraption on.

It was connected to a flat, mechanical device by a long rubber string. On the device were many silver buttons. One said 'play', one said 'stop', and then there were two shaped like arrows--one facing left and one facing right--that had 'skip' written underneath them. Muggles, Dumbledore knew, used this contraption to play music only to themselves. They pushed the 'open' button and placed flat discs inside the machine. They then pressed 'play', and music of any kind played into their ears.

Dumbledore had enchanted the muggle music-player to play without the interruption of magic. He opened the machine and placed a disc that had "Eminem" written on it into its proper place. He closed the lid and pressed 'play'. Music filled his ears. He stood and began to do a muggle dance known as the 'moonwalk' across the floor of his office. He then began to sing along with the song:

Look, if you had one shot, one opportunity
To seize everything you ever wanted-One moment
Would you capture it or just let it slip?

His palms are sweaty, knees weak, arms are heavy
There's vomit on his sweater already, mom's spaghetti
He's nervous, but on the surface he looks calm and ready
To drop bombs, but he keeps on forgettin
What he wrote down, the whole crowd goes so loud
He opens his mouth, but the words won't come out
He's chokin, how everybody's jokin now
The clock's run out, time's up over, bloah!

Snap back to reality, Oh there goes gravity
Oh, there goes Rabbit, he choked
He's so mad, but he won't give up that
Easy, no
He won't have it , he knows his whole back's to these ropes
It don't matter, he's dope
He knows that, but he's broke
He's so stacked that he knows
When he goes back to his mobile home, that's when it's
Back to the lab again yo
This whole rap shoot
He better go capture this moment and hope it don't pass him

Hook:

You better lose yourself in the music, the moment
You own it, you better never let it go
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
This opportunity comes once in a lifetime yo

The soul's escaping, through this hole that it's gaping
This world is mine for the taking
Make me king, as we move toward a, new world order
A normal life is borin, but superstardom's close to post mortem
It only grows harder, only grows hotter
He blows us all over these hoes is all on him
Coast to coast shows, he's know as the globetrotter
Lonely roads, God only knows
He's grown farther from home, he's no father
He goes home and barely knows his own daughter
But hold your nose cuz here goes the cold water
His hoes don't want him no mo, he's cold product
They moved on to the next schmoe who flows
He nose dove and sold nada
So the soap opera is told and unfolds
I suppose it's old partna', but the beat goes on
Da da dum da dum da da

Hook

No more games, I'm a change what you call rage
Tear this mothafrackin roof off like 2 dogs caged
I was playin' in the beginning', the mood all changed
I been chewed up and spit out and booed off stage
But I kept rhyming' and stepwritin the next cypher
Best believe somebody's payin' the pied piper
All the pain inside amplified by the fact
That I can't get by with my 9 to 5

And I can't provide the right type of life for my family
Cuz man, these goddam food stamps don't buy diapers
And it's no movie, there's no Mekhi Phifer, this is my life
And these times are so hard and it's getting even harder
Tryin' to feed and water my seed, plus
See dishonor caught up between a father and a prima donna
Baby mama drama's screamin' on and
Too much for me to wanna
Stay in one spot, another jam or not
Has gotten me to the point, I'm like a snail
I've got to formulate a plot fore I end up in jail or shot
Success is my only mothafrackin option, failure's not
Mom, I love you, but this trailer's got to go
I cannot grow old in Salem's lot
So here I go is my shot.
Feet fail me not cuz maybe the only opportunity that I got

Hook

You can do anything you set your mind to, man

When the song had ended, Dumbledore calmly removed the metal arc from his head, set the contraption on his desk, and left his office for bed.

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Disclaimer the 2nd: I do not own Eminem's "Lose Yourself". That belongs to him and his record company. And if the moonwalk was copyrighted by Michael Jackson or anyone else, then it belongs to them, not me.