

You, Me and A Cauldron Full of Polyjuice Potion

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When Fred and George Weasley discover Polyjuice Potion no end of fun could be had. But what will the twins do with their new found disguise?

AU: Not set at any specific time.

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1 - Polyjuice Potion

"Hey, Fred!" exclaimed George Weasley one bright sunny day.

"Yes George?" answered Fred Weasley, caution playing in his voice. It was usually George who came up with the most dangerous ideas, or at least those in which Fred found himself in pain.

"You know that potion we learnt about in Snape's class, third year?"

"Probably not. Honestly George you know the only thing I learnt in potions was how to create liquid vi-

"NO! Polyjuice potion! That one where you can turn into someone else!" George looked at his brother clearly believing him to be an idiot.

Fred and George Weasley were identical twins; ginger, relatively skinny and quite pretty as far as guys go. They had been born within minutes of each other, both grinning in an odd way. They grew up to be pranksters and jokers. They never excelled at their studies, although they never failed. After all, their interests lay outside of academic achievement.

"Oh, I remember! Isn't that one of those weird ones? Difficult to make and takes ages to brew. Disastrous if made incorrectly..." Fred trailed off, thinking of the possible consequences and, of course, the hours of fun that could be had. Percy might just embarrass himself in front of someone working in the ministry...

"Come on! You know it'll be great!" George had a cheeky grin, the kind no one could resist, even his brother.

"Okay. We'll do it! Just don't tell Mum!"

"Really Fred, would I?"

So the plan was set in motion. The following day the twins visited Diagon Alley to get their supplies and to check that Lee Jordan hadn't blown up the Weasley's joke shop. After making fun of Draco Malfoy and his father Lucius, who were attempting to sneak into Knockturn Alley unnoticed, they returned home, with Fred now sporting a rather fancy pimp cane. Ah, the joys of tormenting people who have to repent.

ONE MONTH LATER

"Fred. Oi Fred! Wake up you idiot!"

"Grarrgh..." Fred turned over to face his brother. "What? This better be good or else I'm going to have to kill you."

"The Polyjuice potion is ready! It looks disgusting. All green and gunky!"

"Great. Can I sleep now?" asked Fred.

"Nope. Get your butt out of bed and meet me in the loft." George pranced to the door, pulled the duvet off of Fred with the flick of his wand and continued out the door, humming some old Wyrd Sisters song.

"I'll make him dance like a hippogriff..." muttered Fred as he hauled himself out of bed and dressed himself.

As Fred made his way up the many flights of stairs which were the foundations of the Burrow, he met Mrs Weasley.

"What are you two up to this time?" questioned Mrs Weasley. Fred instantly knew she meant George and himself. After all, when were they ever apart? "I hope you're not blowing up my house again!"

"No Mum, of course not. Would we ever do such a thi-"

"Just don't ruin anything." Mrs Weasley continued downstairs. She was used to the odd explosion or two. Or three. Or ten.

Fred clambered into the loft with difficulty. As per usual the ladder was broken, presumably by the ghoul. He had an aversion to wooden objects for some reason. George was sitting in the corner of the loft, wand in hand stirring the "gunk" that was the Polyjuice potion. Fred wandered over, remembering to duck the beam on which he hit his head so often, and sat next to his twin. George looked up from the cauldron with the grin on his face.

"This is going to be great."

"You bet!"

George scooped some of the potion into two identical glass goblets and passed one to Fred.

"Add the hair." In unison they added the hair to the potion which turned a delightful shade of brown.

"Bottoms up George."

As soon as the potion had touched their lips they looked disgusted. It smelt and looked like well, mud and sick, it tasted like it too. The boys' faces began to bubble, as if their skin was being boiled. George had moved to the opposite side of the loft, searching for a bucket to throw up into and had now crumpled to the floor. As the transformation completed, both Fred and George stood up. The light in the loft had gone out so they jumped out of the loft, straight into the path of Mrs Weasley.

"Honestly, Fred, George, why are you always in the way!"

Fred and George looked at each other for the first time since the transformation.

"George..." began Fred.

"I know Fred. I know."

The boys re-entered their room. Fred picked up the snake headed cane and twirled it round in his hands contemplating what had just happened. He wasn't hurt this time at least.

"George?" he whispered after a few minutes.

"Yeah?" George replied.

"Next time, let's not use each others hair."

"Nah. I mean, this didn't embarrass Percy in the slightest."

The boys burst into laughter at their own idiocy. How can 'identical' twins use Polyjuice potion?

Silly Weasleys.