

## A curse Before Christmas A Curse Before Christmas

**A/N:** I don't own Harry Potter and wouldn't particularly care to. I would like a rental agreement with option to buy for Hermione Granger. A short term contract with Nymphadora Tonks wouldn't be turned down. A Long-term agreement with Luna Lovegood would probably be a whole lot of fun. Any time Padma Patil wants to open negotiations, call me and oh for a weekend with Fleur. Oddly Lavender and Padma's sister (despite being her twin) Parvati do nothing for me...

**Ok, this is not my fault.** On the Three and Four Part Harmony Yahoo group a suggestion was offered for a Holiday Drabble by the inimitable Hellishlord. To wit: *-A random Death-Eater accidentally kills Santa Claus, and now Voldemort has to play the part of delivering presents. Not necessarily smutty, but good for a laugh if Voldemort, using all the resources at his disposal, decides that what a sixteen-year-old wizard really needs is a hot older woman. Due to the 'magic of Christmas', Voldemort and co can't really harm anyone. Bonus points for the Death-Eaters in elf suits. Further points for Voldemort shouting "You killed Santa Claus!? What do you mean, you killed Santa Claus!?"*

**How could I pass that up?**

### The Curse Before Christmas

The Dark Lord Voldemort felt the beginnings of a migraine starting to form behind his eyes as he asked himself just why he had gotten into the Dark Lord business in the first place. He had been a Prefect, and then Head Boy, even that cushy place keeping job for Borgin's hadn't been bad. But no, he had to try for absolute power.

"Father Christmas?" Voldemort asked again, pinching his face where his nose would have been if he still had one. "You're telling me that you have killed Father Christmas? On Christmas Eve?"

"Yes my Lord. As our gift to you, we captured the Muggle loving fool before he had started his rounds. He refused to swear allegiance to you, so I punished him." Bellatrix Lestrange explained happily. "His screams were exquisite."

"And you have no idea what you've done?" The Dark Lord asked. "You truly have no idea what you've done?"

There was a pop and a strangely dressed being appeared at Voldemort's left elbow. "Of course she doesn't. Few in the magical world know their history in any detail at all."

A feeling of dread filled what remained of Voldemort's soul. While his assembled Death Eaters whipped out their wands almost as one and brandished them at the intruder, the Dark Lord himself simply raised a hand to calm them. "And you are the Keeper of the Curse?"

"I am. I was beginning to wonder if anyone would ever again be stupid enough to violate the terms of the Curse of Christmas." The small man said, smiling widely.

"I would like to make the point that I knew nothing of the plot against Father Christmas, and I most specifically did not participate in the attack on him," history's most feared Dark Wizard said hopefully.

"All very true." The Keeper of the Curse of Christmas responded. "However it was done in your name by your minions. As far as the magic of the Curse is concerned, it is as if you tortured your predecessor to death yourself."

"Of course," Voldemort sighed. "I don't know why I expected anything else." The Dark Lord wiped out his wand. "Aveda Kedavra!" he spat, pointing his wand at the Keeper of the Christmas Curse.

His hand burst into flame. Voldemort experienced several minutes of agony until he managed to douse the flames and Bellatrix cast a numbing charm on his damaged wand hand.

The Keeper simply raised an eyebrow. "Surely you didn't think that would work did you?"

"No," Voldemort admitted through clinched teeth, "but I had to try."

"With the death of your predecessor, his minions have also passed on to their rewards. Fortunately for you, you already have an ample number of minions and followers, so you won't be recruiting from scratch." The Keeper of the Curse made an idle gesture and the assembled Death Eaters found that their dark robes were suddenly transformed into green woolen outfits trimmed in white satin.

"Your minions will find the accommodations a bit cramped, the magic of the Curse of Christmas will of course modify them to fit in, as it were, but that will take decades. For now they will simply have to learn to be giant elves."

Master!" Lucius Malfoy pleaded, his voice now high pitched as if he had been huffing helium. "You are the greatest wizard to ever live; surely you can protect us from this."

The Keeper of the Curse examined the platinum blonde giant elf closely, and then referred to a list on the clip board he carried. "Ah yes, Lucius Malfoy, definitely naughty. Thank you for reminding me." The small man gestured once again. Suddenly Narcissa and Draco were standing on either side of Lucius, clad in identical garb and looking about in amazement. Throughout Voldemort's throne room, all of the families of the various Death Eaters appeared. "All of your families join you in your servitude to the Curse of Christmas, because after all," the Keeper smiled a most evil smile, "Christmas is all about family."

"The Dark Lord will punish you for this!" Draco Malfoy squeaked the pitch of his voice such that it caused dogs to howl in pain for miles around.

"Of course he will Draco Malfoy." The small man sighed. "Of course there is a special punishment for the one who actually slew Father Christmas."

Bellatrix, still clad in her traditional black robes backed away from this man who could so casually injure her Master.

"Your Lord will take on the brunt of the punishment required of the Curse of Christmas, but you are not going to avoid your own punishment Bellatrix Black Lestrange." The man gestured and the dark witch's robes transformed into a heavy dark green woolen dress, complete with red petticoats. "As your master is now Father Christmas, you are now Mother Christmas, with a special duty to the children of the world, be they magical or not!"

"NO!" she shrieked, before she turned to her Master.

Voldemort's transformation was complete, his robes of red and white, a white beard sprouted from his face, a nose grew and his eyes faded from red to a sparkling blue.

"No, no, no," Voldemort cried in disbelief that such a fate could befall him, "no, no, ho, ho, Ho Ho Ho!" he began laughing as his belly shook like a bowl full of jelly.

"Ho ho ho  
Ho ho ho  
We are Santa's elves." The assembled Giant Elves/Death Eaters sang to the music that was suddenly everywhere.

"We are Santa's elves  
Filling Santa's shelves  
With a toy  
For each girl and boy.

Oh, we are Santa's elves "

Lucius and Draco Malfoy were wide eyed in panic as they drew breath for the next verse.

"We work hard all day  
But our work is play  
Dolls we try out  
See if they cry out.

We are Santa's elves"

Standing between their respective fathers Greg Goyle and Vincent Crabbe were actually happy. A job they could understand, songs to sing, AND spiffy hats to wear? Their lives were looking up.

"We've a special job each year  
We don't like to brag  
Christmas Eve we always  
Fill Santa's bag."

The full extent of the Christmas Curse was finally dawning on Voldemort, and the horror of what was to become of his life filled his imagination.

"Santa knows who's good  
Do the things you should  
And we bet you  
He won't forget you. "

For Bellatrix's part she realized that while she would never again be in a position to cleanse the world of blood traitors and Muggle trash, at least she would be spending that life with her beloved Master.

We are Santa's elves  
Ho ho ho. Ho ho ho  
We are Santa's elves  
Ho Ho!"

"Sometimes," The Keeper of the Christmas Curse noted, "Karma is a bitch."

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

It seemed to the world that the Dark Lord Voldemort and all of his Death Eaters and all the members of several prominent pure blood families simply vanished from the face of the Earth.

This is not to say that there was no longer any evil in the world, for indeed there still was, but despite that there seemed to be... peace.

For the young man named Harry Potter this peace was somewhat... disconcerting. He had simply woken Christmas morning to find that his scar had faded to almost nothing. He first noticed when shaving before going down stairs to meet with the Grangers for Christmas morning.

Hermione had insisted that it was 'her turn' to host her friend's time away from Hogwarts over the Christmas Hols, and that was how Harry found himself experiencing quiet family life for the first time. Following Granger tradition the family had a quiet breakfast of pancakes and jam before retiring to the sitting room to open gifts.

Hermione was pleased with the calligraphy pens Harry had gotten her, and the elder Grangers were effuse with their thanks for the charmed surgical smocks he had gotten them, (guaranteed to remain unstained and dry for thirty years.)

What was odd was the unexplained gifts that each person found under the tree. Hermione received a Charm bracelet featuring twelve charms that each played one of her favorite memories when she held the individual charm between her thumb and forefinger.

Martin Granger received an antique electric train set, exactly the gift he had lusted after but hadn't received when he was ten years old.

Margot Granger received a first edition copy of Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn. She looked about the room trying to decide which of the three people looking at her had figured out what her favorite book was and had purchased this treasure for her.

Harry received a carefully wrapped knut coin and a note that read '**As if I'd give you anything you really wanted Potter! -V**'

Hermione paled at that. "Harry! Could these things be from *Voldemort*?"

"I don't see how," the young man said. "I feel it whenever he's near, and I've felt nothing at all since yesterday. And my scar... If Voldemort was around it wouldn't have shriveled to nothing like this."

There was a flash of light and yet another gift suddenly appeared under the tree.

The three Grangers and Harry exchanged looks.

"That's not right," Martin Granger observed.

Hermione and Margot peered at the package together. "It's for you Harry," Margot volunteered.

"This can't be safe Harry," Hermione noted.

"There's no magic in that package Hermione," Harry said waving his wand about the box. "Better to open it than sit here worrying about it."

The Boy Who Lived gingerly took the colorfully wrapped package and carefully opened it. Inside was a glass sphere the size of a cricket ball. As soon as he lifted the sphere he was immersed in what he somehow knew was his mother's love.

Gasping, Harry pulled the glass ball to his chest to hold it tight, never noticing the tears that were running down his face.

"Harry?" Hermione asked, more than a little alarmed at her friend's reaction. "Harry, there's a note."

Harry nodded and wiped at his eyes as he set the sphere down and reached for the note.

**'Damn you Potter! - Father Christmas .'**

**A/N: "We are Santa's elves" was composed by Johnny Marks in 1964**