

Curiosity killed the cat.

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It's quite short and I'm in the process of continuing the story. Basically, James Potter a.k.a Prongs recieved detention and like any other troublemaker he finds something that attracts his attention. Crap, I know, but... yeah, I'll improve.

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Chapter 1 - Curiosity killed the cat.

2

1 - Curiosity killed the cat.

As the sun slowly lifted; its rays hit a window pane near a black haired boy's bed in the boy's dormitory of the Gryffindor common room. The boy turned his back to the window as he attempted to fall asleep again but his chances were slim since there was light shining through a window nearby. The boy groaned and moaned until he finally fell off of the bed, taking the covers along with him. He flicked his head up and ruffled through his black hair while giving out a tiresome yawn. The boy reached for his circle shaped glasses that were on the night stand before him. He rubbed one of his eyelids and let out another yawn before shoving the glasses on. He stood up and tripped over his covers. While immediately sitting up right after he tripped he rubbed his head and mumbled something about himself and Doxie eggs. After forcing himself to stand up and wake himself up he made his way over to his trunk. He removed the required male Gryffindor uniform from it and tossed it on his bed carelessly. He let another yawn pass his lips as he slipped out of his pajamas and shoved his uniform on. In result, he ended up having a loosened tie, an un-tucked shirt that was also not buttoned correctly. The boy yawned once again and then took his cloak from a stool that stood beside his bed and quickly exited the boys dormitory.

The boy grabbed his socks and shoes that were left in the common room last night because of a heavy study session he had the previous night. He put both of his socks and shoes on and then left the common room without another word. After cutting through short-cuts and greeting familiar faces the boy finally arrived at the Entrance hall. Hallelujah! The boy let a long yet boring sigh pass his lips as he pushed one of the doors that led to the Great hall. He slipped his way passed students from his house and the like before taking a seat at his table. "Finally, decided to join me, Potter?" asked a girl as she batted her eyelashes at him and giggled madly. James tilted his head slightly to oneside as he stared into the golden plate before him. "Do you know what's for breakfast?" He asked her in a mild tone. James was never a morning person and he never would be, either. For a minute, the girl wrinkled her nose at James. "Yeahhhh... what he always have," she replied forcing it out in the nicest way possible. All James could really do is just sit there and stare into his plate, hoping that food would magically appear on it but it wasn't like Sirius or Remus were around to bribe them or threaten them to place food randomly onto his plate. After a while of just sitting there, James finally got off his @\$\$ and took random things from the other golden plates before him and tossed them carelessly on his plate. By the time he was done, an enormous pile of food sat before him waiting to be eaten by him. But, sadly, enough, James ended up only eating the burnt bread with butter and jelly.

"I'll catch yah later, okay?" He said to the girl beside him before standing up and exiting the Great hall. Sometimes, James wished he'd never received that early detention from Professor Slughorn. James didn't do anything offensive to anybody ...if you take out the part where he hexed an older Slytherin but that was simply because he was making fun of Sirius and nobody made fun of Sirius except for him or Remus that was really it. James made his way down the stairs that led to the dungeons. He ruffled through his hair before shoving both of his hands into his pockets. Ugh, why detention? Why him? Why so early? This must've been a punishment for pushing Snape into that older Gryffindor just the other day. Yeah, that must've been why. Snivellus probably placed a curse on him or something. But then again he probably didn't since he isn't capable of doing anything really. He probably couldn't even spell his first name when asked to do so. James laughed lightly to himself as he thought of this. Severus

Snape wasn't capable of anything he always made people do this for him and it actually never worked since they didn't get along with him either. He actually never really got along with anybody. Well, he did but that was probably because they felt bad for him. James almost felt sorry for him.

Shame, he didn't.

Making his way through the several eerie corridors, James finally stumbled upon Professor Slughorn's classroom. He removed a hand out of his pocket and knocked on the door lightly. "Professor, I'm here to serve your early detention!" called out James while he tilted his head slightly and studied his shoes for a moment. A sigh passed his lips as he knocked on the door once more but this time a bit more harder. "Professor!?" James called out, hoping to hear a reply back but sadly, there was no answer. James kicked the wall with his feet several times to keep himself entertained so then he wouldn't die of boredom. Where was the Professor anyway? He should've been here by now if not earlier. James leaned against the wall and then slid down, letting his hazel eyes become fixed on what was before him. Nothing but a plain old wall. He rubbed one of his eyelids and yawned heavily.

After a few minutes had passed, James stood up and looked down the corridor in hopes that there was a sign of life but there wasn't. The Slytherins along with Professor Slughorn were probably still eating breakfast but then again James never recalled seeing Professor Slughorn at the table. Then again, James didn't recall anything but his plate full of food in which he was never going to dispose of. Suddenly, curiosity had stricken James. What lied beyond that corridor? The Slytherin common room? Snivellus? James smacked himself on the face for thinking. James hoped that Snivellus wasn't down the corridor. He didn't want to be even take a look at his face or.. his hair. James hated the way Snivellus had his hair done. It was all full of grease, it looked as if he hadn't washed it for weeks. Even though that sounded a bit like a girlish statement, James had to admit that at least men enjoy having a good hygiene so then they were able to have loads of woman all over them. But, with the way Snivellus looked, it seemed as if he'd never have a relationship with a women. Even if he had a "great" personality woman would probably not even then hit on him. After all, appearance always came before personality. Or... was it the other way? Well, whichever way it was, Snivellus wouldn't benefit from either of them since he'd lose because he was a loser. A big fat loser who liked to read. Who read these days, I mean, seriously? James didn't he wouldn't want to even if he didn't have a choice. He'd rather have himself thrown into the dungeons and be called "dog" for some odd reason.

Anyways, back to the corridor, James' eyes lingered over to the corridor he tried his best to avoid it. Professor Slughorn was sure to arrive at any moment so it'd be best if he stayed in his place. A sigh passed his lips as he ruffled through his hair and let his hazel eyes glance at the end of the corridor every once and a while. *Okay, okay, just take a deep breath, James, the fat man will show up soon and it'll all be over,* James thought to himself as he closed his eyes. One of his eyes opened and glanced at the corridor. This was it, he just couldn't take it anymore! James opened his other eye and stomped his way over toward the end of the corridor and poked his head out of one of the corners to see if there was any sign of a Slytherin nearby but just his luck, there wasn't any. He slipped into the corridor and kept his eyes fixed on what was in front of him. James walked quickly but cautiously down the corridor and then made another left. He suddenly came to a complete halt as his mouth dropped. He was fracked!