



New Moon

Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling · Not Rated · 958 words

by Arukir

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Fandom: Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Fred Weasley & George Weasley

Characters: George Weasley, Fred Weasley

Tags: Animal Transformation, Animagus, Process of Becoming an Animagus, Full Moon, Art, AI-Generated Images, Brotherhood, Brotherly Bonding, Brotherly Love, Happy New Year!, my 190th fic overall! Yay! :), my first HP fic that isn't about OCs....

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On the night of the full moon, Fred and George sneak out of the castle to try their hands at becoming Animagi.

My New Year's fic that technically has nothing to do with New Year's, but does have a theme of transformation and change.

Countdown until I reach 200 fics posted: 10...

Posted on exactly midnight :)

Fred and George are almost exactly alike, doing absolutely everything together, and that's how they like it. So naturally, I asked myself what would happen if there was a major difference between them that they couldn't change or control?

Artwork by ChatGPT, with some edits by me.

George was having a very pleasant dream about a rather cute girl from his year. She was laughing at his corny jokes, for once, and he was just about to ask her to go to Hogsmeade with him and—

George woke with a yelp, landing on the floor with a thud so quiet there had to be a cushioning charm, having tumbled out of bed. No, not tumbled — been pushed.

"Wakey-wakey, Georgie." Fred whispered, grinning.

"Fuck you, Freddie." George groaned quietly, rubbing a hand down his face. Lee and the others were still asleep, blissfully unaware of the high possibility of curses to start flying at the moment. He glared at his twin.

"Oh, don't be like that." Fred pouted. "Full moon tonight."

"That's tonight?" George asked, getting a nod in answer. How could he have forgotten?

He nodded back, following Fred in sneaking out of their dorms and through the castle. He regularly glanced at the Map, pulling his brother down corridors or behind suits of armor everytime he spotted a name getting too close to theirs.

"Do you really want to bother doing this again?" George asked as they crept out onto the grounds. "We're just going to fail like we did the last bajillion times."

"So it's a bit harder than transfiguring tile into swampland." Fred dismissed. "Big deal, we'll get it eventually."

The problem with becoming an animagus, George thought, was the sheer amount of ways to go about it. It was impossible to know which method would work for any given individual, or how many times you'd have to try. So far, they had tried 57 different ways, including going out on the full moon — omen of change and power — for six months straight and *focusing really hard* on becoming animals.

And just about every single one of those methods were entirely illegal if you didn't have permission, but George couldn't care less about that bit. The thing he cared about was simple:

"This is getting boring." George complained more loudly as they disappeared into a secret grove just outside the main Forest, hidden from prying eyes and ears. If he was going to miss out on sleep, he'd much rather it be because of something productive, like stealing potion ingredients or booby-trapping the library.

"Great things take time, brother mine." Fred told him, standing in the middle of the large clearing. "It will all be worth it when we *finally* see what forms we get. We could be anything, we could be dragons!"

George smiled, the other's excitement contagious. "I don't think animagi *can* be dragons, Freddie..."

"Fine, maybe not dragons." Fred scoffed playfully, rolling his eyes. He twirled under the moonlight. "But we could still be something cool, like weasels!"

"I can't believe you went there." George groaned, shoving him. Fred laughed, shoving him back. "Magpies might be fun, though."

"Or foxes!"

"Falcons!"

"Bears!"

They chased each other around the treeline, laughing and listing animals until they both collapsed into the grass, breathing hard and leaning against each other.

"Good to go, Georgie?" Fred asked.

"Ready if you are, Freddie." George answered. Yeah, it was a little boring trying over and over again, but Fred was right; it would be so worth it if they succeeded.

George closed his eyes, breathing deeply in a pattern he knew by heart at this point, trying to focus on the moonlight surrounding him. He imagined its power filling him slowly, from head to toe, a cool glow building up inside of him. He thought of transforming, of his body twisting until it was entirely unrecognizable, of...

Feathers. That had happened a few times, with some of the methods they'd tried. He would feel wind caress his face, phantom pinpricks of growing plumage all over his body. He wasn't sure if it was a sign of them getting closer, or just in his mind. Freddie said he hadn't felt anything like it, but still, George thought it must mean *something*.

It might've been minutes, it might've been hours, but eventually something changed. The feathers in his mind sharpened, darkened, blurry forms suddenly easy to make out. Warmth spread through him, every inch of skin tingling, and-

His eyes snapped opened as he burst into the air, instincts he didn't recognize forcing his arms- his wings to move, each flap propelling him closer to the moon until he felt like he could reach out and grab it. He fumbled over himself, nearly falling right out of the sky, but soon got the hang of staying aloft. He flew clumsy circles around the grove, staying just low enough for the trees to block him from view, his heart soaring as much as his body.

It worked! He open his mou- beak in a delighted shout, a harsh caw ringing out instead. It was incredible, but disorienting and tiring as well. He dived towards the ground, tripping as he alighted on a rock, looking around for another-

What was he, anyways, a raven or a crow? He wasn't entirely sure what the difference was, and decided it didn't particularly matter anyways. What mattered was that Fred had been right, they'd done it, and now that they could fly without brooms their pranks were going to be next level. He already had so many ideas...

Fred? He thought, trying to call for his brother but croaking instead. He couldn't wait to fly toget-

He turned around, staring at a large, brown coyote, laying exactly where Fred had been. He blinked at it.

Almost-familiar green eyes blinked back.

— end of "New Moon" —