

‘Sorting Brat’

Vignette to accompany artwork on stream 2/17/19

Evanna had wanted to join a witches’ sorority from the moment she graduated Hogwarts and was accepted to graduate school at the Wizarding Academy of the Erotic Arts.

The most notorious sorority on campus was Phelta Thi, so when she heard they were holding a pledge sorting ceremony, she jumped at the chance.

Evanna was welcomed at the door by a tall and shapely woman who introduced herself as Agnes, the Mistress of Ceremonies for the evening. “Oh my, sweetie, you look like just the kind of pledge we’re looking for!”

A couple hours later (and a few cheese-beers from an owl named Wighead later), Evanna found herself stripped and bound to a chair with her own scarf. “What is this? What is going on?” she cried.

Agnes appeared next to her, the beautiful woman now naked as well—other than a traditional sorting hat upon her head. “Sweetie, didn’t you know how sorting works here? You don’t bid on the houses, the houses bid on you!”

“Ok, but do I really need to be tied to a chair for this?” she whimpered.

“Silly girl, of course you do. Because REASONS!”

A spotlight clicked on, and a booming voice summoned the crowd to the ceremony. “Wizards, witches, and bitches, gather up for the final round of sorting...let’s give a warm welcome to our very own ‘Sorting-Brat in the sorting-hat, Agnes!”

With a microphone in hand, Agnes stirred up the crowd with a vivid description not only of poor Evanna herself, but of all the pledge week activities and initiation rituals Evanna would be participating in.

Soon the bids from the houses were flying in and climbing higher. “Come now, boys, don’t you think some good love from our new pledge with the moon-colored hair is worth more than that?”

Behind her, Lewdicius Blueballius of the house Grimblebump was chatting with his friend, Aubergine Diccus from house Titewedgie.

“Aubie, your new pledge class is looking pretty lean this year. Aren’t you going to bid on this soft little morsel?”

“We can’t. That idiot Dochius spent our entire budget on that redheaded Beasley chick in the first round. We’re flat broke.”

“That’s a shame, Aubie. We’re flush with cash after we sold our house naming rights for a new movie, ‘Jerry Cobbler and the Half-Baked Plot.’

Evanna eyed Lewdicus warily, and whispered to Agnes, “please, please don’t let me end up with him.”

“Oh sweetie,” Agnes whispered back. “He’s just an unimaginative doof. You should be more worried about what the sisters of Muffdelver and me are going to do with you.”