

Practical Misconceptions

by Stefdarin

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The Quidditch Pitch was silent, now that the crowd was gone. Neville stood at the top of the bleachers, looking out over the muddy field and reliving the last breathless moments of the game. As he closed his eyes, he could see the images of Harry nabbing the Snitch right under Malfoy's nose, and it made him smile.

"Oi! Come on, Neville! We're going to miss it!" Dean called enthusiastically from the ground, waving his hands in the air.

Neville's eyes snapped open when Dean's voice interrupted his thoughts. He smiled and replied, "Oh, yeah! Let's go learn how to use toilet paper!"

Dean laughed, shook his head and said, "It's TP'ing. What we're gonna do to Slytherin is TP'ing."

"Right, typing," Neville mumbled when he shuffled past Dean.

Dean's mouth split into a wide grin as he scuttled off to follow his friend.