

# Lovez In A Dunjens

*by Nom de Plume*

Teh classiks tale of ss/hg. A lol!fic.

## A trooth iz diskuverd

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Teh classiks tale of ss/hg. A lol!fic.

*A/N: In honor most high of teh LOLcats, I present dis fic (mai furst in a seriz of many) of LOLific prorp... proprosh... porporsh... dimensions.*

*Warning: This fic is written in LOL!speak style to be adapted as lol!fic.)*

**Chayrukterz:**

**Snaypes:** \*growlgrowlgrowl\* I'z cold in dis dunjunz an' angree an lohnley awl deh timez!

**Hermiyuhnee:** I'z yoozhulee pritty eeven tehmperd. 'Cept when I'm angree, den hoo-boy, luk outz y'all.

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**Loves In A Dunjens**

**Snaypes:** Plz to come in mah classroom fer yer extra crehdits, Mizz Graynjer, nao git tew werk.

**Hermiyuhnee:** Yessir. Whut am I to be workin on?

**Snaypes:** Yer gunna b choppin' up thees rootz an den grindin up dis horn stuffs. NO MOAR SPEAKING.

**Hermiyuhnee:** M'kay.

\*work work work\*

**Hermiyuhnee:** M'kay sir, I'z dun nao. An becuz I haz been reeding lots, and nawt sleeping much cuz of NEWTS, I'z so tired I myte fall asleep here. [she gits woozy]

**Snaypes:** Oh my gawd, whut is rong wit yoo? Yer so unperfekt tew me. I care nawt for yer petty excusez and moanings. And yer a chit. So GET OUT nao, plz.

**Hermiyuhnee:** [to self] I sees teh torchured man inside. [leafs]

[Next day in Poshuns]

**Snaypes:** [cause he canz, he swoops up kwietly behin' Hermuhnee] Mizz Graynjer. Whut haz yoo dun wit mah faverit stir stik? I'z can nawt find it after yoo left an awlso I kneed an excuse to git yoo bak n my layr.

**Hermiyuhnee:** [thinks tew self] *I know exaktlee whut I'd do wit yer stir stik..* [to Snaype] Sir, I haz no idea 'bout that. P'raps I can comes to teh dunjuns tonite to help look for it?

**Snaypes:** .....very well. An' awlso, ten points from Grif...Grafen...yor howse.

**Harry/Ron:** Whut?! O noes!

*[Later that nyte]*

**Hermiyuhnee:** O noes, I only haz dis really short skert to wares an I haz fake detenshunz! Dispair. O, hai, sir. I'z here to look for yoor stir stik.

**Snaypes:** MERLIN IN MANACLES AND BLACK LEHTHER TIGHTS. I mean, gud evenings Mizz Graynjer. Yer late. Five hundred pointz.

**Hermiyuhnee:** Git.

**Snaypes:** Yez. So, firs' yoo shud look under that taybl. Yez... and bend over... like that... yez... my gawd I sound lech... lechr... lyke an old pervret.

**Hermiyuhnee:** Sirz! I haz found it! I haz foun yer stik!

**Snaypes:** ...yez yoo haz. Come here.

*[They mayke out and it wuz gud.]*

**Hermiyuhnee:** If we haz an illicit affayrs, den gets caught, wer scrooed.

**Snaypes:** Truth. An' awlso, becuz yoo are my posseshunz —

**Hermiyuhnee:** That goez against my beliefs! But cause yer so hawt, I will ignor it.

**Snaypes:** — teh Dark Lord will prolly wunt to manipyewlayt yoo some how, so ders dat.

**Hermiyuhnee:** Oh noes.

**Snaypes:** I know.

**Teh End**