

Lovez In A Dunjens

by Nom de Plume

Teh classiks tale of ss/hg. A lolfic.

A trooth iz diskuverd

Chapter 1 of 1

Teh classiks tale of ss/hg. A lolfic.

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

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

Chayrukerz:

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

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

Loves In A Dunjens

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

Hermuhnee: 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.

Hermuhnee: M'kay.

work work work

Hermuhnee: 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.

Hermuhnee: [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 favorit 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 proolly wunt to manipyewlayt yoo some how, so ders dat.

Hermiyuhnee: Oh noes.

Snaypes: I know.

Teh End