

Ecksploratorey Feeld Trip

by *Nom de Plume*

Teh poshunz claas goez awn a feeld trip. A lolfic.

Ecksploratorey Feeld Trip

Chapter 1 of 1

Teh poshunz claas goez awn a feeld trip. A lolfic.

A/N: I told you there was more lolfic. (This is done in LOL!speak style to be adapted as lolfic.)

Snaypes: K, everwun, shut deh gawdamn hell UP! Wez goin' on uh feeld trip—POTTER I SED SHUT UP— so plz to pack up ur stufz away nao. THER WILL B NO SPEEKING. Follow me.

Potter/Ron/Hermuhney: Ooh/aah/yayz!

Hermuhnee: Porhfezzor, sir, where iz we to be going?

Snaypes: [sigh] Mizz Graynjer, whut did I says in deh class afore we left?

Hermuhnee: Yoo took deh Lord's name in vayne n' told us tew not speak.

Snaypes: Thayrfor?

Hermuhnee: [dejected/sigh] Ten pointz from Grif... Grafen... mai howse.

Snaypes: Korrekt.

[In a feeld somewheres by deh lake I guess]

Snaypes: Nao, lissen you morawns, I needz ta harves' dis purpl wyldflower, and yoo awl are gunna dew it. Plz tew NAWT crush deh bloom, *Longbottom*. [glare]

Longbottom: [peez a little]

Snaypes: Beegin. Oh, an NO FROLICKING at awl, whutsoever. Yoo haz wun howr.

[Teh stoodunts dispurse]

Hermuhnee: [smellz da purpl flowr] Ohhh, dis is very nice. Professr Snaypes, whut is dis flowr? Iz it teh common Scottish Bluebell, otherwise known as *Campanula Carpatica*, whose properties are similar to nettles which are used to regularly treat sore throats?

Snappes: Yes.

Hermunee: [glee]

Draco: I hatez yew.

[Hermuhnee wanders off an encownterz one of doz scaree magikul aminals dat wunt to hert people]

Hermunee: O noes!!! Sumwun to help me!! I haz lost my wahnd in mai disdress, an nao I cannot fyte for my liitle self!

Snappes: [is deh onlee wun to heere dis an does a fancee bit o' wand wayvin' to savez her]

Hermuhnee: O' sir!

Snappes: Yew could haz been killed!! Whut was yew thinkeeng?! I should haz let yew dye!!

Hermuhnee: [sobsobsob]

Snappes: ... o... do nawt crye, I didunt meen it. I jus' ohve... ovreac... wuz distraught wif deh feerz dat I myte loos yew. But I dunnot no hao tew say I'm sorree. Iz jus nawt in mah nayturz.

Hermuhnee: U... u lovez me?

Snappes: [wince] Rly, lovez is such a big werd, how 'bout affekshunz?

Hermuhnee: U haz affekshunz for me? But I haz affekshunz foar yoo!

Snappes: I fin' dat vry hard to buhleev. Cuz, has yew seen me?

Hermuhnee: O, no, profezzors, I theenk yer jus lovely as yoo are. [smitten]

[ANGST]

Harry: Hai!! I'm heere to break up deh drama and interrept in dis awkward momunt!

Snappes/Hermuhnee: [sigh] Oh, Harree. [eyerollz]

Teh End