

'Twas The Night Before The Yule Ball

by Gmariam

Harry Potter receives some solid advice from a friend on the eve of the Yule Ball.

A Visit From Hagrid

Chapter 1 of 1

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or

A Visit from Hagrid

'Twas the night before the Yule Ball, when all through the castle

Not a student was sleeping, not even Moaning Myrtle.

Their robes were all gathered and hanging with care,

In hopes that the house-elves soon would be there.

The students were all lying awake in their beds,

While fears of slow dancing raced through their heads.

And Harry with his glasses, and Ron with his cap,

Had just settled down for a much-needed nap.

When out by the lake he heard such a clatter,

Harry leapt from his bed to find what was the matter.

Across the dark dorm he ran in a dash,

Pushed open the windows and threw up the sash.

The moon cast its sheen on the white fluffy snow,

A bright luminescence on the objects below.

When what, to his marveling eyes, should appear,
But a large, hooded figure with a wild, tangled beard.
With a shape that was tall, and tree trunks for limbs,
Harry knew it was Hagrid, his half-giant friend.

With arms held aloft, his hippogriffs then came,
And he whistled, and clicked, and called them by name:
"Now, Turnip! Now, Cabbage! Now. Mary and Sue!
Come, Philbert! Come, Toaster! Come, Tiramisu!
To the tops of the trees, to the top of the wall!
Fly away, fly away, fly away all!"

As the brooms through a Quidditch match through the air fly,
Around the green pitch and through the blue sky;
So now the hippogriffs danced in the air,
Dipping and swooping with hardly a care.

And then with a start Harry saw in the night,
A hippogriff beating its wings in fast flight.
He reached through the window and held out his arm;
The creature came closer, knowing no harm.

The hippogriff waited as Harry bowed his neck,
Then grabbed his dark cloak and jumped on its back.
Hagrid soon joined him, atop great Buckbeak,
And they soared through the air past the tower's tallest peak.

Hagrid was grinning, his eyes all aglow,
As the hippogriffs flew o'er the white shining snow.
His cloaked billowed out like a black furry cloud.
He shook his great head and cried out aloud:
"Now, Harry, my boy, just a bit o' advice:
When you dance with yeh girl, be sure t' dance nice."
"Thanks, Hagrid," said Harry and laughed with a grin.
"I certainly wasn't planning on doing her in."
"And another thing, Harry, be sure yeh speak right.
Girls like t' hear they're a beautiful sight."
"I'll try," replied Harry, frowning a bit.
"But I really don't want to sound like a git."
"Jus' be yerself," Hagrid said with a nod.
"You know who yeh are, yeh're not some dumb sod."

Harry was still nervous, but gave him great thanks,
And they continued to fly over the lake's silvery banks.
The hippogriffs landed with barely a sound,
While Harry and Hagrid jumped down to the ground.

Then Hagrid gave whistle and the hippogriffs took flight.
"Good luck, Harry," cried Hagrid. "And have a good night!"
Harry returned to the castle with stealth,
Making sure he wasn't seen, since he valued his health.
He entered the common room, tired yet pleased,
And sat by the fire, hugging his knees.

He thought about Padma, Parvati, and Cho,
And Ginny, and Hermione, and other girls he'd known.
He realized the Yule Ball was far worse a deed,
Than fighting a dragon for the tournament's need.
But Hagrid had given him solid advice,
So Harry would always be sure to be nice.
He'd compliment his date and be most sincere,
Though it'd be the hardest thing he'd done all year.
Harry went up to his bed with a sigh;
He lay down and soon he let close weary eyes.
In dreams he danced at a Hippogriff Ball,
Spinning and flying throughout the Great Hall.
Soon Harry woke restlessly to start the new day,
Tired and nervous and not sure what to say.
He dressed for the Yule Ball, then slowly left his room.
He met with Parvati and walked down to his doom.
The Yule Ball was over, it was hardly much fun.
Yet Harry reflected that when it was all done,
He had survived the long night without any pain,
And perhaps, some day later, he would dance once again.
Girls were quite pretty and made for nice dates,
But he'd always prefer time to spend with his mates.

Author's Note: This poem was written for a holiday challenge at MNFF several years ago, where the prompt was to take a Christmas carol and parody it within the Potterverse. The names of the hippogriffs are a bit of an inside joke from my forum days, lest you think they are just random rhymes. Many thanks to Cheshlin, a lovely poet, for looking it over and offering advice! *'Twas the Night Before Christmas* was written in 1822 by Clement Clark Moore and published anonymously in the New York Sentinel in 1823. I hope you enjoyed yet another version of this famous poem.