

Raspberries and Dungbombs

by astopperindeath

Peeves love his little games—especially on Valentine's Day.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: JK, Scholastic, and WB own it all. I'm sorry if they read this and see what I've done to their characters...

AN: I don't write poetry. Don't be surprised at how bad this is.

Valentine's day was Peeves' favorite time of year—a time to interrupt scads of unsuspecting couples with foul concoctions and even fouler verse. He raced through the castle on this day of days, instead of his normal, ambling flight, blowing raspberries and throwing Dungbombs—loving his corporeal form as compared to the other ghosts and goblins.

He came across the pride of Gryffindor, in quite a state of undress with the Slytherin Seeker—his pale arse shining in the candlelight and her heels pointing to the sky.

It was too easy—he began pelting them with Dungbombs and broke into song.

Ohhhhh Peevesy likes his bit of fun,

On this best day under the sun.

A day for lovers and their friends

Hid in the hallways at their ends.

Hermione and Draco began to scream, trying desperately to pull the foul pods from her hair.

Peeves began to giggle, spinning loop-de-loops through the air as he pulled more projectiles from his pockets.

The Nile has its rolling shores,

And loads of water dinosaurs.

And Titicaca has its lake;

I'll leave its waters in my wake!

Water balloons full of the foulest liquid you've ever smelled rained down, reeking like runoff from a cattle ranch. Draco began to wail as Hermione attempted to shield them with her cloak—neither seeming to remember that they were magical beings with the ability to blast Peeves to Merlin-knows-where.

Peeves flipped them the two-fingered salute as he zoomed away, looking next for Harry and whatever member of the Ravenclaw Quidditch team he was boinking that week.

The Boy Who Lived would soon be the Boy Who Lost His Clothing...

AN2: Prompt from HermioneWeasley1972: Valentine's Day, Peeves, and Lake Titicaca. Written in thirty minutes (obviously).