

# All for the Love of a Bacon Buttie

*by lyn\_f*

He was hungry for his favourite snack.

## One-Shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

He was hungry for his favourite snack.

*I don't own them. It's all JK Rowling's. I'm just borrowing them for the moment.*

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"Merlin's beard, that hurts!"

"If you weren't such a clumsy oaf, you wouldn't have run into that wall."

"Don't be such a know-it-all."

"I'm just telling it as it is."

"Know-it-all."

"Clumsy oaf."

"Bookworm."

"Quidditch freak."

He growled. "Enough, already! Are we there yet?"

She huffed. "You have eyes; you can see. It's not as if it will prevent you from seeing what's plainly in front of your face."

He snorted. "I didn't expect to be stumbling over the material, though."

"Clumsy oaf."

"Whatever."

A hand emerged from seemingly thin air to tickle the huge, painted green pear. It chuckled and morphed into a door handle. The door was pulled open, and the hand disappeared as the door shut behind it.

"There. We're in."

"Now that we're here, what do you want?"

He pulled off the Invisibility Cloak. "What do you think?"

She rolled her eyes. "If we get caught, I'm going to blame it all on you."

"I didn't ask you to come with me."

"What are you talking about? You begged me!"

He huffed. "Whatever. I'm hungry. Where's an elf when you need one?"

"Don't talk about them that way! They have feelings, too!"

"And they're supposed to love serving us. Where. Are. Those. Elves?"

A pop heralded the arrival of an elf.

"You is wanting something?"

"Yeah, a nice bacon buttie would be great."

"You might as well slather the toast with marmite. It'll do you some good."

"What's marmite?"

She huffed. "Honestly, a bacon buttie at this time of the night? Are you mad?"

"No more mad than you and your love of... what is that you called it? Air-popped popcorn?"

"It's more healthy than your artery-clogging snack."

He growled. "Will you stop it already? I'll eat whatever I want to eat, thank you."

"Fine. Just fine. No, I don't want anything, thank you. I'm leaving. And I'm taking this with me." With that, she put on the cloak with a flourish and left the kitchens.

He shrugged and moaned appreciatively at the plate full of bacon butties in front of him. "Oh, this is wonderful. Thanks."

"We aims to please," the elf said before disappearing.

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A/N: Prompt issued by Ravenscara: Write 200-300 words without describing the characters, but it must be obvious who the people are. Thanks go to luvsev for the beta-reading.