

Bunny Hop

by MHaydn

Easter may be the most pagan of festivals.

Chapter 1 of 1

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Hop. Hop. Hop.

Oh, I'm the Easter Bunny

As busy as a bee.

I'm full of eggs and honey

And people honor me.

Hop. Hop. Hop.

He saw a wizard dressed all in black and addressed him, "Your exploits are known, and your forbearance with Potter, now entering the sixth year, shall be rewarded with a fine clutch of eggs, dark chocolate of course."

"I don't want to be remembered for Potter, and you can keep your eggs," said the professor, flipping a hex.

The rabbit's fur frizzled; his nervous system fried.

When he regained consciousness, the black-clothed wizard was still there and smirking.

"Tell me, good sir, if you would be so kind," he said, "do you know what I'm doing here and were you the one who cast that dastardly spell?"

"You're that cursed, cheerful Easter Bunny delivering goodies, and yes, I cast the curse," said the wizard all in black.

"Your inaccurate description and pathetic attempt to deceive me have, nonetheless, brought back my memory," he said.

It little profits that a primal Hare

In this warm spring, under the fertile moon

Matched with a cute basket, I hop and dole

Oversweet candy to a bunch of brats

That hoard and sleep and feed and know not me.

"What?" asked the black-cloaked wizard.

"My gratitude for restoring my true nature shall restrain my fury over the spell," he said as he began hurling eggs at his recent tormentor. The first egg broke the wizard's nose, the second and third gave him black eyes, and soon, the wizard was buried under a pyramid of oblong spheroids.

The Hare surveyed the impressive heap. *The bunny wabbit must have put all his eggs in one basket.*

Egged on by a new sense of mission, he turned the wicker basket into a bow. He would shoot romance arrows into adolescent bums. He'd rather aim for their hearts, but he was out of practice and decided on a bigger target.

As he entered the castle, he saw a haughty boy walking past a lovely girl.

"Well, have you stopped boohooing over you lost boyfriends?" asked the wizard.

"That's a cruel remark unworthy of your supposed breeding," returned the girl.

Fire. I can use that, thought the Hare as he shoot an arrow at the wizard.

But the wizard turned, and the flying dart of love hit the other one.

Straight to the heart, thought the Hare.

The boy turned back to the girl. "Yes, it was a cruel remark," he said. "I intended to be more courteous, but your beauty has stolen my grace."

"What are you on about?" she asked.

"I have admired you for quite some time, but being certain you would reject my company, I acted defensively," he said. "It would put my spirit at ease if you could understand that and think kindly of me."

"Are you making fun of me, Malfoy?" she asked.

"I assure you, no. I would like nothing better than to spend time with you," he said. "We could practice together. You're a Seeker too."

"I'm going against my better judgment, but I'll give it a try," she said. "If you're teasing me, I'll have your balls for a Quaffle."

He skipped off to get his equipment.

We few, we happy few, we band of Seekers;

For today who wields her broom a-tweakers

Shall be my lover and will always stay

That flew with me upon Saint Easter's Day.

A-tweakers? She wondered if he had got too much sun, but it was a cloudy day.

A half-hour later, they were in their practice uniforms and on the pitch.

"Come, we will after the snitch, and our flights will intertwine like the course of our lives," said Draco.

"Crowd me, and I'll beat the living snot out of you," she said.

The first round, he was flying low in hot pursuit when she rammed him, knocked him to the ground, and grabbed the prize.

"Did you survive?" she asked.

"Tis but a bruise upon my skin, not to compare with the one upon my heart," he said.

"You're daft, Malfoy."

"My name is Draco, my dearest," he said.

"Your name is Mud, and if you don't stop carrying on like this, I'm going to fly this broomstick up your arse."

"I'm not Harry, my love. Not for me the rude passions. I am a mild soul who seeks only your gentle embraces," he said.

Some time later, two exhausted enchanters decided to call it quits. The Hare had been trying to transfix the witch with an arrow, but she had flown such wild patterns that he had missed. Well, it would have to work itself out.

"We can take a quick shower. My desire for you will not wash away, but the water will fall on me like your boundless mercy," he said. "Then we can go someplace and celebrate."

"Are you certain that's a good idea?" she asked.

"We should mark our rebirth," he said. "We can paint an egg. What's your favorite color?"

"Purple. I mean, blue and silver," she said.

"We can paint two," said Draco.

"You begin to interest me," said Cho.

Leaving the two to bicker and romance, the Hare returned to the castle. As he entered, he saw the black-caped wizard who had hexed him.

A female student walking by appraised the snarky one and said, "Professor Snape, do you have eggshells in your hair?"

"I have been helping Hagrid with his new magic hens," said the ill-tempered one.

"Oh, I thought you might have been trying an egg shampoo out of desperation, sir," said the little witch. "And your nose looks better."

"I do not appreciate remarks of that nature, Miss Granger."

The Hare recognized the witch's type and seized the opportunity for revenge. He let fly, and by great good luck, the arrow found the miscreant's skinny buns.

"I'm sorry, sir," she said. "Am I on detention?"

"I believe you can be excused a minor indiscretion. Although a detention that let you relax for a few hours away from the madding crowd might do you good," he said. "We could talk about hair-care products."

"I would like that, sir, but instead of just hair-care, perhaps you could impart to me some of your vast knowledge of Potions?"

"Do you really think I have something to offer?" he asked.

"I'm certain no one can stir a cauldron with your finesse, sir." She hesitated. "But I don't want to be a burden."

"You would be a pleasure, not a burden," he purred.

"Oh, tell me all your secrets, sir. Whisper every little thing into my waiting ear."

"I can dedicate a potion of my life to that," he said.

This is going to be good, thought the Hare. He decided to give them time together, and when he checked on them two hours later, the girl was transcendent.

"I'll always remember these glorious hours with you, sir," said the witch, all a-glow. "This will be the day I learned how to best Harry Potter in Potions."

The prompt is from Museamusant: Someone hexes the Easter Bunny

The mangled bits are from Tennyson and Shakespeare