

Use Ur Lissening Earz

by peppermint

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Chapter 1 of 1

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LOL Produkschuns bringz u anothur heelareeus LOL!fic foar dis theeme of Teacherz.

Wif mah apologeez tew Potter Puppet Pals, Squaresoft an Monty Python. Hee.

An wif much luv to Miz Nom cuz she started dis whole LOL!fic thing.

U iz plz to be laffin. O an reviewin. Fanks!

Dumbledore: O hai, studentz, an welkom tew anothur yeer at Hogwartz. Plz to nawt be runnin around in teh Forbidden Forest, k? Iz pritty dangerous an theer mite be Death Eaterz or werewolvez or deementurz or sumpin.

Harree: OMG, he iz always sayin dat, but we is always goin into teh Forest anywayz cuz l'z teh Chosen One an nuffin can touch me.

Hermiyuhnee: OMG u needz to lissen! Iz dangerous, u egotisti... high an might... entitled prat!

Dumbledore: Also dere will be no Hogsmeade trips dis yeer cuz dere's a war on an awl and iz dangerous to be goin outside. Dat means no sneekin out frew seekrit passiges and awl. Ok, nao u haz had ur feesting so iz time foar bed. Plz to not be out aftur kerfew, or Mr Filch will get out hiz thumbskrewz k? So plz to be off t ur kommon rewmz an ur beds. Pip pip.

Harree, Hermiyuhnee, and Ron awl git up an' help teh ickle firstees git tew Gryfindowr Towur.

Latur dat night, Harree takes his Invisbilty Clowk an sneeks out to roam teh halls wif awl his Teenage Wizard Angst az dere is way tew much tew jus' stay contayned in his dorm rewm.

Harree: O, I am a teenage wizard an I haz teh Angst. Angst angst angst...

Snaypes sneeks up all sneeky like wif his robez an his sneerz and his billowin cape and awl.

Snaypes: Doez u think teh rulez of dis skool dew nawt appliez tew u, Mistur Potter?

Harree: OMG WTF Snaypes!

Snaypes: Eleventybillion pointz frum Gryfindowr fer ur cheek, Mistur Potter. Why iz u out in mah hallwayz?

Harree: Oh, I haz an angst. I haz dis big job tew dew, an it is tew much werk, an I jest want to be a normal wizard an play Qidtich and kiss girls an stuff.

Snaypes: Spare me ur petty problemz Mistur Potter. U haz a job tew do so suck it up an jest dew it alwready. Teh Dark Lawd Moldyshortz will awnly get moar powerful lyke Diablos from Final Fantasee VIII teh moar powerful u getz. U see teh corrolashun?

Harree: Uh sir did u jes say somfin about a viddeo game?

Snaypes: Wunce agin, u putz ur keen an penetrating mind to teh task an comez up wif teh rong conclushun, Mistur Potter. U iz hopeless. I gives up. I triez tew teech u and u jest doan git it. Ask Miz Graynger, k? She's teh smart one.

Snaypes stalkz away, robez billowin an awl.

Harree luks prity confuzed cuz he was sure Snaypes wuz talkin about a video game. He sneeky sneeks back to teh kommon rewm an explainz what Snaypez said tew Hermyhnee.

Hermyhnee: U iz such an idiot. He meenz u better grow a pair an jes go kill Moldyshortz cuz iz never gonna get any eesier. Duh. Nao leavz me alown cuz I haz awl dis readinz tew do kthxbai.

Harree blinkz an understanz nao whut his teecher wuz trying tew teech him. Iz a speshul moment. Aww.

Den he jes goes out an he killz Moldyshortz, an dere wus much rejoising. Yay.