

# Potterbore, or Not Quite as Good as The Phoenix Owner's Lament

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A Songfic for Gilbert and Sullivan fans.

## Songfic

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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.In the style of 'Ruddigore' aka 'Kensington Gore or Not Quite as Good as The Mikado'\*

**Harry:**

My eyes are fully open to my awful situation –  
I shall go at once to Severus and make him an oration.  
I shall tell him I've recovered my forgotten piece of homework,  
And I didn't ask Hermione; it's honestly my own work.  
For I do not want to perish by an *Aveda Kedavra*,  
But I've heard Trelawney's prophecy;  
It looks like I might haveta,  
And a word or two of compliment my vanity would flatter,  
But I've got to face the Dark Lord so it really doesn't matter!

**Severus:**

So it really doesn't matter.

**Hermione:**

So it really doesn't matter.

**Harry:**

So it really doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter.

**Hermione:**

If I were not a little swot and generally prissy

I could watch Ron kissing Lavender without throwing a hissy;

I could give him good advice when I discovered he was erring,

And I wouldn't call it cheating when on homework he's conferring.

On the subject I could write him a most valuable owl,

And I promise it would not burst into flames or start to howl,

But at present I've got so much work; no time to have a natter,

So I'll keep it to myself for my opinion doesn't matter.

**Severus:**

Her opinion doesn't matter.

**Harry:**

Her opinion doesn't matter.

**Hermione:**

My opinion doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter.

**Severus:**

If I had been so lucky as to have a steady lover

(But the girl I had my heart set on got married to another),

Then I wouldn't mind that Potter and Miss Weasley are courting,

And I wouldn't give detentions so their passion I am thwarting.

My existence would have made a rather interesting idyll,

And I might have lived and died a very happy individ'l.

But when Voldemort he murdered her, it caused my heart to shatter,

So I'll give myself to spying, for my life just doesn't matter.

**Harry:**

For his life just doesn't matter.

**Hermione:**

For his life just doesn't matter.

**Severus:**

For my life just doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter.

**All:**

This particularly rapid, unintelligible patter

Isn't generally heard and if it is, it doesn't matter.

\*

\*Kensington Gore is an area of London, and a theatrical term for fake blood. Ruddigore's official alternative title is, of course, 'The Witch's Curse'. The other was Gilbert's self-deprecating response to the opera's bad reviews.

'The Phoenix Owner's Lament' is my Pirates of Penzance songfic.