

Faculty Meeting

by Half Blood Poetesses

A hodgepodge of Harry Potter poetry and drabbles as written by the admins on TPP.

Term One

Chapter 1 of 2

A hodgepodge of Harry Potter poetry and drabbles as written by the admins on TPP.

Our (Not-So-)Childish Side ...

■

by NSS

One, two, Severus'll get you.

Three, four, he'll throw you to the floor.

Five, six, a thousand licks.

Seven, eight, he'll penetrate.

Nine, ten, you'll come again!

■

by SW

One, two, Hooch wants to shag you.

Three, four, she's a woman's whore.

Five, six, she has a few magical dicks.

Seven, eight, she'll be a hot date.

Nine, ten, you'll stop wanting men!

■

by Christy

One, two, Draco's gonna get you.

Three, four, you'll beg for more.

Five, six, put Harry in the mix.

Seven, eight, they'll make you feel great.

Nine, ten, you'll want them again!

■

by Christy

One, two, Remus is howling for you.

Three, four, he'll bite you for sure.

Five, six, get your Wolfsbane fix.

Seven, eight, he needs a mate.

Nine, ten, the full moon starts it again!

■

by NSS

One, two, Lucius will have you.

Three, four, tied on a board.

Five, six, 'cuz he's real slick.

Seven, eight, don't ask him to wait.

Nine, ten, 'cuz he ain't a patient man.

Eleven, twelve, he'll thrust and delve.

Thirteen, fourteen, until you're begging.

Fifteen, sixteen, for a spanking.

Seventeen, eighteen, or maybe a shagging.

Nineteen, twenty, till you've had plenty!

■

by Christy

One, two, Ron is begging for you.

Three, four, he's randy for sure.

Five, six, he'll shag you for kicks.

Seven, eight, don't make him masturbate.

Nine, ten, you can bring a friend!

■

by SW

Ten, nine, Ron can't have this behind.

Eight, seven, he'll never get this heaven.

Six, five, I'd rather be buried alive.

Four, three, he'll never get me.

Two, one, Ronniekins is getting none.

■

by Christy

One, two, the twins have some tests for you.

Three, four, you will hope there's a cure.

Five, six, you will need a fix.

Seven, eight, it won't be great.

Nine, ten, let hexing them begin!

■

by SW

One, two, the twins shag in the loo.

Three, four, their arses are sore...

Five, six, from experimenting with their pricks.

Seven, eight, they're each other's perfect mate.

Nine, ten, twincest is such a sin!

■

by Christy

One, two, Crabbe and Goyle know what to do.

Three, four, they come in the back door.

Five, six, they love to dip their wicks.

Seven, eight, they go for the prostate.

Nine, ten, they're such virile men!

■

by SW

One, two, something smells like poo.

Three, four, what's on the floor?

Five, six, it's two thugs with limp pricks.

Seven, eight, I don't have to ask what Crabbe or Goyle ate.

Nine, ten, it's made for going out... not coming in!!

Laughable Limericks

■

by Christy

There once was a woman named Bella

Who wanted a Dark, nasty fella

She found the Dark Lord,

Who gave her pain galore

And then she screamed a cappella.

■

by SW

Like silk from the web of a spider

His voice coaxed her to be his rider

And urged her to climax with glee

Their sated, slick bodies easy to see

As he pulled her down to move beside her.

■

by NSS

Severus was feeling quite irked
So up to the towers he lurked
He throttled an owl
And then with a scowl
Twirled and stalked downstairs with a smirk.

Various Verses

■
by SW

The Dark Lord had a particular itch
that needed to be scratched by a certain bitch.
Bella wouldn't mind doing the chore,
as she was such a nasty little whore.
No, he wanted someone fresh and new...
Someone with whom he could teach what to do.
As it usually happens with good old Fate,
there was a new female Death Eater to initiate.
Parkinson would no longer belong to the young Malfoy.
A wife she would never be--only a Dark Lord's prized toy.
There is something good to be said of demanding sex.
The rush is nearly as satisfying as screams from a hex.
You may as well be completely informed;
touching her or lusting for her will see you harmed.

■
by Christy

Severus did a good deed
Killing Albus with speed.
The Dark Lord wanted to reward
So he found a Mudblood to hoard.
When Severus knelt on bended knee
Voldemort told him with glee
I have the Granger girl for you
To do with whatever you want to.
You have proven yourself most loyal
So to the victors go the spoils!
Severus did not hesitate
Having the Mudblood would be great.
She begged him for mercy, crying out, "No!"
He just pulled up her skirt and had a go.
When it was over and he was done
She decided to play along until she could run.
Severus smirked; he knew her game
But he would enjoy her just the same.

by Christy

Albus was feeling quite randy.
He was thankful Minerva was handy.
He lured her into his rooms,
feeling the love start to bloom.
Not knowing what he was about,
when he grabbed her she let out a shout.
She asked him had he gone mad
because he was acting quite the cad.
He assured her that he had not
and mentioned old feelings he had not forgot.
She smiled, remembering them too
and let him do what he wanted to do.
Despite his old age, she was surprised
at what he had kept disguised.
When she left they were both satisfied
happy with the affair they'd have to hide.

■
by SW

While Snape was away, his position had been filled
by an annoying woman that he could have killed.
Her voice was shrill, and she had beady little eyes.
She had a lumpy arse and tree trunks for thighs.
He had no idea what had given her the notion
to think she'd be worthy of teaching Potions.
He'd find a way to make the mistress disappear.
Yes, hateful words, rude comments, and a few sneers
would see the woman leaving the Potions post.
Perhaps he could make a deal with Slytherin's ghost.
He'd been openly denied the position for Dark Arts,
but he hadn't imagined losing Potions to the dumpy tart.
An untraceable potion would most likely work best,
but how could he get her to accept it and ingest?
He'd find a way soon, for was he not a true master?
A hex could find her and not be traced back to its caster.
Maybe it could be a magical fall from the tallest tower.
That would again allow him to wield his classroom power.
Before long, days had passed without a single change.
It seemed she was never caught alone or was out of his range.
He began to wonder if she'd somehow figured out his plan,
but if that was so, then to the headmaster she would have ran.
Perhaps he should intercept the private letters she sends by owl
or into her private chambers he could stealthily prowl.
Late one night, down a corridor he quietly walked
and met face-to-face the woman he'd continually stalked.
He quickly flashed her a nasty, feral leer,

and she grabbed her heart, gasped, and fainted in fear.
A quick check of her pulse proved that she had none.
Never had he imagined her death could be so easily done.
And that's the story of the demise of the Potions mistress.
Other than a nasty little smile, our Snape was guiltless.
Let that be a lesson for everyone to learn.
Simple things, too, can get you what you yearn.

■
by Christy

Lucius the pureblooded stud
thought his friend was a stick-in-the-mud.
Thinking Severus must be quite randy,
Lucius wanted a witch to be handy.
Narcissa wanted to join the fun,
so she asked if she could be the one.
Not wanting to deny her desire,
He allowed her to help stoke his friends fire.
Severus enjoyed his surprise,
taking them both on for size.
At the end of the day, when the deed was done,
the couple awoke to find their friend gone.
He left a small note of thanks by the bed,
saying Narcissa was wonderful and she gave good head.

Term Two

Chapter 2 of 2

A hodgepodge of Harry Potter poetry and drabbles as written by the admins on TPP.

A/N (by NSS): *We have been working on the second installment of Faculty Meeting for quite some time. And since we are posting during the holiday season, I thought it would be nice to add some holiday poetry in as well. Those are marked with a little mistletoe emoticon. I hope you enjoy our collection of poetry and drabbles. ~Happy Holidays!*

Behind Closed Doors...

■
***The Slytherin Snake** by CocoaChristy*

There once was a Slytherin Snake
Who went by the name of Snape
He used his wand on Dumbledore
Then the wise wizard was no more
Everyone cried and mourned
And Snape was a man who scorned
Now he had to hide
they don't know where he resides

But one day it will all come out
he is innocent, I have no doubt!

■ **Pass the Bread Please** *by Southern_Witch_69*

Harry didn't know what to do about Ginny.
Her arse was getting just a bit too skinny.
He'd just like his woman to have some extra meat.
Extra cushion when pushin' was just hard to beat.
He'd tried to put extra food on her plate
before her boobs shared her arse's fate.
He'd pondered on giving her a helpful potion
but never went through with the motion.
As he was contemplating on the words he'd choose,
she skipped into the room and said she had big news.
There was a reason for her body's recent change.
She was pregnant and losing weight, how strange!
She confessed that she wouldn't eat the plates he'd fill
because her body, thanks to the baby, was very ill.
However, she hoped that he wouldn't truly mind
that before long she'd have a big tummy and fuller behind.
Harry smiled and hugged her as tightly as he could.
Things were working out exactly as they should.
He'd think of his mind's next question another day:
Would the huge belly, during sex, get in the way?

■ **A Christmas Bedtime Story** *by notsosaintly* □

Listen to the snow fall soft,
My dears, listen.
Gather 'round the fireplace at my feet and hear...
Neville, watch those clumsy feet. *Reparo!*...
Hear about the most unlikely of romances
Ever to grace these walls.
Once upon a time, before you were all born,
A man with hair the color of Floo-tarnished soot
Stalked these echoing halls.
He was beleaguered at best by...well, by everyone,
And the students nightly drove him to drink,
But most especially one.
As this one particular witch grew, both in stature and knowledge,
The holiday season grew close at hand:
One last Hogwarts Christmas of fun.
And at the grand Yule Ball that had been held
Every year since Merlin-only-knew-when,
Bodies jiggled and danced with compulsion.
And this bright and bold student...if I may be so bold to say...

Thought it the grandest gesture to proposition
A professor most looked upon with revulsion.
Well, might I say that most present were properly shocked...
Ron, quit sticking your tongue out at your brother...
To see this student and this professor dancing together,
Much less conversing with civil tongue.
And many had to be picked up off the floor from a dead faint
When, at the end of the evening, they left hand in hand
To stand under the mistletoe which Minerva had hung.
And there, their relationship began, though some tell it different,
And not a drop of whisky had been had,
Though others swear it must be so.
But no one knows it better than I and your dear old father,
And maybe a Great Hall filled with nosy students and gossiping professors,
What transpired that night so long, long ago.
So, don't let anyone tell you otherwise that your Mum and Dad...
Harry, stop Petrifying Ginny ... Give me that wand!...
Do not love each other as much as we do,
Even though we may often argue.
Each word that we say to each other, whether angry or glad,
Is living proof that we love each other
As much as we love each one of you.
Now, my children...dear Harry, Ron, Neville and Ginny...your bedtime story is told.
Christmas is tomorrow, and what a day it will be
Since I feel my labor picking up pace!
(I think I'll name the baby Minerva just to see the look on your father's face.)
Sleep well, my Snapelings,
Sweet dreams.

Humourless Haikus

■

by RobisonRocket

The battle is won
Her heart pounding in her throat,
desp'rate to find him

Tears streaming, heartache
Searching among the carnage
So many are dead

She finds him, silent.
Her arms slide around his neck
She sobs in relief

■

by notsosaintly

Tearful eyes doth mourn

At oblivion's bleak brink
A shroud sewn with stars
In a crowd, alone
Grief separates, isolates
So close, yet so far
Flames flicker in eyes
Enkindling thoughts of revenge
For sworn enemies
Ashes to ashes
Breath of godless wind defiles
Scattering the dust

■ *by notsosaintly* □

Bright-eyed and bushy-haired,
She awaits a lover's kiss
Beneath mistletoe
Dark and forbidding
His glance brushes her figure
With red and green hues
Mistletoe above
Green the leaves, red the berries
Fair maiden beneath
Sly as a jaguar
An opportunity seized
Slippery as snake
Good evenings said
Her prey trapped, or is it his?
Eyes mirror desires
Thus, a single kiss
Sparked an unlikely affair
Or p'raps 'twas spiked nog

Limerick Levity

■ *by ladyinthecloak*

There once was a witch in the West
Who thought she knew what was best
So she went ahead
Jumped out of bed
The fandom was in for unrest.
Soon joined by a witch in the South
Like Snape's nose was the size of her mouth
The archive grew
'cause writers brew
Sentences unlike Mr Louth.
The first witch was happy until, dear lord

'nother South'ner made her way to the board
The first retaliated
Breathlessly, admins waited
Oh Merlin, didn't that strike some chord.
Phoenix was asked with batted lashes
Just as she slowly arose from the ashes
To join the site
So she took the bite
And now misplaced commas she smashes.
Once again, happiness abounded,
But soon the witches were astounded
New admins we need
Will anyone heed?
In the end, two new ones were up-rounded.
Now six witches spent time archiving
This website was seriously thriving
All was so well
Till one day rang the bell
And in danced Severus, jiving.
He praised one who isn't a saint
for being ever so quaint
'You know you rock'
She breathed, 'Show me your cock'
'Seriously, you're not for the faint.'
Next, he looked at Sunshine
'You're one witch quite fine'
'Oh, Severus!
Don't be ludicrous!'
He sighed, 'I wish I had more time.'
Severus continued to dance
Occasionally, on a witch he'd prance,
All witches would beam,
That he'd joined the team,
Although with commas, he'd not take a chance.
The witches agreed not to be hounds
Now every day joy just abounds
The witches are happy,
Sometimes even sappy,
Language is cool, but Severus counts.

Drabble Diversions

■

by phoenix

Darkness. It was all he could see. Once there had been a ray of light, but it was gone now. He had no idea if he would ever see it again. But the hope of seeing that ray of light was what kept him alive in this dank, miserable place. A part of him knew that he did not deserve to be here. But he also knew that no one would understand his past actions. They would think he deserved to be here.

Where was his ray of light? His hope? The one who could give him freedom?

Hermione Granger.

■

by phoenix

Alone. Was this how he was always meant to be? Why did he even bother to ask that question anymore? He knew the answer. The Ministry had seen to that. And if he ever deigned to forget it, some greater power was there to remind him of it.

His best friends?

Gone.

His lover?

Gone.

Her loss was tragic. For a long time he had resisted his desire to be accepted and loved by another. Finally, he had given in. Those few short months had been wonderful, but in the end, she had been taken from him.

Goodbye, Nymphadora Lupin.

■

by phoenix

Relief. It was over. It was finally over. The pile of ashes at his feet was all that was left of his nemesis, of the evil... creature that had threatened all of Britain, and maybe later the world.

Silence. But for how much longer would that last? Soon, everyone would want to celebrate. He was not in the mood. What was there to celebrate? So many had been lost. So many had their lives cut short. He tried not to think about it. There was time to grieve later. For now, they needed their hero.

That was Harry Potter's destiny.

■

by notsosaintly

□

A lone stocking hung by a peg on the mantle, holey from years of use or disuse as the case was. It was a sad looking stocking: dark and lank like its owner.

Fireplaces throughout the wizarding world had been springing to life this merry eve, sparking red, glowing green. A jolly house-elf hopped out at each location, leaving the poorest of wizards and witches things for which they ardently wished.

And finally, the very last stop on the list: a dark and dank dungeon that usually those with greater wisdom shunned. But Christmas was not a night for wisdom, but giving and caring ... and sometimes charity.

As the house-elf popped out one last time, close to dawn, his erstwhile helper followed and took a deep breath. "I suppose this is where I leave you, Dobby. My only regret is that this stocking is too small."

"It's sure Master Severus won't mind if his present is not exactly inside," the elf replied, and winking, he Disapparated with a *Pop!*

In the morning, the occupant of said dark and dank dungeon awoke and shuffled out of his bedchambers to see a stocking as dark and lank as he had left it the night before. For an instant, his heart sank once again, and his gaze dropped with it. And lo! There on the rug in front of the fireplace sat ... his heart's mostly desired wish, smiling up at him.

Master Severus blinked and formed the word he was sure would never fall aloud from his lips: "Hermione?"
