

A Double Trouble Birthday Rhyme

by Wolf Moonshadow

The twins may be gone from Hogwarts, but they certainly aren't forgotten... especially on April Fool's Day, which just happens to be their birthday. Not HBP compliant.
Takes place between OoTP and HBP.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer:

JKR most certainly I am not,
And of that fact I shall not whine.
But love her characters... yes I do, a lot,
Unfortunately, none of them are mine.

Author's Notes:

Yes it is quite true, I am no poet,
And of that fact, I most definitely know it.
However, I just couldn't resist taking the time,
Sitting down and penning, this most awful little rhyme.
'Twas written on April Fools Day,
Now a year and more, past and away.
It's meant to take place some time after Book Five,
But prior to HBP, when Dumbledore's still alive.

Today is the day of the April Fool,
When pranksters like us can, for one brief day, rule!
Today is the day of our most fortuitous birth,
So delight we now in bringing you all some much-needed mirth!
Here's to old Hogwarts, our dear Alma Mater,
Our special brand of dung bombs sure left *that* place hotter!
Umbridge finally is gone, for which we take pride,
Though we admit that our methods were rather snide.
It was with great haste that we left our dear school,
Our Filibuster Fireworks were but a tool,
Leading us on to a new glorious career,
To make those without wit see us now with some fear.
All those self-righteous bastards who so love to jeer,
Will soon discover that their day's gone rather queer,
For no froth will they find on their beloved butter-beer.
And what of our master of Potions you ask?
Did you do anything vile, obscene, to his flask?
No, 'twas nothing of our harmless little prank,
That turned the git's hair so greasy and lank.
For that he has his dungeons so dark and so dank,
His cauldrons, his phials, his ever-bubbling tank,
And Longbottom's exploding potions to thank.
Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes are by no means to blame,
'Tis a know-it-all young bookworm who's led him to shame!
As for Gilderoy Lockhart, we indeed must confess,
'Twas us, of course, sent him that purple hospital dress.
He now looks so suave, so chic, debonair,
It so stylishly highlights his exposed derrière.
And to our dear Madam Hooch, the mistress of brooms,
Her Norwegian Blue Parrot never could even vroom.
"Beautiful Plumage," she was oft wont to say,
But we suspect she could not push that thing, not even on Ebay
By the Great Headmaster Dumbledore's beard so woolly,
A faint essence of goat now permeates it so fully.
Not such a bad odor of goat, we really must say,
Just a faint whiff to remind him of family, not so very far away.
The noble Order of the Phoenix for which we all fight,
Are now all quite pissed from raising their wrists through the night

'Twas not our fault they mistook our new brew,
For dear Mum's spiced cider, that they all loved and knew.
Alas, the Burrow we'll miss as we start our new life,
But at least we now give our dear Mum far less strife.
And Dad's not been forgotten, we treated him too,
With three worn out plugs, two dead batteries, and a well plugged up Floo.
What about dear brother Percy, that big-headed boy?
'Tis that pompous arse's arrogance we seek to destroy.
For now he is naught but a Ministry lackey,
That sycophant sibling dares call us poor blokes wacky?
His prized cauldron-bottom thickness report,
Only gives readers obscene insults in retort.
Now for our dear brother Ron, such a wizard at chess,
A well-placed canary cream caused him some distress.
Then there's sweet Ginny, our Sis once so shy,
Just a brief glance from Harry could once make her cry.
No pranks have we for that sister so dear...
For her Bat Boogey Hex now makes us all tremble with fear!
The 'Boy-who-lived-through-the-years-of-Weasley-prank-hell'
Had better watch out, for he knows very well,
Any time, and place, any romantic tryst...
Is likely to encounter, some unexpected twist.
Let us not forget old 'Moldy-mort', that most dreaded Dark Lord,
We've sold lots of his picture... he's now our most beloved dart board.
Finally, last and most least, our puffed up minister Fudge,
That twit-brained and mundanely evil little Drudge.
Can't even recognize an invisibility spell, such a barmy old coot,
Today he thought he looked most fine, in his rich pin-striped suit,
While everyone else thought he wore naught, but moldy old fruit. (of the loom...)
And so kind reader, we now bid you adieu,
And if you think that our humor may be somewhat askew,
We beg pardon if ought we have done might offend.
But, indeed, we hope your funny-bone may mend.
Bear in mind we really, truly mean you no harm,
Though you may find you cast a rather odd charm,
If you try and use one of our fake wands to disarm....
Have a happy day to all you fools out there.

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