

They Shoot Arses, Don't They?

by Wolf Moonshadow

It was just a simple nature hike to gather Potions ingredients; what's the worst that could happen? Written in response to the *Pain in the Arse* Challenge at the GrangerSnape100 LiveJournal, as a series of three one-hundred word vignettes.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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DISCLAIMERS: JKR is still the millionaire author and Harry Potter's creator; I'm just the poor drabblor holding on to my arse for dear life. Please don't shoot it off!

AUTHOR'S NOTES: This bit of excessively silly fluff was written for the '*Pain in the Arse*' Challenge on the GrangerSnape100 LiveJournal site. My husband and I should never be allowed to discuss such a thing as Snape's arse early in the morning, as this tends to be end result. *Mea Culpa*.

Warnings: Asinine humor, Canon mangling, Improper sheathing of one's wand, and Accidental abuse of Snape's poor arse.

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By Wolf Moonshadow and Hubby

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The entire class agreed that the highlight of Hermione's nature hike was Headmaster Snape accidentally blowing his own buttocks off with Lazarus Longbottom's wand. So it was that little Lazarus became the class hero, if only for this one brief shining moment.

Severus fumed in pain. He *knew* never to stick a wand in his back pocket! When he'd confiscated Longbottom's errant wand, he'd simply intended to prevent any more accidental hexes by the little dunderhead. But he'd forgotten the blasted thing was in his pocket and bent down to point out a Potions herb. Bloody Bollocks!

Blasted thing indeed!

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Hermione's gaggle of first-years giggled gleefully as they shrieked Mad-Eye Moody's damnable mantra at him. Severus certainly didn't need to hear *that* old canard again!

Just to make his humiliation total, it seemed that little Minerva Snape found her daddy's missing gluteus the most hilarious thing she'd ever seen in all her eleven long years. Even now she was casting a look of new-found admiration towards the previously unnoticed Lazarus Longbottom.

Although Lazarus obviously hadn't planned it, he was now preening in the unexpected attention of all his classmates; for he'd transformed the dreaded Headmaster into -

Severus Shortbottom?

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Severus mumbled incomprehensible oaths as Hermione slathered Aberforth's-Patented-Fundament-Restorer™ on his remaining backside. *Damn* the Darling Wench, she was enjoying this far too much! After he'd sacrificed *his* buttocks for *her* Potions class!

"This is what I get for wearing Muggle trousers!"

"It's a nature hike, dear. Brambles are no place for robes."

"Please, just put me out of my misery!"

Longbottom gulped at that and whispered to Hermione, "Same as they shoot wounded horses?"

"Oh, his arse'll grow back," Hermione laughed, giving Severus a lascivious grin. "I'm certain Professor Snape will be shooting his own wand off again very soon."

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