

# Not A Great Day

by Saltfish

A dark-humored ficlet about a truly horrible day. There is a character death but not SS or HG.

## one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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This is a ficlet for the **30minutefics** LJ community. The prompt was a truly, horrible day. This was written in thirty minutes and was tidied up (mostly just the errors) for posting.

**Huge thanks to B1 and B2, WickedlyWanton and RobisonRocket, for beta-ing.**

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I died tonight. I suppose I should tell you that up front. I wasn't killed with a curse or a potion; it wasn't anything magical at all, strangely enough. I was slit open with a knife from crotch to crown, and I could see all my insides spill out like a burst tea bag—gushing liquid and lumpy bits all over the floor.

Then I died.

Of course.

There was no way I was going to live after seeing all that: jelly, mousse, jam, soup of some sort and raspberry sauce. I would have thought my insides would look horrible, but it was more like food that Mum might've made.

But I knew it was none of those things. Raspberry sauce is sweet and a little tart, not too sticky and definitely not warm. My blood was both those things—both warm and sticky and not sweet at all. And there was no tartness, only a strange taste like when Dad was trying to fix the pipes under Mum's sink when I was a kid, and I'd help and sometimes lick my fingers and immediately regret it when my eyes would tear up.

He could fix them by magic, the pipes, that is, but he has this obsession with doing things the Muggle way. I don't get it, not really. I mean, we have magic, so why not use it? Fat lot of good magic has done me now, though—now that I've been sliced in two. Even Madam Pomfrey would have a hard time putting me back together.

I wonder if they'd have tried to sew me up. My mum was always pretty good with a needle and thread. Although, most of the time she used magic for that, as well. I really don't know how good Madam Pomfrey is with a needle and thread. For my sake I hope she's bloody good, 'cause I'm a real mess. But even she can't help me now, so I suppose it doesn't matter.

I should tell you who did the deed, who filleted me like that pig of old Mr Jones' from next door to Mum and Dad's. But before I tell you who, perhaps I should tell you how it came about that I was left so I could couldn't defend myself. You see, it all came down to sex. I know; I should know better. It's just that sometimes I'm a little more interested in the midnight mambo than Hermione. If the truth had to be said out loud, most of the time I was more interested in it than her.

It's not like she *hates* sex or anything—she's not frigid—but I have these needs, urges, most mornings and most nights. Well, every morning and every night, actually. But Hermione, she likes to study, read those books on Arithmancy and Potions and Ancient Runes, and all that rubbish. I thought she'd have got enough of that at school! And then she goes out doing more study and experiments with Professor Snape. Last time she came back, she had a load of burrs and practically a whole shrub caught in her hair, and she was picking it all out for ages. Gathering potions ingredients, that's what she'd said. Reminded me of the time we'd been down by the lake at school, our first time together. She looked a bit like that then. He must work her hard, old Snape. One time, after being with him, I saw her change into that baggy t-shirt she wears to bed; she looked to have bruises on her bum! I remember wondering if that git had been belting her when she stuffed up.

Anyway, back to me and my sex life. So I went to the Hog's Head, because really, what else does one do when one is desperate, but go to the Hog's Head. I had a couple of brews and some firewhisky chasers—as one does when one goes to the Hog's Head. Well, out of the corner of my eye, I saw this dark-haired head and this curly brown one leaning close together over a table in a booth in the corner. Then the dark-headed one pulled back and kissed the other on the lips—and probably went further than that, only I couldn't see them very well. Until that curly-haired one turned around, and it's my... it's my... Well, you know who.

I couldn't think straight after that. I certainly couldn't see straight. Then suddenly, or it could have been several hours later, there was this woman beside me, stroking my groin, offering me a blow job upstairs for free. She thought I looked impressive and had to try me out.

I thought it was too good to be true. Well, it really was.

It was Bella Lestrange under that hood. I didn't pick her as someone who'd use a Muggle method of murder.

So, here I am. Dead.

And I find out Hermione's been shagging Snape.

Not a good day, all up.

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I wonder if I can find where Sirius Black got to when he died. He and I might be able to go pull some chicks...