

The Weasleys of Oz

by SlashisSilly

After trying one of Fred and George's new sweets, Harry finds himself in the land of Oz. A cross-dressing Albus Dumbledore, brainless Hermione, cowardly Gryffindor, and snarky Tin Man help him find his way out of the musical and back to the Burrow.

The Arrival

Chapter 1 of 8

After trying one of Fred and George's new sweets, Harry finds himself in the land of Oz. A cross-dressing Albus Dumbledore, brainless Hermione, cowardly Gryffindor, and snarky Tin Man help him find his way out of the musical and back to the Burrow.

Bizarre. Harry didn't know if he was dreaming, hallucinating, or had just gone mad, but this was definitely bizarre. The last thing he remembered was popping George and Fred's latest candy invention, a Chocolate Snitch, into his mouth. Now he was in Oz. Well, Munchkinland to be more specific. At least that's what it looked like.

He had just stumbled out of a ditch. Everything from the Yellow Brick Road to the colorful little cottages to the grassy knolls looked like it was straight out of the Muggle movie *The Wizard of Oz*. Perhaps the Chocolate Snitch was a new fantasy candy the twins had invented, and this was just his own imagination. Harry was definitely going to have to get back at them for this.

Never, even in his wildest of dreams, could he ever picture himself in the ridiculous outfit he currently found himself in. He wore something that looked extremely similar to a lederhosen. It was checkered light blue and white, and underneath it he wore a white collared tee-shirt. It was something Aunt Petunia would have dressed Dudley in when he was seven. Unfortunately, it was uncomfortably snug in the bum, and the straps prevented him from tugging it down any.

Unsure of what else to do, Harry began looking around the little village. He took a few steps forward and heard rustling in the nearest bushes along with some soft, grunt-like laughter. He cautiously took another step forward and heard the same thing from behind another bush. It wasn't a menacing laughter, but wasn't child-like and pleasant like it was in the movie either.

Harry had only seen *The Wizard of Oz* once, and it had been at least five years since. He was trying desperately to remember what happened next when he saw a large ball floating in from a distance. It was bright yellow and bounced as it came closer to him. Finally the object landed softly in front of Harry, and he recognized it as a lemon drop. A giant, yellow lemon drop. Suddenly, it disappeared with a small popping noise.

"Oh, for the love of Merlin." Harry stepped back a few paces, surprised by who had just arrived in front of him by means of a giant lemon candy.

Albus Dumbledore was standing before him wearing a large, bubblegum pink gown. His hair and beard were shimmering, and his usual wizard hat was replaced by a gaudy, glittering, silver crown. Dumbledore held an ornate scepter that matched the rest of his ridiculous outfit. He smiled at Harry.

"Are you a good witch or a bad witch?"

Harry gaped at him and stuttered a bit before spitting out what he was trying to say. "Professor? What are you wearing?" Dumbledore continued to smile, but gave him a puzzled look. Dumbledore obviously didn't recognize Harry. He may have looked like him, but this definitely was *not* Dumbledore. Unsure of what else to do, Harry answered the question.

"Actually, I'm a wizard. A good one. The name's Harry. Harry Potter. "

Dumbledore curtsied slightly and introduced himself. "I'm Alba, the Good Witch of the North."

"Alright... um... Alba. So what's going on here?"

"The munchkins called me because apparently you squashed the Wicked Witch of the East." He gestured towards the ditch Harry had crawled out of, and Harry noticed for the first time that somebody was laying in it. He had been in such a daze when he crawled out of it, that he had never noticed that he had rolled off of another person.

"Are you serious?" Harry knew none of this was real, but he still didn't like the idea of falling on people and killing them.

Dumbledore... erm... Alba chuckled. "Oh, no, that over there is Sirius." He chuckled to himself again at the witty joke he had come up with. Harry rolled his eyes, having heard similar jokes from Fred and George. Then a large shaggy dog came trotting out from behind one of the small cottages. "Unfortunately, you didn't hit the Wicked Witch until after he hexed poor Sirius. Now he is stuck in his Animagus form permanently. So, Good Wizard Harry, where did you come from?"

"Um, the last thing I remember is being at the Burrow." Harry patted Padfoot's head then walked towards the unmoving body. He recognized the Wicked Witch of the East immediately.

It was Voldemort.

In a dress.

Harry frowned when he noticed the sparkly red lightning bolt stuck to Voldemort's forehead, but didn't have much time to think about it because the bushes around him started rustling again.

He looked at Alba, eyebrows raised. "Munchkins, I presume?"

"Yes, the little people who live here in Munchkinland. They are happy because you freed them from the Wicked Witch of the East. You are their new hero." Alba looked around at the village and began calling out to them, "It's alright. You may all come out now. Come out and thank Harry."

Harry was then startled, and thoroughly creeped out, when Alba Dumbledore began singing in a very high-pitched, feminine voice.

"Come out, come out wherever you are,

and meet the young man who fell from a star"

Harry watched the bushes intently and saw the "Munchkins" coming out. But they weren't really Munchkins; they were house-elves. They were all wearing brightly colored dresses and suits instead of pillow cases and tea towels. Their cheeks were rosy, and they had long, dark eyelashes.

"He fell from the sky, he fell very far.

'Burrow,' he says is the name of the star."

House-elf-munchkins continued to file out and fill the small village. They waved and smiled at Harry. The whole situation was making him feel uneasy.

"'Burrow,' he says is the name of the star.

He brings you good news. Or haven't you heard?

When he fell out of 'Burrow', a miracle occurred!"

Harry suddenly felt the urge to sing along with them. Everyone stared at him, wide-eyed, expecting him to sing his story. He clamped his hands over his mouth and tried to swallow it back, but it was no use. It felt like trying to hold back the truth after taking Veritas serum.

Alba and the tiny creatures around Harry leaned towards him with silent anticipation. So Harry sang for them.

"It really was no miracle. What happened was just this:

I ate a Chocolate Snitch. It was dee-lish.

And, suddenly, my whole body began to twitch.

Just then, the witch, to satisfy an itch,

went flying on his Firebolt, thumbing for a hitch!"

The house-elf-munchkins were enjoying his song-story and circled around him and Alba. They were dancing and began singing along, extremely off key.

"And oh, what happened then was rich!"

His head began to pitch.

His stomach took a slitch.

He landed on the Wicked Witch in the middle of a ditch.

Which was not a healthy situation for the Wicked Witch."

The whole scene was very unnerving. The house-elf-munchkins continued to dance around him in circles, and their voices sounded like nails on a chalkboard. Alba Dumbledore was smiling and laughing along. He clapped his hands, which made the puffy sleeves of his gown bounce around and the loose, wrinkled skin of his upper-arms flap. Harry cringed and shivered at the sight. This was just too weird.

"His head began to pitch.

His stomach took a slitch.

He landed on the Wicked Witch in the middle of a ditch.

Which was not a healthy situation for the Wicked Witch,

who began to twitch, and was reduced to just a stitch,

of what was once the Wicked Witch!

The crowd parted for a moment, and Harry immediately recognized Dobby and Winky walking toward him. Winky was the first to sing,

"We thank you very sweetly, for doing it so neatly."

She curtsied out of the way, and Dobby stepped forward.

"You've killed him so completely, that we thank you very sweetly."

Alba raised his arms, puffy sleeves scrunching up on his shoulders. "Let the joyous news be spread! The Wicked Old Witch at last is dead!"

The crowd of house-elf-munchkins surrounded Harry and pushed him forward into the center of the village with Padfoot following behind. He was relieved for a moment (but only a moment) when he thought they were finished singing. But then they broke out into song again with "Ding Dong the Witch is Dead."

Harry pinched the bridge of his nose. This was going to be a long, long/*long* day. Then a cold gust of wind flew in, and a burst of flames erupted at the edge of the village. The flames died down to reveal Lucius Malfoy.

In a dress.

Harry leaned towards Alba and whispered, "The Wicked Witch of the West?"

Alba Dumbledore looked surprised. "Precisely! How did you know?"

"Just a wild guess."

The elves all shuddered and moved away from him. Lucius quickly strode past the gawking crowd to take a look in the ditch. His movements made his close-fitted, black dress billow like the robes of Professor Snape. Harry bit his lip to stifle a laugh.

Lucius spun around to glare at Harry. "You! You killed him didn't you?"

Harry scratched the back of his neck and shrugged. "Oh, er... well, it was an accident really."

"Accident? Well, my little pretty, I can cause accidents, too!"

Harry just raised an eyebrow. *Did Lucius Malfoy just call me his "little pretty"?*

Alba stepped in front of Harry and cleared his throat. "Aren't you forgetting something? The ruby scar?"

Lucius spun around to look at Voldemort's body again. As he reached to peel the scar from his forehead, it disappeared and reappeared on Harry's.

"It's gone!" He turned on Alba. "What have you done with it?" he asked accusingly.

"It's too late." He gestured to Harry's forehead. "There it is, and there it will stay."

"Harry touched the ruby lightning-shaped scar on his forehead. "Oh, hey. Look at that," he said casually.

Lucius scowled. "Give me back my scar! I'm the only one that knows how to use it. It's of no use to you!" He nearly stomped his foot like a petulant child. "Give it back to me!"

Harry stared at him for a moment, a contemplative look on his face. "Yeah, I could just *give* it to you, but... *no*."

Lucius quickly backed away from him. "Just watch! I'll get you, my pretty, and your little dog, too!" There was another burst of flames, and he was gone.

The house-elf-munchkins all relaxed, and Harry sighed loudly. "Well, this has been fun, but I really should be going. I have some revenge to plot for some unsuspecting twins."

"Do you know how to get back to your 'Burrow'?" Alba asked him.

Harry shook his head. "No clue."

"Well then, you should see the Wizards of Oz." The elves cheered in agreement.

"Wizards? There's more than one?" Harry only remembered one Wizard of Oz being in the movie. But then again, all the witches in the movie were females, too.

"They're partners. They're very good, but very mysterious. They live in the Emerald City."

"*Emerald City?* Ah, crap, I hope they aren't Slytherins."

Alba raised an eyebrow, but ignored the comment. "The Emerald City is a long journey from here. Did you bring your broomstick?"

"No, I fell. Remember?"

"Ah, yes. That's right. Too bad; it's going to be a long walk. I'm sure you'll make it safely, though, as long as you don't remove the ruby scar. It will protect you from the Wicked Witch of the West."

"Alright." Harry rubbed his hands together, ready to get a move on. "So... how exactly do I get there? Oh, wait I remember. It's the..."

But before he could stop them, all the elves started singing, "Follow the Yellow Brick Road!" Then Harry ran off quickly, with Padfoot in tow, as they began to sing again.

"You're off to see the Wizards,

the Wonderful Weasleys of Oz.

You'll find they are a whiz of a pair,

if ever a Wiz there was.

*If ever, oh ever, a Wiz there was
the Weasleys of Oz are two because,
because, because, because, because, because!
Because of the wonderful things they've done!
You're off to see the Wizards,
the Wonderful Weasleys of Oz!"*

TBC

The Scare... gnome?

Chapter 2 of 8

After trying one of Fred and George's new sweets, Harry finds himself in the land of Oz. A cross-dressing Albus Dumbledore, brainless Hermione, cowardly Gryffindor, and snarky Tin Man help him find his way out of the musical and back to the Burrow.

Harry and Padfoot slowed down to catch their breath. Finally, they were far enough along the Yellow Brick Road that they could no longer hear the house-elf-munchkins singing and cheering. This was a great relief.

"Bloody hell, I thought their voices were going to make my head explode!"

Padfoot barked in agreement. The screechy singing voices of the elves were bad enough without having to hear it through a dog's sensitive ears.

The two walked along in silence until they found themselves at a fork in the road. Straight ahead was a small cornfield encircled by a short, white picket fence. The Yellow Brick Road split onto either side of it. Harry looked at his traveling companion and shrugged.

"Nobody said anything about a fork in the road. Which way do we go?"

A very familiar female voice answered, "Both directions are quite nice."

Harry looked at Padfoot, whose ears perked up. "What was that?" he called out to it.

"I said both ways are lovely. If you're going to ask a question, you really should listen to the response. Anyways, both roads just circle around the cornfield and then meet up again on the other side. There's no risk of taking the wrong one."

While she was answering, Harry was turning in circles and looking for where the voice was coming from.

"Stop spinning around like a bleeding idiot. I'm in the cornfield!"

Walking towards the cornfield, Harry realized that a large scarecrow was hung up about ten feet away from the edge of the field. Moving closer to get a better look, he realized that he recognized the scarecrow.

"Hermione? The brainless scarecrow; how delightfully ironic," Harry laughed.

"I'm not sure what a 'scarecrow' is, but you had the 'brainless' part correct. I'm a 'scaregnome.' Garden gnomes are awfully numerous in this area of Oz."

"Well... Scaregnome. I'm Harry, and this is Padfoot. Would you like some help down from there?"

Scaregnome Hermione nodded, and Harry hopped the fence to help her down from the post she was currently hanging on.

She turned into a scarecrow and yet she managed to keep the hair Harry thought. Unlike regular straw, that which was on her head stuck out in stiff ringlets and curls.

"Thanks. Where are you two headed?"

"We are on our way to the Emerald City to see the Wizards of Oz. We haven't got a clue how to get home from here, so we figured they could help us out." Harry almost didn't bring up what she had mentioned before, but he couldn't resist possibly seeing Hermione break out into song and dance. "So... what was that you were saying about being brainless?"

"Oh, nothing. I just don't have a brain, that's all. It's only straw."

Harry couldn't stop grinning. *This* was going to be entertaining. "Well, what would you do with a brain if you had one?" He couldn't keep the amusement out of his voice.

"Well, let's see... if I had a brain? Hmmm, if I only had a brain..."

Suddenly, her face lit up as an idea came to her, and she did a little hop-skip-shuffle before breaking out into song.

"My head'd be filled with knowledge.

I'd be able to go to college.

My hair, I'd learn to tame.

I'd instruct all of my friends, and my lectures would never end.

If I only had a brain.

Everyone in Emerald City would try to stump or trick me.

Their efforts would be in vain!

Harry couldn't help but add to her song,

"With Ron, you'd never fight,

because your tongue, you'd learn to bite.

If you only had a brain."

Of course, Harry knew that no matter how brilliant Hermione was, she would never be able to tame her hair or stop fighting with Ron, but that didn't stop him from enjoying the scene before him. Scaregnome Hermione was dancing around him and Padfoot in an absolutely ridiculous manner. If the real Hermione had been there to see it, she probably would have passed out.

"Oh, I could tell you why Alba has a beard.

For a witch, that really is quite weird.

My brilliant answer would be revered.

I could answer that big question that everyone's been guessin',

'bout the Witch's pimpin' cane.

I would fly and be merry on a broomstick ride with Harry.

If I only had a brain."

Harry applauded her little song and dance piece, while trying not to laugh at her for it. He wished he could see the real Hermione do that. Not ~~that~~ *that* would be something to laugh at.

"So, you're on your way to the Emerald City? D'you really think the Wizards can help you get back home?"

"Sure. At least I hope so... Hey! Why don't you come with us? I'm sure if they can get me home, they can get you a brain."

Scaregnome Hermione's face lit up with this suggestion. "Really? You think they could?"

"I don't see why not." Harry offered her his arm. "To Oz?"

"May I ask you something first?" she asked and continued when Harry nodded his head. "What is that...*thing* on your forehead?"

He reached up and touched the ruby scar on his forehead. "Why don't I explain on the way?"

"Alright. To Oz?"

"To Oz!"

Padfoot running after them, they linked arms and skipped off down the road...

"We're off to see the Wizards,

the Wonderful Weasleys of Oz.

We hear they are a whiz of a pair,

if ever a Wiz there was.

If ever, oh ever, a Wiz there was

the Weasleys of Oz are two because,

because, because, because, because, because!

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TBC

The Tin Man

Chapter 3 of 8

After trying one of Fred and George's new sweets, Harry finds himself in the land of Oz. A cross-dressing Albus Dumbledore, brainless Hermione, cowardly Gryffindor, and snarky Tin Man help him find his way out of the musical and back to the Burrow.

Harry, Scaregnome Hermione, and Padfoot wandered along the Yellow Brick Road. They chatted about what had happened to Harry earlier that day and threw sticks for Padfoot to run after. When they began to get tired, they wandered toward a small, grassy hill in a group of apple trees just off the side of the road to rest in the shade.

"Hungry?" Harry asked, gesturing towards all the apples in the bunch of trees.

"Famished." The two ran towards the group of trees and looked up into the branches. Every apple that hung from the limbs was perfect. They were all ripe and deep red.

Harry reached up and plucked the nearest fruit when a large branch swung at him, knocking him several feet away. He clutched at his side where the tree had hit him, and Scaregnome Hermione ran over to help him up.

"Are you alright?" she asked concernedly.

"Bloody hell! It's a mini-Whomping Willow!"

A deep, gruff voice roared from a large knot in the middle of the tree's trunk. "What did you expect? Stealing my apples like a bloody thief?"

Padfoot barked up at the tree, and the other two stared in shock for a moment. Scaregnome Hermione shook her head, loose straw falling to the ground. Looking at the tree, she asked, "What did you think you were doing? You could have seriously hurt him!"

"Then tell *him* to keep his grubby hands away from *my* apples!"

Brushing himself off, Harry sneered at the tree. "Let's go, Scaregnome. I'd prefer not to vomit after eating *rotten* apples, anyway."

The tree's leaves shook with anger. "OH, NO YOU DI'INT!" The tree swung its branches again, hitting Harry's other side, and another limb was coming down fast to hit Scaregnome Hermione. Suddenly, they all heard a loud *whack*, and the branch fell to the ground. The tree cried out in agony.

Harry looked up from his spot on the ground and saw a man, made entirely of tin, standing by the tree holding an axe. The tree began swinging its branches wildly and throwing apples in all directions. Harry, Scaregnome Hermione, Padfoot, and their tin-savior quickly ran to avoid getting hit.

Once they reached the Yellow Brick Road again, the group stopped.

"Damn Ents!" Harry yelled angrily after catching his breath.

The tin-man scowled at him. "This is Oz, not Middle Earth."

Harry studied the tin-man that had saved them. He knew it was going to be someone else he knew, and although the tin-man looked familiar, Harry couldn't quite place him.

Then he noticed the nose. It was very large and hooked at the end. Harry tried picturing the man with long, black, greasy hair and realized it was the Potions Master of Hogwarts. Severus Snape was the last person he wanted to see right now, but he couldn't help chuckling at the fact that Snape had taken the role of the heartless Tin Man.

Heartless, he thought. *How fitting*.

Tin Man Snape looked up and glared at Harry. "What, exactly, are you laughing about? Do you realize that that tree would have killed you, given the chance?" Then he added under his breath, "And obviously caused you some brain damage."

Harry chuckled some more. *This is just great. He doesn't even know who I am, but he already dislikes me*

"Yes, well, thank you so much for saving us," Scaregnome Hermione said quickly, shaking his hand. "How can we repay you?"

Tin Man Snape said nothing but withdrew his hand from hers.

"Oh! I know!"

Harry knew what she was about to suggest and tried to interrupt, but she ignored him and continued anyways.

"We're on our way to the Emerald City to see the Wizards of Oz. You see, Harry needs to get home, and I need a brain." Tin Man Snape scoffed at her. "There must be something you need that the Wizards can give you. You could come along with us!"

"Come on, Scaregnome. He probably doesn't want to. Let's go," Harry pleaded, tugging on her sleeve. Tin Man Snape narrowed his eyes at Harry, and Scaregnome Hermione just pulled her arm away from him.

"Well? There must be *something* you don't have."

Tin Man Snape crossed his arms with a light clanking sound. He was annoyed by Harry's obvious attempts to get rid of him. "Something *lack*? Nothing. Except a heart, but..."

Eyes widening, Scaregnome Hermione interrupted him, "You haven't got a heart? But *everybody* has a heart!"

"Oh, really? You mean like *everybody* has a brain?" he asked sardonically.

"Oh... I see your point. Well, then! You must come along with us and get yourself one."

"I'd rather not, Miss Scaregnome. I am perfectly content without one."

Scaregnome Hermione looked shocked. "How could anyone be happy without a heart?"

Harry didn't understand why, but she seemed determined to get Tin Man Snape to join them. Well, join them or not, Harry would not give up the opportunity to see Snape sing and dance. "Yeah, why exactly wouldn't you want a heart, Tin Man?" There was a small grin beginning to grow on Harry's face.

Tin Man Snape started off with a shuffle and a stomp, and then broke out into a slow-paced tap dance. He had a deep, dull voice. It wasn't much different than his speaking voice. He sounded mostly bored.

"I say there's nothing that I lack, and now you're taken aback.

You're obviously not too smart.

Nothing about it's notional; I would simply be too emotional.

If I had a heart.

I'd be tender; I'd be gentle and awful sentimental.

It's enough to make me barf.

I could find myself a wife, who would be sure to cause me strife.

If I had a heart.

Picture me...a family. Think of all those brats.

It wouldn't take me long to kill the prats.

You think I'm mean? That's bloody supreme.

You say I would have friends? I'd rather eat my rear end.

Of social gatherings, I don't take part.

I prefer old and bitter to being young and chipper.

There's no reason for a heart."

Fully amused, Harry clapped, which earned an angry glare from Tin Man Snape, but the Scaregnome at his side looked disappointed.

"Well, I guess I could see why someone wouldn't want a heart... But surely there is something else you need?"

He shook his head. "No, but if you insist I come along, I suppose I could if you aren't going to leave me alone about it. Besides, I can save both of your arses again if you continue to get into trouble." Scaregnome Hermione nodded enthusiastically. "But what exactly do you two plan on doing if these so-called 'Wonderful Wizards' refuse your requests?"

Harry looked at his friend who looked pained. "Oh, but they must! Harry has to get back home, and we've come such a long way already!"

The small group shivered as a gust of cold air swept across them. It was Lucius, flying in on his broom. "You call that a long way? I know the overweight get tired easily, but come on, Scaregnome. It wasn't *that* long of a walk."

She gaped up at him. "I am not overweight!"

Lucius cackled at her response.

Harry glared at him. "Shut up, you ugly cross-dresser!"

Lucius suddenly looked furious and swooped down to hover over them. He glowered down at Harry, until he was hit on the chest with an apple. He looked up, shocked, and was hit with another one. Scaregnome Hermione had found a few of the apples that the tree had thrown and was throwing them at the Wicked Witch. Bewildered, Lucius began to fly away, but Scaregnome Hermione threw one last apple. The fruit struck the side of his head, and he lost his balance, falling into some bushes.

Harry and Scaregnome Hermione were doubled-over, laughing. Even Tin Man Snape chuckled at the sight.

"Great arm," Harry complimented her, and then offered her his own.

She happily took it and looked back at their new companion. "To Oz?"

He rolled his eyes. "Whatever."

Harry and Scaregnome Hermione began skipping merrily on their way with Padfoot running after them and Tin Man Snape trudging along slowly behind.

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the Wonderful Weasleys of Oz.

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the Weasleys of Oz are two because,

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TBC

The Lion

Chapter 4 of 8

After trying one of Fred and George's new sweets, Harry finds himself in the land of Oz. A cross-dressing Albus Dumbledore, brainless Hermione, cowardly Gryffindor, and snarky Tin Man help him find his way out of the musical and back to the Burrow.

The group slowly traveled down miles and miles of the Yellow Brick Road. They noticed that the amount of scattered trees that sat on the edges of the road was slowly increasing. Soon, they were in a thick forest, and the sky could hardly be seen through the treetops. It was dark, and Scaregnome Hermione kept getting closer and closer to Harry as they walked.

"I don't like this," she said, her voice trembling. "It's dark... and eerie... and I can hear animals out there."

Padfoot walked between Harry and the edge of the forest, protectively. Harry turned to Tin Man Snape. "Do you know what kind of animals might be out here?"

Tin Man Snape sighed irritably. "Probably some flesh-eaters and some straw-eaters. Nothing to worry about." He smirked when Scaregnome Hermione looked at him in horror. "Possibly some dementors, forest trolls, quintapeds, acromantulas, flesh-eating slugs, and vampires. Like I said, nothing to worry about."

Scaregnome Hermione's bottom lip was trembling. She gulped down the lump that had formed in her throat. "Forest trolls?"

Even Harry was starting to get nervous. "Dementors?" No Patronus Charm would work here. He was currently wandless.

"And boggarts!" Tin Man Snape added to his ongoing list of deadly creatures that could attack their little group at any time.

"Oh, my!" Scaregnome Hermione's body was now trembling so hard that straw was falling out of the front of her shirt. "Trolls!"

"And dementors!" Harry added.

"And boggarts!" Tin Man Snape snickered.

"Oh, my!"

Harry and Scaregnome Hermione were now on either side of Tin Man Snape, leaning into him and repeating, "Trolls and dementors and boggarts! Oh, my!" He was quickly becoming annoyed. After quite a few repetitions of the phrase, he finally threw them off of his arms that the two were holding tightly on to. "Enough! I was teasing! There's nothing dangerous in these woods!"

Scaregnome Hermione's eyes grew wide, and the color drained from her burlap face. "Then w-wha-what *that*?" She was pointing one shaking, gloved hand into the forest. Tin Man Snape, Harry, and Padfoot all turned to see what was causing the look of horror that was plastered on her face.

Suddenly, a large lion jumped out in front of the group, startling them all with his ferocious growl. Standing on his hind legs, with his large arms up like he was about to attack, the lion moved towards them. The group was huddled together and hunkering down. Even Tin Man Snape was now shaking slightly with fear, although he was standing protectively in front of the others, axe at the ready.

The lion let out another long roar. Then, suddenly, he yelped and fell face-first to the ground. Padfoot had bitten into the lion's ankle and pulled it out from under him. The lion was now clawing at the ground and trying to crawl away, but Padfoot continued to yank at his leg. He was no longer roaring and growling but whimpering and crying in a very humanlike, and rather pathetic, manner.

"Get 'im off me! Get 'im off me!"

The other three moved out of their "please, don't eat us" positions and leaned forward to get a better look. The lion was wailing like a child and pounding his fists into the ground. They were slightly confused and more than a little amused at the sight.

"Alright, alright, back off," Harry said to Padfoot, patting him on the back.

The lion rolled onto his back and sat up, clutching at his ankle. He was sniffing and wiping snot from under his nose. Harry now got a good look at the animal. His face was that of Ron Weasley's, and it was surrounded by a large, fiery red mane.

"We are just quietly traveling along, and you jump in front of us in this crazy attack mode, and look at you! You're nothing but a big coward!" Harry thought that Ron was actually a lot like the Cowardly Lion from the movie. Easily frightened but thoroughly courageous when he needed to be.

"You're right. I'm nothing but a pathetic coward." He was moping on the side of the road, his bottom lip sticking out. "I just try to scare away anyone who journeys near in hopes that they won't attack *me* first." He continued to clutch at his ankle, whimpering.

Scaregnome Hermione sighed and squatted down beside him. "Look, he didn't even break the skin. It may be a bit sore, but you'll be fine."

The lion sniffed at her seemingly unsympathetic tone.

"Come here." She offered him a hand and helped him up. "No need to cause a fuss. We're just on our way to see the Wizards of Oz. We have no reason to attack you."

"What about him?" Cowardly Lion Ron was pointing at Padfoot.

"Oh, he was just protecting us. You attacked first, remember?" Harry answered him.

"Oh." He blushed and looked down ashamedly. "Sorry."

"That's quite alright," Scaregnome Hermione said. "I'm Scaregnome. This is Harry, Padfoot, and Tin Man," she said, gesturing to each of her fellow travelers. "We're on our way to the Emerald City to see the Wizards of Oz."

"What for?"

"Well, I need a brain, Harry needs to get home, and Tin Man is coming along to protect us." She leaned forward to whisper to him, "We want to get him a heart, but the bloody git is completely convinced he's better off without one."

Tin Man Snape overheard and scowled at her. She smiled shyly back at him.

"Why don't you come with us?" she offered. "You could definitely use some courage."

Cowardly Lion Ron's face lit up, and he suddenly looked hopeful. "You really think so? Wow... if I only had the nerve...

"For a Gryffindor, it is odd, I really must be flawed.

Me, spiders tend to unnerve.

Through the forest, I would jog just to hang with Aragog.

If I only had the nerve.

I wish I were more tough, but I should be in Hufflepuff,

a fate I do deserve.

I'd be brave and be wild..."

He suddenly gestured at Tin Man Snape to continue the song. He didn't exactly look too eager to sing any more, but he sighed and mumbled something out anyways.

"I'd be whinier than a child..."

He then scowled some more at the Scaregnome to his right.

She was more than happy to carry it on.

"My hair'd be nicely styled..."

In turn, she looked hopefully at Harry to finish the line.

"If the Wizards are two wizards who will serve."

"Then I'm sure to get a brain!"

"Some peace and quiet once you leave me alone."

"Revenge!"

"The nerve!"

After finishing his final line, Cowardly Lion Ron turned to Harry. "Revenge?"

"There is a certain pair of twins that I believe I need to take care of..."

Cowardly Lion Ron didn't quite understand, but nodded his head anyways.

Harry stepped between him and Scaregnome Hermione and offered them his arms. "To Oz?"

They hooked arms and said cheerfully in unison, "To Oz!"

"We're off to see the Wizards,

the Wonderful Weasleys of Oz.

We hear they are a whiz of a pair,

if ever a Wiz there was.

If ever, oh ever, a Wiz there was

the Weasleys of Oz are two because,

because, because, because, because, because!

Because of the wonderful things they've done!

We're off to see the Wizards,

the Wonderful Weasleys of Oz!"

TBC

The Attacking Foliage

Chapter 5 of 8

After trying one of Fred and George's new sweets, Harry finds himself in the land of Oz. A cross-dressing Albus

Dumbledore, brainless Hermione, cowardly Gryffindor, and snarky Tin Man help him find his way out of the musical and back to the Burrow.

Lucius Malfoy stood before his large crystal ball cackling in an utterly ridiculous manner. Lucius and the winged Kreacher stood by the glowing orb and watched as a picture of the motley crew of the Yellow Brick Road skipping played out before them. He snapped his fingers at Kreacher who then handed the Wicked Witch his wand.

"So! The lively little bunch won't heed my warning, eh? When I get my ruby scar, my power will be the greatest in Oz! Nobody will think to throw apples at me then!" He scowled at the memory as he concentrated, waving his wand over the crystal orb before him.

Now tired of their seemingly endless skipping, the group was now slowly trudging down the road. The forest had finally begun thinning and they could see daylight. Tin Man Snape scowled at the first sight of blue sky and mumbled something about how sunlight glares off of his chest and into his eyes.

"Honestly, Lion. I was only saying that it would make much more sense for you to live in a house," commented Scaregnome Hermione.

"Why? You think I can't protect myself? I'm a lion with sharp claws and teeth and things! I'm a dangerous beast!"

"Well, obviously you can protect yourself since you have been living in the wilderness all this time, and you're still alive. I was merely remarking upon the fact that since living in the wilderness scares you, you should live inside a house."

"I am perfectly happy living in the forest, Scaregnome! Thank you!"

Their bickering continued until the group heard Padfoot barking up ahead. Rounding the corner, they saw Padfoot only yards from the end of the forest. From there on out was only miles and miles of grassy knolls.

The sunlight was bright and warm. Harry squinted, looking down their path. He could just barely make out a building of some sort. All he could tell for sure was that it was emerald green.

"Is that the Emerald City?"

"Indeed, it is," Tin Man Snape answered.

Padfoot barked and wagged his tail. Harry, Padfoot, Scaregnome Hermione, and Cowardly Lion Ron all had a sudden burst of energy and began happily running down the road. Tin Man Snape huffed and stayed where he was. He raised his arms then dropped them back at his sides with a loud *clank*. Hoping they would soon tire out, he jogged creakily behind them.

The group continued to run along until they all noticed the sudden movement of the clouds, crossing in front of the sun and blocking out the daylight. The group slowed, and a chilling wind swept across them. The air became moist, and the sudden smell of impending rain filled their nostrils.

With loud clanking footsteps, Tin Man Snape finally caught up with the group. "Odd change in the weather," he remarked.

"You know," Scaregnome Hermione began, "I've been hung up outside on that post for an awfully long time, and the weather never changes this drastically unless..."

"Unless what?" Harry urged her on.

"Unless the Wicked Witch is up to something," Cowardly Lion Ron finished.

Just then, they heard the muffled sounds of slithering, which seemed to be coming from underground. Padfoot began barking. As the sounds grew louder and the ground began trembling underneath their feet and paws, dark tendrils and sprigs of ivy began pushing up from the soft soil and dewy grass on either side of the Yellow Brick Road.

Harry recognized it immediately as Devil's Snare, but without his wand, he was helpless to stop it. The tendrils grew out further and longer, waving menacingly at them. With nowhere to go, the group began running down the road in a futile attempt to reach the Emerald City before the Devil's Snare plucked them one by one off the ground.

Unfortunately, one stray tendril began squirming its way onto the road. Looking over his shoulder to make sure everyone was keeping up, Harry tripped over the plant, falling to his hands and knees. Before he could get up, another tendril darted out and curled around his ankle. It swiftly flung him into the air before curling around his body and squeezing.

Seeing this, the Cowardly Lion sped up to help Harry. Harry reached out for him, but Cowardly Lion Ron could do nothing but paw frantically at his arms.

"Damnit! Why did I have to be born without thumbs?" he cried.

Tin Man Snape began hacking at the base of the tendril with his axe. Scaregnome Hermione grabbed both of Harry's hands, but her lightweight, straw body was easily pulled into the air with him. Cowardly Lion Ron threw both his arms around her legs in an attempt to hold her down. Unfortunately, even his added weight did little to deter the tremendous plant.

The tendril around Harry's chest was tightening, and he was having trouble breathing. His grip on the Scaregnome's hands was loosening, and he felt he would lose consciousness any moment. The last thing he remembered was Cowardly Lion Ron's cries for help echoing in his mind.

Harry opened his eyes to see his new group of friends huddled around, looking down at him worriedly. A warm breeze brushed his face.

"Oh, Harry! Are you all right?" Scaregnome Hermione asked.

"I... I think so." Padfoot nuzzled his face with his wet nose, and Harry sat up slowly. Glancing around, it looked as if nothing had ever happened. It was warm, the sun was shining, and the grassy knolls were bare of any monstrous plants. "What happened?"

"It was horrible, Harry! There were these giant plants," Cowardly Lion Ron began to explain while gesturing wildly with his paws, "and you got snatched up by one of them!"

"Yes, I remember that. I meant, what happened after I lost consciousness?"

"It seems the Lion's feeble attempts at calling for help actually worked," Tin Man Snape answered.

Ignoring the snide remark, Cowardly Lion Ron continued, "Alba Dumbledore appeared out of nowhere and began shooting these balls of fire out of a scepter. The plant thing just dropped you, and all of it got sucked back up into the ground. It was wicked!"

Harry's ribs were extremely sore, but the dizziness had cleared, and he was able to stand.

"Are you okay to continue?" Scaregnome Hermione asked.

"Of course," he answered, offering his arm. She took it, and Cowardly Lion Ron took the other. Smiling the three began skipping towards the Emerald City. Unfortunately, only after two skips, Harry tripped over his own feet, bringing down the other two with him. Tin Man Snape snorted behind them.

Harry stood up shakily, embarrassed and still in a bit of pain from the Devil's Snare's grip. "Maybe we should walk the rest of the way," he suggested. The other two nodded in agreement.

After watching the events transpire in his crystal orb, Lucius howled in anger. He quickly grabbed his broom and jumped onto the sill of his high castle tower window.

He mounted the broom. "To the Emerald City!" he yelled before flying off.

TBC

The Emerald City

Chapter 6 of 8

After trying one of Fred and George's new sweets, Harry finds himself in the land of Oz. A cross-dressing Albus Dumbledore, brainless Hermione, cowardly Gryffindor, and snarky Tin Man help him find his way out of the musical and back to the Burrow.

Arriving at the gates of the Emerald City, Cowardly Lion Ron raced up to them and rang the bell. He hopped back with a squeak when a small, unseen window swung open and a man stuck his head out. It was Cornelius Fudge—complete with lime green bowler hat.

"Who rang that bell?" he growled.

The Cowardly Lion ducked behind Scaregnome Hermione. Harry stepped forward to answer. "We did."

Fudge glared at him and looked him up and down, giving his lederhosen a contemptuous look. Harry was already embarrassed by the outfit, but he was grateful that Fudge could only see the front and not the back where they were uncomfortably riding up his arse. Fudge sniffed at him. "Can't you read?"

Harry crossed his arms over his chest. "Why yes, I do happen to be literate."

"The notice! Didn't you read the notice?" Fudge sneered at him.

Tin Man Snape huffed and rolled his eyes. "Sir, there is no notice to read."

"It's on the door! Right there—" Fudge stuck most of his torso out of the little window and looked down to see the door was bare of any notices. He stuck his head back inside the window and disappeared for a moment. Popping back out, he quickly hung a sign on the door while muttering something about "incompetent workers," then he disappeared again, shutting the window behind him.

Slightly stunned, the group leaned forward to read the sign, which stated, *Bell out of order. Please knock.*

"Seemed to be working perfectly fine to me," Tin Man Snape grumbled.

Harry knocked on the tall door and Fudge instantly reappeared.

"State your business!" he demanded.

Scaregnome Hermione stood tall as she faced the inept doorman. "We wish to see the Wizards."

Fudge's eyes bulged slightly. "Nobody gets to see the Wizards! They're very busy! Very important things to do!"

"Yeah, like test idiotic products on unsuspecting victims," Harry muttered under his breath.

"This is a matter of much importance. You must let us in to see the Wizards now!" Scaregnome Hermione commanded defiantly, to Cowardly Lion Ron's great surprise.

Fudge drummed his fingers on the window sill then leaned out the window a little further to look to his left and then to his right. He dropped his voice conspiratorially and whispered, "Well, if you could make a... *generous donation*"—he raised his eyebrows at them—"I could possibly let you in."

Tin Man Snape, annoyed with the doorman, was losing his patience. "You must let us in," he began in a calm voice. "We have been sent by Alba Dumbledore of the North."

Fudge scoffed at them.

"It's true. He has the ruby scar," the scaregnome informed him with a proud grin.

Harry pulled his messy dark fringe off of his forehead to show him the glimmering red lightning bolt. When Fudge eyed him skeptically, Tin Man Snape lifted his axe to lean against his shoulder in a meaningful gesture and cleared his throat.

"Alright, alright!"

Fudge closed the window, and the great doors swung open, permitting them entrance to the Emerald City. The streets were crowded and busy, but everyone looked cheerful. Harry barely recognized most of the people, remembering some as witches and wizards he had seen in passing in Hogsmeade or Diagon Alley. He spotted a few Hogwarts students and even a small Muggle family that lived nearby him on Privet Drive.

A carriage being pulled by a Thestral pulled up to them. The Thestral crept Harry out more than usual; it was neon purple and seemed to trot with a cheerful bounce. The cabby, none other than Stan Shunpike, nodded at them. "You lot need a ride?"

“Yes, please,” Scaregnome Hermione answered him as they climbed in.

“Where you ‘eaded to?” he asked them.

“Er... well, we need to see the Wizards,” Harry answered.

He eyed Harry warily. “Choo need to see them for?”

“Alba Dumbledore sent him. Now if you don’t mind, we’d like to be on our way,” Tin Man Snape answered crossly.

“Right then. ‘Ow about I take you someplace you can tidy up first?” he offered, looking at Cowardly Lion Ron’s tangled mane. The lion looked away, embarrassed. But when Scaregnome Hermione patted his shoulder comfortingly, he blushed and smiled.

“Okay,” Harry agreed. But before they could take off, the people—including Stan—began singing.

“Ha—ha—ha

Ho—ho—ho

And a couple of tra—la—las.

That’s how we—”

But everyone abruptly stopped singing when Tin Man Snape stood up in the carriage to loudly inform everyone that he had an axe and was more than inclined to use it. Everyone went back to what they were doing, and Stan took Harry and his crew through Emerald City.

Harry had his hair trimmed, his glasses shined, and his ruby scar polished. Scaregnome Hermione was stuffed with some fresh straw, and Padfoot was given a bath. The workers at the Emerald City parlor were planning on buffing and shining Tin Man Snape, but he complained to the manager about “inappropriate touching of clientele.” Instead, he had his axe sharpened. Cowardly Lion Ron took the longest, as the workers had to remove knots, twigs, and sap from his fur. But they managed and even gave his mane a permanent, although it looked absolutely ridiculous. Eventually, everyone was looking spiffy and clean... or threatening and dangerous, as was Tin Man Snape’s case.

The group left the parlor to find a large crowd gathering in the street. They were staring and pointed to the sky. Above the city, Lucius Malfoy flew on his broom. Shooting out behind him was a trail of smoke spelling out, “S-E-R-E-N-D-E-R H-A-I-R-Y!”

The crowds in the street gasped and pointed, quickly coming up amongst their groups with theories as to why the Wicked Witch of the West would be paying a visit to the Emerald City. Harry frowned at the sky, and Scaregnome Hermione scoffed. “And the doorman thought *we* were the illiterate ones!”

An Oz-version of Professor Vector looked frantically around at the people in the crowded road. “Hairy? Who’s hairy?” she yelled, questioning no one in particular.

And an Oz-version of a Flourish & Blotts clerk pointed at Cowardly Lion Ron. “He’s rather hairy,” he suggested.

Cowardly Lion Ron patted his perfectly curled mane self-consciously.

Hearing their shouts, and noticing the people gesturing to the lion, Lucius rolled his eyes and began to fly out more letters. “N-O I M-E-E-N T-H-E B-O-Y!”

The people in the streets began searching the crowd for a hairy little boy to hand over to the witch. The witch’s idiocy obviously didn’t diminish his intimidation with the people of the Emerald City.

“T-H-E O-N-E W-I-T-H T-H-E D-A-M-E-D R-O-O-B-I-E S-C-A-R-I!”

Realizing he was about to be in trouble, Harry ducked out of the crowd and into an alley, followed closely by the rest of his group.

“Wonderful! Now that bloody witch has all of Emerald City after you!” Tin Man Snape kicked the building they were hiding behind, the sound echoing in his hollow tin leg.

“What are we going to do? These people are scared to death of that witch. If they find you, they will surely turn you over to him, Harry!” Scaregnome Hermione was frantic.

“The Wizards!” Cowardly Lion Ron said this with great enthusiasm, making his ginger curls bounce. Padfoot barked in agreement.

“You’re right,” Harry agreed. “We need to get to them *now*.”

TBC

The Palace Guard and the King of the Forest

Chapter 7 of 8

After trying one of Fred and George’s new sweets, Harry finds himself in the land of Oz. A cross-dressing Albus Dumbledore, brainless Hermione, cowardly Gryffindor, and snarky Tin Man help him find his way out of the musical and back to the Burrow.

The group didn’t exactly move stealthily throughout the city. Despite his efforts to tread lightly, Tin Man Snape’s footsteps clanged against the cobblestone roads. And every time Cowardly Lion Ron thought someone might have spotted them, he let out a loud girlish scream.

Fortunately, the palace was large and easy to find, but it still took their group over an hour to journey through the city without being spotted. As they walked down a deserted alleyway to the front of the palace, they could hear the large crowd of people that was currently blocking their entrance. They remained hidden in the alley and peeked around the edge of a cottage to see what was going on.

People were crowded around the stairs leading to the entrance of the palace. Standing at the top of the stairs was Argus Filch attempting to placate the crowds. "Citizens of Oz," he growled at the people. "Calm down and shut the hell up!"

Obviously, his tactics were not working.

Filch wore an outfit that was similar to that of a leader of a marching band. His getup included a helmet and combat boots, and his pants were too short. Each item of clothing was a different shade of green. The coat was emerald green with lime green tassels. The helmet strap was green leather that was pulled tightly under his chin, and his lank, greasy hair stuck out from under the helmet to hang limply on either side of his face.

To say the least, he looked ridiculous.

"If you people will go home, I will tell the Wizards all about the Witch, and they will take care of everything. But if you people don't leave this bloody second, I will tell that Witch to come back here and curse each and every one of you straight to the depths of Hell!"

The people ignored him and continued shouting demands to see the Wizards. But when a bright green version of Mrs. Norris stepped out from behind Filch's boots, the crowd immediately stopped talking. The feline hissed once at them, and the people silently turned around and left. Padfoot growled.

Filch crossed his arms and nodded at the retreating citizens. "That's what I thought! I told you people last time not to come around here bitching at me. Yeah, you better leave!"

When the street was finally empty, Harry, Tin Man Snape, Scaregnome Hermione, Cowardly Lion Ron, and Padfoot crept out of their hiding place and walked up to the palace. They walked halfway up the steps and stopped. Harry cleared his throat.

Filch looked at them, and he rolled his eyes. "Don't you people ever give up?"

Harry walked up one more step. "My friends and I need to see the Wizards immediately."

"No! Nobody gets to enter the palace, and *nobody* gets to see the Wizards. I don't know what I need to do to get that through your thick skulls!" He pulled a small hairbrush from his coat pocket. "Now, if you please, it's time for Mrs. Norris's daily brushing."

"Oh, for the love of Oz," Tin Man Snape grumbled while pushing Cowardly Lion Ron out of the way so he could step forward. He grabbed Harry roughly by the upper-arm, and the two walked up to the top step. "You see this boy here? He is Harry. We need to see the Wizards *now*."

Filch scrutinized Harry. He poked one long finger under his helmet and scratched his head. "The boy doesn't look very hairy to me."

Tin Man Snape's tin shoulders slouched, Harry ran a hand over his face exasperatedly, and their friends behind them groaned.

Harry pushed his hair off of his forehead and pointed at the ruby scar. *This* is the ruby scar." He then pointed to himself. *I* am the one that the Witch is after." Harry then grabbed Filch menacingly by the lapels of his coat with one hand and gestured to the rest of his group with the other. "And *we* need to see the goddamned Wizards!"

Filch pulled his coat from Harry's iron grip and stepped away. He brushed out the wrinkles and attempted to regain some composure. "Well, why didn't you point out the scar in the first place?" He cleared his throat and sniffed at them. "I'll announce your presence to the Wizards at once." He then turned on his heel and entered the palace.

They all sighed in relief and sat down upon the stairs. Tin Man Snape rubbed at his closed eyes with his tin fists. "This is getting to be tiring. If I don't get out of this city soon, I'm going to strangle one of these dunderheads."

"If I don't get back to the Burrow soon... I... I'll... I'll figure out how to shoot lasers from this scar, and I'll blast this entire city to smithereens."

Tin Man Snape frowned, and Scaregnome Hermione gaped at him. Cowardly Lion Ron was staring off into space, as his mind seemed to have wandered elsewhere.

Harry shrugged at them. "I'm just saying, you know. I want to leave already."

Suddenly, Cowardly Lion Ron stood up from his seat on the marble stairs. He looked into the distance with a determined look on his face, and his chest was puffed out. "When I get my courage"...he turned to face them then..."I'm going to make myself King of the forest!"

He looked up at the towering palace and began to sing.

"If I were King of the forest...

not Queen, not Duke, not Prince...

my regal robes of the forest

would be satin and not cotton and not chintz.

I'd command each thing,

be it unicorn or owl,

with a woof and a woof, and a royal growl.

I'd click my heel;

all the bowtruckles would kneel.

And the trolls bow.

And the minotaurs kowtow.

And the phoenix would take wing,

if Weasley were their King!

"Each pixie would show respect to me;

the merpeople genuflect to me.

Though my tail would lash,

I'd show compash to every underling.

If Weasley were their King.

Their King!"

Scaregnome Hermione and Harry decided to join in, and they bowed down before him. Tin Man Snape huffed and remained where he was seated.

Harry and Scaregnome Hermione began to sing in unison:

"Each pixie would show respect to him.

The merpeople genuflect to him."

The two stood, and Scaregnome Hermione continued to sing,

"And his wife would be Queen of the May'.

Cowardly Lion Ron grinned cheekily at her and winked. The scaregnome before him blushed wildly and looked down at her feet.

Harry noticed Padfoot tugging on a long cloak that one of the people in the crowds had left behind. He grabbed it and draped it over the "King's" shoulders. Earlier, Scaregnome Hermione had noticed a broken flower pot sitting forgotten in the alley they had been hiding in. She quickly ran across the street to collect it.

"I'd be monarch of all I survey..."

She placed the top half of the pot on Cowardly Lion Ron's head, crowning him.

"Monarch of all I survey..."

Sucking in a deep breath, he finished his song.

"Mah...hah...hah...hah...hah...hah...hah...hah...ha-narch!"

Of all I survey!"

The Cowardly Lion sat carefully upon the top step as if he were sitting down upon his throne. Harry bowed before him, and Scaregnome Hermione curtsied. Tin Man Snape rolled his eyes at them for humoring the lion and looked down the street to make sure nobody was watching their embarrassing display.

Harry asked the lion, "Your majesty, if you were King, you wouldn't be afraid of anything?"

Cowardly Lion Ron looked down at him. "Not nobody, not no how!"

Scaregnome Hermione stood up from her curtsy. "Not even a Manticore?"

"I'd show them what my claws are for!" he replied, extending his sharp claws.

"How about a giantess?" Harry questioned.

"I'd rip her apart and make a mess!"

Scaregnome Hermione stepped forward. "Supposin' you met a dementor?"

"I would make it cry a lamentor."

"What if it were a Nagas?" asked Harry.

"I'd show him who was King of the foras!"

"How?" asked Harry and Scaregnome Hermione in unison.

"How?" repeated Cowardly Lion Ron. "Courage! What makes a King out of an average guy?" He patted himself on the chest with his paw. "Courage! What makes the Hippogriff soar through the sky? Courage! What makes the vampire stalk his prey in the dark of night or despite the light of day? What pushes the goblin to protect his pay? Courage!"

His two-person audience kneeled before him and listened to his determined rhyming.

"What makes the sphinx the seventh wonder? Courage. What makes the star-gazing centaur unafraid of lightning and thunder? Courage. What makes the ashwinder's eggs so hot? What makes the leprechauns not easily caught? What have they got that I ain't got?"

The three of them stood up quickly and yelled, "Courage!"

Then Cowardly Lion Ron slumped back down onto his step. Looking down at his paws in his lap, he blushed. "Yeah... that."

Their attention was redirected when the guard exited the palace, looking rather disgruntled. His face was covered in soot, and his eyebrows were singed off. Smoke was trailing behind him, coming from under his crooked helmet, the leather strap broken.

The five traveling companions walked towards him. "What happened to you?" Harry asked.

Filch glared at him. "Just let me give you this brief warning: if the Wizards offer you a sweet, refuse it. Immediately."

Scaregnome Hermione covered her mouth with her gloved hand to stop the giggles from bubbling forth. Tin Man Snape huffed and tapped his tin foot impatiently. The sound of hallow tin against marble echoed down the empty street. "Can we get on with this?"

Filch grumbled. "Yes. The Wizards will see you now."

TBC

The Weasleys of Oz

Chapter 8 of 8

After trying one of Fred and George's new sweets, Harry finds himself in the land of Oz. A cross-dressing Albus Dumbledore, brainless Hermione, cowardly Gryffindor, and snarky Tin Man help him find his way out of the musical and back to the Burrow.

Filch opened the palace doors, and Harry and his motley crew entered a grand foyer. The floor was checkered in light gray and forest green, and the entire room was perfectly symmetrical. On either side of the large mahogany front door was a green brocade sofa and mahogany coffee table with clawed feet. Across from where they stood in the entryway was one of the largest fireplaces Harry had ever seen. The mantelpiece and hearth were made of the same green marble as the stairs leading to the palace. On either side of the roaring fire were three golden doors, and the other two walls held silver doors, six on each side. The high, vaulted ceilings were made of glass and were enchanted just as the ceiling in the Great Hall of Hogwarts. Although it was actually daylight outside, a dark, celestial nighttime sky twinkled down at the visitors. The fireplace and the glittering sky, filled with millions of stars and three moons, gave off plenty of light to see by.

They didn't have long to look at the dazzling ceiling as Filch quickly led them through the middle golden door to the right of the fireplace. They entered a long hallway that loomed ahead of them, and they awaited Filch's order to continue walking, but he remained in the entry hall and closed the door behind them. The walls were lined with torches that reflected off the matching marble walls and floor. It was a black marble with flecks of silver. The fire-lit reflections of themselves in the walls were eerie.

Harry took the first cautious step forward, and the group continued down the wandering passageway, remaining silent all the way. The only noises were the lion's and Padfoot's claws clicking on the floors, Tin Man Snape's clunking footsteps, and the random whimpers the lion would produce every few moments. Just as Harry began to wonder how big the palace actually was, for they had been walking for what seemed a long time, the hallway opened into a spacious chamber with a large set of double, mahogany doors straight ahead of them.

"Um..." Everyone stopped walking and turned to look at Cowardly Lion Ron who still stood in the doorway of the chamber. He gulped loudly. "You know... I've been thinking about it, and I've decided to just wait out here for you lot." He smiled nervously.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Oh, come on. What's the matter?"

"He's simply scared... again," Tin Man Snape answered.

"These are supposed to be *good* wizards. There is nothing to be afraid of," Scaregnome Hermione said.

Cowardly Lion Ron's tense shoulders began to relax, but as the rest of them began to turn back around to face the doors, he yelped loudly.

"What now?" Tin Man Snape barked.

"Someone pulled my tail!"

Harry plucked the end of the lion's tail out of his paws and showed it to him. "It was you."

He shrugged and looked away sheepishly. "Oh."

Once again, as they turned to open the wooden doors, Cowardly Lion Ron stopped them with a low whimper.

He was still clutching the end of his tail, holding it close to his face and shivering with fright. Tin Man Snape, brandishing his axe, stepped towards him.

"Mr. Lion, you can either come with us, or I will cut off your tail, you can stay out here alone in this dark chamber, and we will take it in there to offer it in exchange for courage."

The lion actually seemed to contemplate these options for a moment before nodding and walking toward the group. "Let's just make this fast, 'kay?"

They again moved towards the great double doors, and they slowly swung open. Two loud voices boomed out of the room, speaking in unison, "The great and powerful Weasleys of Oz!" The last syllable echoed down the long hallway. Cowardly Lion Ron trembled, and the scaregnome grabbed onto his arm. Harry was unsure if this was to stop him from running or to comfort herself as she was staring wide-eyed into the room ahead of them.

"Come forward!" the voices demanded.

The group did as they were told, and Harry could hear Cowardly Lion Ron begin to hyperventilate. When they had walked far enough into the room, the doors behind them slammed closed, and the noise echoed and bounced off of the walls and floor.

Inside, the room looked much like the outer chamber, with the same marble floor and walls, but the ceiling seemed to be so high up that Harry could not even see it...the walls simply appeared to run up and up into nothingness. The room was absent of any furniture, and the only door was the one they had come through. On the wall to their left was the largest fireplace Harry had ever seen. Harry would have guessed it was about twenty feet high and twice as wide. A large bonfire was lit within it, but no heat seemed to be emanating from the flames. The light was reflected darkly in every surface of the room and caused the silver specks in the marble to flicker and dance. The mantelpiece of the fireplace was unornamented and made with the same marble as the walls and floor. The fireplace was framed by a dark green, thick velvet curtain, which made Harry think of a theater.

Despite the voices they had heard beckoning them to enter, the room appeared to be empty of anyone except themselves.

Scaregnome Hermione was the first to voice this observation, "Wh...where are they?"

Padfoot barked, and the noise echoed loudly throughout the room. Harry faintly remembered something happening with Toto in the room where Dorothy had met the wizard, but he could not recall the scene fully. He soon pushed it from his mind when the large, licking flames in the fireplace burst brightly and turned an emerald green.

Harry shaded his eyes from the brilliant light. He heard the others beside him gasp and dropped his hand. Two heads had appeared within the fire, formed out of the green flames. He recognized them immediately, as he knew he would. But they looked different. They looked menacing.

Fred and George were not smiling as he usually saw them. Their expressions were stiff and serious. With the lack of color, their hair and irises appeared black. Although made of flames, their faces had strange shadows cast upon them, making their cheeks and the skin around their eyes appear sunken in. Admittedly, Harry thought they were quite a frightening sight.

The two looming heads glared down at Harry and his friends. They spoke in unison, "We are the great and powerful Weasleys of Oz." The voices were deafening, and

Harry could feel the vibrations in his chest. "Who are you?"

On the last thundering syllable, Cowardly Lion Ron squeaked loudly. While remaining connected to the continuously moving flames, Fred's head came out of the fireplace towards them. It reminded Harry of a 3D movie he had been lucky enough to see on one of Dudley's birthdays. Fred didn't seem to have a neck that stretched, but rather flames that carried his floating head out to them.

He was twice as tall as anyone in their group, and he glided straight toward the lion. He stopped just before him and glared. "Boo," he whispered.

When the lion screamed and dropped to the floor, the twins began laughing uproariously, and Fred returned to his place inside the fire beside George. "Who are you?" they asked again.

Scaregnome Hermione was kneeling beside the lion on the floor. Harry stepped forward. "I am Harry. We've come because..."

"Ha!" Fred interrupted him.

"The great and powerful Wizards know why you have come!" George said.

"Step forward," Fred demanded, "Tin Man."

Tin Man Snape stepped forward with an expression of boredom.

"You dare come to us for a heart, do you?" George asked.

"You clinking, clanking, clattering collection of caliginous junk!" Fred said.

Harry watched Tin Man Snape's grip tighten on his axe and his metal jaw tense. "Actually, no," he replied. "I am only here with this group of blundering fools because..."

"Quiet!" George interrupted.

Tin Man Snape glared at him. He then spun on his heel and walked stiffly back to the rest of his group.

"And you, Scaregnome, you billowing bale of bovine fodder, have the effrontery to ask for a brain?" questioned Fred.

Scaregnome Hermione looked affronted, but remembered who she was facing before she spoke. She relaxed her expression and stood from where she had been kneeling beside the lion. "Well, yes. Yes, Your Honor. I mean, Your Excellency. I...I mean, Your Wizardry." She bowed her head and grimaced at her stumbling words.

Fred pursed his lips and blew a gust of wind towards them. The others could easily withstand it, but the hay-stuffed scaregnome was blown carelessly across the room. The Wizards laughed.

Harry quickly ran to help her up, and Cowardly Lion Ron stepped up. "Hey now, there's no need to get violent. We came to you for help!"

"Silence!" The twins said in unison.

As quickly as his courage had come, it diminished again, and the lion began to cower.

"The merciful Weasleys of Oz have every intention of granting your requests," George informed them.

They all looked at the Wizards in surprise.

"But first you must prove yourselves worthy by performing a very simple task," Fred continued.

The group seemed to hold their collective breath as they waited for their task to be assigned. Enjoying the suspense, the twins continued their dramatic pause. The scaregnome leaned forward as if to urge them to continue. Harry swore he saw George's lips twitch, as if holding back a grin.

When Tin Man Snape huffed and rolled his eyes, George finally told them what they were to do. "You must bring us the broomstick of the Witch of the West."

Scaregnome Hermione gasped. "But... but... we'd have to kill her to get it!"

George looked at his twin, and Fred looked away, frowning. "Oh," he said. "Actually we were just thinking you could steal it or something. I mean... heh... I dunno about *killing* her. That's a little much, don't you think, Scaregnome?"

"You truly believe she would hesitate to kill *us* if she caught us trying to steal her broom?" Tin Man Snape asked.

George pursed his lips as if he were thinking about it. Then he looked at them and cleared his throat. "Give the great and powerful Weasleys of Oz a moment to consult one another on your questions... about the... task... we have... assigned," he demanded awkwardly, his voice trailing off towards the end as if he was unsure of what to say. The two flame-heads disappeared for a moment.

Harry pinched the bridge of his nose. This was getting ridiculous. Tin Man Snape tapped his foot impatiently. They reappeared after a few minutes, their sober expressions back in place.

"Do what you must. Just bring us the broomstick, and we'll grant your requests," George stated.

"But... but..." Scaregnome Hermione continued to stutter.

"Go!" they yelled in unison.

Cowardly Lion Ron jumped at their command and rushed out the doors with Harry, Padfoot, Tin Man Snape, and Scaregnome Hermione following quickly.

TBC