

When I Go Home Again

by HermioneWeasley1972

Okay - lyrics are by Lonestar.

Warning: Harry is rather OOC in this story, but its funny so I think you'll like it. Harry is sick of everything and does something about it.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The war was over. Voldemort was dead and the Wizarding world was finally free of the menace. The Death Eaters who had survived were in Azkaban.

Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione were sitting around after having their injuries taken care of, talking about the future. The twins came over to them, George holding his wand like a Muggle microphone.

"So Harry, you just defeated Lord Voldemort, the most evil wizard in history. What are you going to do now?"

Harry stood up, and with a grin on his face said, "I'm going to Disney World, but first I've got some old scores to settle. I've got plans for when I go home..."

When I go home this summer, I done made up my mind,

Gonna do some things I wish I'd done once upon a time.

Everybody in the whole place, they're gonna know my name,

I'll blow in like a hurricane then blow out just the same.

"Hmmm, that sounds like..." Fred began.

"... a very worthy cause." George added.

"I hope that you will..."

"... let us join in."

"You're not leaving us out, are you?" Ron said, standing. "I want to help you get revenge on those cruel Muggles."

"So do I," Hermione agreed.

"You're not leaving me behind!" Ginny piped in.

"Okay, this is what I thought we would do," Harry said, grinning. "First we're going to need some of those special fireworks that you guys made," he said, turning to Fred and George. "Oh, and your best selection of sweets to prank Dudley with."

The next hours were spent laughing and planning what kind of mischief they would do to the Dursleys. Hermione had made a list and was getting into the spirit of things as much as the others.

Paint scenes on the water-tower:

I got the paint an' I got the power.

Do everything I wish I'd done back then.

Over the next few weeks, things in the Dursley house began happening. For one thing, there was the morning that all Vernon's underwear turned pink but it was dismissed as a stray red sock which had found its way into the laundry. Though no one could explain why it was just Vernon's underwear and no one else's.

Then there was the swamp right in the middle of the living room...which disappeared as soon as it had appeared. Of course, there was always that lingering odour.

Dudley mysteriously found sweets left for him, and thought nothing of eating them. The ton tongue toffee had been modified and his tongue shrank back to normal after a minute. Then there was the saucer eyes lolly, which grew his eyes as big as saucers, and the purple hair sweetie. Dudley was certainly a sight and he never learned. His greediness was his downfall.

Each incident was witnessed by six very interested pairs of eyes. Harry was laughing so hard that tears were rolling down his cheeks and the rest weren't much better.

"I've been wanting to do this for years."

"Harry, what if you get caught?" Hermione asked, a worried expression briefly crossing her face.

"Oh, like my aunt and uncle are going to admit that their nephew is a freak? And even if they did say something, who would believe them? Even if something does happen, it's worth it, and I'm not going to worry about it. I'm having too much fun."

Better late than never, they say.

Can't let the moment slip away.

I'm gonna fin'ly take my chances,

When I go home again.

Whoo, hah.

The creme de la creme was the day they placed a headless hat over Dudley's head. The scream appeared to have been heard for miles around, but they had placed a charm on the yard so that it was only heard for as far as the boundary extended.

"Vernon, come quick! Dudley hasn't got a head!"

"*Accio hat!*" Harry whispered and the hat went flying into his hand. Dudley had passed out and was none the wiser.

"What do you mean he hasn't got a head? It's right there!"

"I swear he didn't have one before..."

Finally, when Vernon talked about putting his wife in a rest home, they decided that enough was enough. So off the six of them traipsed to Disney World. But Harry couldn't help doing one last thing before they left.

Dear Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon,

This is the last letter you will get from me. I am finally enjoying my life after all these years. Being starved and abused by your family tends to make life miserable, not to mention being hunted down by the most evil man in creation.

I hope you are well. I heard that there were some... incidences at your house as of late. I guess I am my father's son after all and I am proud of it. Hope you didn't lose your sanity over thinking that Dudley didn't have a head, Aunt Petunia, but it was nothing personal really. It's what us freaks do for fun.

Oh yeah, by the way. Voldemort's dead, finally. Thought you'd like to know, although I am sure after all the surprises my friends and I left for you, you are wishing that he took me out instead. I promise you that had I died, they would have exacted revenge on you as well. I didn't paint a very rosy picture of you, but then again you never did of me either.

I plan to ask Ginny Weasley to marry me. Don't worry, you won't get an invite to the wedding. You wouldn't want to come anyway; it will be full of freaks.

Have a nice life and be careful what you say about me because Fred and George are working on something new and I might just test it out on you if you're not nice.

Harry James Potter

The Leader of the New Marauders

Gonna fin'ly tell my Mamma about that Friday night.

Didn't trip or fall: I got that shiner in a fight.

An' if I get my courage up, I might just spill the beans,

An' tell her all the details 'bout the night I turned eighteen.