

# The Boy From Little Whinging.

*by JustJeanette*

Poetic Licence about the hunt for Snape. Minor DH spoilers.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Poetic Licence about the hunt for Snape. Minor DH spoilers.

As always I don't own the originals. JKR owns everything Potter, and in her debt we stand for giving us a fun world to play in. BJ Paterson owns the poem that I pay homage to.

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**The Boy From Little Whinging** in homage to BJ Paterson's *The Man From Snowy River*

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THERE was movement at the Ministry, for the word had passed around,  
That Snape had killed old Albus and got away,  
And had joined the evil Death Eaters—his head was worth ten thousand knuts,  
So all the senior Aurors had gathered to the fray.  
All the tried and noted wizards, from countries near and far,  
Had apparated all to Hogwarts overnight,  
For Unspeakables love the hunting and the Aurors are on par,  
And the Sneakoscopes were whistling with delight.  
There was Moody, who made a stand when Voldemort was young,  
The old man with his eye a twisting so,  
But few could ride beside him when his blood was fairly up—  
He would go wherever broom and man could go.  
And Lupin of the werewolves, came to lend a paw,  
The only Maurader left to hold the stick,

For never trick could throw him while the scents were there galore,  
He'd learnt to hunt whilst Severus' pride they'd prick.  
And one was there, a stripling on a small and sleekish broom,  
It was something like a firebolt in disguise,  
With a touch of Nimbus glory-aerodynamic perfection in the beast,  
And such as are by Senior Wizard prized.  
And the boy was tough and wiry—A Gryffindor who won't say die,  
And there was anger in his quick impatient tread,  
He bore a look of madness in his bright green fiery eye,  
And the proud and lofty carriage of his head.  
But a boy so slight and weedy, you would doubt his power to stay,  
And old Moody said, "That broom will never do,  
For a long and tiring hunt—Harry you'd better stop and stay,  
For those Death Eaters are far too tough for you.  
But Harry stood and waited—only Lupin stood his friend,  
"I think we ought to let him come," he said,  
"I warrant he'll want to take on Snape there at the end,  
For he saw that monster leave old Albus dead.  
He hails from Little Whinging, down on Privet Drive,  
Where the Muggles are twice as thick and twice as rough,  
Where his skills in broom a riding comes down from his father's side,  
The boy who seeks like none, is good enough.  
And the Potter Seekers on the Quidditch pitch make their home,  
Where the Quaffle flies, the players in between,  
I have seen full many Seekers since I first commenced to roam,  
But nowhere yet such a Seeker have I seen."  
So he went—they found the Death Eaters by the house at Spinner's End,  
They raced away towards Manchester's open mines,  
And old Moody gave his orders, Aurors, go at them from on high,  
No use to try for fancy riding now.  
And Lupin you must hunt them, take Greyback from the fight,  
Ride boldly, lad, and never fear the spills,  
For never yet was Auror that could keep the DE's in sight,  
If once they gain the shelter of those hills.  
So Lupin rode after Greyback—took him down upon the wing,  
Where the worst and meanest Weres they took their place,  
And his Broom it fairly quivered as he cast a spell to sting,  
With his holly wand, as he met them face to face.  
The Death Eaters halted for a moment, while he treated them with Severus' lash,  
But they saw their well-known escape route full in view,  
And they charged beneath the *Sectumsempra* with a sharp and sudden dash,  
And off into the Manchester Hills they flew.  
When they reached Manchester's Summit, even Lupin took the pull,  
It well might make the boldest hold their breath,  
The copse and groves grew thickly, hiding Death Eaters all from view,  
Of casting places and many spells were death.  
The Boy from Little Whinging let his broom fly out at speed,

And his cloak flew long behind him that was clear,  
As he raced down the hills like from a Dementor fled,  
While the Aurors floated high and watched in fear.  
He flew amongst Death Eaters as they sought safety in the hills,  
And the Aurors watched on with grim delight,  
They saw him call his Patronus, the Dementors fled from him and still,  
As he raced after Severus, still clearly in pursuit.  
Then they lost him for a moment, when two mountain Giants met,  
But between them he slipped and flew out of sight,  
In a dim and distant cove the Death Eaters racing yet,  
The Boy from Little Whinging at their heels.  
And he chased them single handed till their magic energy was spent,  
He followed like a boarhound on their track,  
Till they halted *Stupified* and *Incarceroused*, then he dragged their bodies home,  
And alone and unassisted brought them back.  
And his broom was burnt and dusty, it could hardly stay up straight,  
It was singed from tail to tip from spells cast through,  
But its magic was still intact, and it's flight still fast for sure,  
For never yet was Firebolt called a cur.  
And down the Ministry Halls, where flunkies hide away,  
Those small and timid hirelings, still did cry,  
Where is the dreaded Dark Lord, he who shall not be named,  
And his cowardly Potion maker we must try.  
But Severus gave his life it seemed, his body never found,  
And thought the world that Harry had put him in the ground,  
The Boy From Little Whinging is a wizard watchword still today,  
And the Aurors tell the story of his fight.

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