

'Twas the Night Before Deadline

by potterbrat

This is a little rhyme I made up as a gift for the hard-working administrators at TPP. I did not have this beta'd, because my wonderful beta is one of the staff and this is a surprise.

one-shot poem

Chapter 1 of 1

This is a little rhyme I made up as a gift for the hard-working administrators at TPP. I did not have this beta'd, because my wonderful beta is one of the staff and this is a surprise.

A/N: I tried to include the names of each staff member.

I got the names from the website, because I couldn't remember.

If I have overlooked you and you are admin at TPP

Please, send me an OWL and try not to be too angry.

'Twas the night before DEADLINE, when all through cyberspace

The only creatures stirring were logged-in at Potter_Place

With her wand in her hand, and the tip of a Sugar Quill in her mouth

Obsessed with commas and canon was that cunning witch from the SOUTH

She checked her watch and bit her lip in worry

Hoping everyone had time to finish their story

She read each one until the screen got hazy

She'd read the same line twice and she was going crazy

Here was a novel-length, there was a quickie

A little drama, a little humor, quite a few were squicky

She yawned and rubbed her eyes one more time
Then she suddenly recalled the words of my rhyme:
"No reason to worry, SUNSHINE, no reason at all.
Just go to the fireplace, and give your friends a Floo call."
She ran to the Floo and yelled, "AMSEV, SEMPRA, ANGEL, and PHOENIX, this isn't a joke!
I need you, too, ROBISONROCKET and CAROLRAIN and bring the LADYINTHECLOAK."
They answered her desperate call in the still of the night
They drew their wands in fear of a fight
"No need for wands," she said. "I have my own.
I need help reviewing, because I can't do it alone."
They went to work at once with no time to kill
Surrounded in silence, but for the sporadic scratch of a quill
Suddenly green flames heated each face
Two more arrivals: one leather; one lace
When the smoke cleared, NO SAINT could be found
It was THE PETULANT POETESS and her friend, SOUL BOUND
Hours later, they were finished, and checked for any they'd missed
They made an Executive decision that it was time to get pissed
They raised their glasses after SOUTHERN poured the wine
And from my own desk in Texas, I also raised mine
So, here's to you, Harry, Ginny, Hermione, and Ron
Take care of the pieces of our hearts that you've won
And to our sexy Slytherins, whose spell did not go amiss
You have taken our souls, not unlike a Dementor's Kiss
Merlin, forgive us, but we need no cure for this curse
We shall dwell for eternity in this magical Potterverse
For the DH Challenge, I don't know if I'll submit
I'm intimidated by deadlines and afraid to commit
I don't need to put my fabulous beta to the test
I already know ROBISONROCKET is the best
I have no cookies or cakes for my friends on the staff
I give the gift of rhyme and hope I made you laugh
One request, though, for the PETULANT ONE,
Please work on Strega Letteraria until it is done
A final note to all of you – For your hard work, I take off my Sorting Hat
I'm grateful to call TPP my home, for I will always be a POTTERBRAT!