

Strolling Through the Wood

by chivalric

A girl took a stroll through the deep dark wood...

One-shot story/Poem

Chapter 1 of 1

A girl took a stroll through the deep dark wood...

Warning: Be aware that this is just awfully silly. I definitely giggled a lot, writing it.

Many thanks to my betas, pipedreamer and Dreamy Dragon, who pointed out the awkward rhymes and the stray commas.

A girl took a stroll through the deep dark wood.

A wizard saw the girl, and the girl looked good.

"Where are you going to, little curly haired witch?

Come and have lunch with me on the Quidditch Pitch."

"It's terribly kind of you, Viktor, but no –

I'm having lunch with my master; pray let me go."

"Your master? Who's your master?"

"My master? Why, you better do fear

the one who holds me so very dear!

He has terrible hair and the most dreadful frown,

And his mind is so brilliant, it never lets him down."

"Where are you meeting him?"

"Further on, where the rocks are grey,

And his favourite game is – chasing prey."

"Chasing prey? I'm off," Viktor said.

"Goodbye, little witch," and away he sped.

"Silly old Viktor, doesn't he know?

There is no master who loves me so!"

On went the girl through the deep dark wood.

A hero saw the girl, and the girl looked so good!

"Where are you going to, my dear friend so smart?

Come and have tea with me, please let's not part."

"It's frightfully nice of you, Harry, but no –

I'm having tea with my master; please let me go."

"Your master? Who's your master?"

"My beloved master? Why, didn't you know?

Come over here, and I will tell you so:

He has bony knees, but he moves full of grace,

And his long nose sits completely crooked in his face."

"Well – where are you meeting him?"

"A bit further on, by the deep, roaring stream,

And his favourite play is to make students scream."

"Make students scream? I'm off," Harry muffled.

"Goodbye, little witch," and away he shuffled.

"Silly old Harry, doesn't he know?

There is no master who loves me so!"

On went the girl through the deep dark wood.

A redhead saw the girl, and the girl looked quite good.

"Where are you going to, where from have you fled?

Come for a feast in my four poster bed."

"It's wonderfully good of you, Ron, but no –

I will feast with my master; I ought to go."

"Your master? Who's your master?"

"Why, haven't you had yet the pleasure

to meet him, who loves me beyond measure?

His eyes are black, and his heart, they say,

And when he growls, you don't want to be in his way."

"Erm – Where are you meeting him?"

"Just a little bit further, by the blue lake,

And his favourite leisure is to turn others to cake."

"Turn others to cake?" Ron managed at last.

"Goodbye!" he then mumbled and vanished quite fast.

"Silly old Ron, doesn't he know?

There is no master who loves me s...

...ohh!"

But who is this wizard with the terrible frown,

The one who never lets his loved ones down?

With the raven-black hair and the panther-like growl,

He, who owns the most frightening scowl?
Quite bony his knees, but he moves full of grace,
And indeed, his long nose sits completely crooked in his face.
His eyes are black, 'round his heart is a wall,
And there aren't many who call him 'friend' at all.
Oh help! Oh disaster!
It's the Potions master!

"My favourite girl," the master now said.
"You'll taste good when I have you in bed!"
"Good?" said the girl. "Don't call me just good!
I'm the most amazing witch in these parts of the wood.
Just walk behind me, and soon you'll see,
Everyone really is after me."
"All right," said the master, a small smile on his lips.
"You go ahead – but don't stop swinging your hips."
They walked and walked until the master said,
"I might see that Weasley on the way ahead."
"Hello, dear Ron," said the girl, her eyes bearing a spark.
Ron took one look at the man dressed all in dark.
"Oh crumbs!" he gasped, "do spare me detention!"
I promise, never again my bed to mention."
"You see? I told you," said the girl, her eyes blazing with fire.
"Amazing," said Snape and burned with desire.

They walked some more till the master said,
"I can see Potter on the path ahead."
"Hi, Harry," the girl greeted the boy with a smile.
Harry paled, which happened every once in a while.
"Oh help!" he screamed and ruffled his hair.
"I haven't touched her – it's been a mistake, I swear!"
"You see? I told you," said the girl, her chest moving swift.
"Astounding!" said the master, and his thoughts went adrift.

They walked some more till the master said,
"I see that Seeker flying through the leaves ahead."
"Oh, Viktor," she said, waving to the figure above.
"Come down to meet the one I love."
"Good grief!" yelled Victor and nearly dropped off his broom,
"There's no way I'm coming down anytime soon!"

"Beloved," the brown-eyed witch smiled, "do you now see?
Everyone is really quite fond of me.
But I wish to devour *you* – you don't truly mind?
And I will make sure to be especially kind."
"Devour me? Why – right now and here?
Well, I'm flattered quite deeply, believe me, my dear."

After a very long while, it got quiet in the wood.

The master kissed his bride to sleep – and all was good.

Author's note:

This little piece of nonsense was inspired by Julia Donaldson's wonderful book 'The Gruffalo'; the basic idea to adapt a rhymed children's story came from "How the Snape stole Christmas" by Hawklaw. Many thanks to both of them!