

Shimmering Slytherin Green Tearaways of DOOM

by dracontia

The boys have a plan. HermioneWeasley, your dares will be the death of me yet.
More TPP chat room nonsense!

drabble

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not my characters. Not my cash. I do have the trousers, though. ^ _ ^

Author's Note:

Tearaways: trousers that are fastened with velcro or snaps all the way down each side, from waist to ankle, so that they can be--ta dah!--torn away! Typically used by track athletes who want to get out of their warm up clothes without having to take off their shoes... or by male strippers during their acts.

"HELP!"

Professor Slughorn fired off spell after spell at his errant clothes, to no avail.

"Snape! Snape! Severus Snape!" yelled the The Amazing Slytherin Tearaways of DOOM (as they were known to the unnerved students) as they ran down the corridor by themselves.

Scorpius giggled from where the boys were crouched behind a tapestry. "Do you think we need to charm any of his other clothes, or will this do it?"

"We'll see, Scorp. This will be brilliant!" Al's grin looked ready to split his face.

"Guys... Why are we trying to get Slughorn to leave and call up Professor Snape's ghost?" Hugo tried to share his companion's glee, but it seemed his Ravenclaw tie was getting in the way. Every time he tugged at it, his hesitant smile wavered.

"If Professor Snape comes back to teach, he can start class by floating up out of a cauldron!" Scorpius made a dramatic gesture to illustrate.

Hugo dropped his tie, eyes wide. "Wicked..."

Thank you, SeverusLovesUs, for the beta!

And thank you to DawnEB and Potteresque_ire for reminding me that the definition of 'tearaways' is not necessarily universal knowledge.

