

Bobmin

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Attack of the Fan Fic Authors

Chapter 1 - Introduction.

Harry Potter and the Attack of the Fan Fic Authors.

Can I be foreword with you?

Hey you, in front of that computer. Yes, I am talking to you. This is not your typical Harry Potter fan fiction. This is not your even close to your typical Harry Potter fan fiction. This is more like Harry Potter meets the Fox Television executives after they have consumed another dose of bad mushrooms.

There is no plot. Well, there is, but you should be drunk before trying to spot it. Each chapter is a short parody of either a specific author (and their personal foibles), or it's a parody of a specific genre of Harry Potter fiction.

For the specific authors, we carefully researched their stories, their personal habits, had them trailed by the FBI, Interpol and the Jehovah Witnesses. We built massive files on each of them, studying their habits and learning about their fetishes and what they do during their spare time. We sent detectives to interview their third grade teachers and performed psychic and physiological profiles on them, including body cavity searches while they slept! We bugged their computer, their phones, their neighbors, we listened, we recorded and finally we understood them.

The genre specific chapters are the result of reading too much bad Harry Potter fan fiction in particular genres. We'll poke fun at Azkaban Harry, and Slashy Harry. We'll examine the cross dresser... er... crossover fics, and poore speling.

The authors (whom we highly recommend) we will be looking at are:

Abraxan

<http://abraxan.fanfiction.net/>

Kinsfire

<http://kinsfire.fanfiction.net/>

Old Crow

<http://www.fanfiction.net/u/616007/>

We dearly hope these authors, whom we consider to be friends of ours, will forgive us, as these files are posted in the spirit of fun. If not... Well, *Crucio* on them then!

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Chapter 2 - Harry Meets Old Crow

Harry Potter Meets Old Crow

Old Crow hunched over his Word Processor, the keyboard smoking in the dimly lit room. A single window opened to a vista of urban sprawl. Grabbing another Twinkie and popping open another can of Busty Babe Butterbeer, he stretched for a moment, his back making popping sounds that only a deranged fan fiction author can get after fifty hours of typing nonstop.

He peered at the screen, his pupils constricted down to tiny dots as his fingers once again blurred over the keyboard. The click-clacking of the keys alerting the other denizens of the abode that Old Crow was once again crafting the very best in fan fiction.

Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny were standing on the edge of a road leading up towards a dark manor on the hilltop.

Old Crow moved his cursor back to the beginning of the sentence and restarted it.

It was a dark and stormy night on the roadside where Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny stood. The road led towards a dark manor atop a nearby hilltop. Harry looked at the large pile of Muggle weapons they had brought with them, including the Centurion Tank and Truman class Aircraft Carrier and decided it was time to confer with his fellow students.

He motioned for them to gather around. When he had them all close together, he looked around carefully before beginning to speak.

“I think we need to explore the area before we go any further. Ron and Ginny should probably go ahead to scout out the area, while Hermione and I shrink down our toys so they’re easier to carry,” Harry said quietly.

“I told you not to unshrink them when we hit the road Ron. Can’t you ever listen to me? Just once?” asked Hermione in exasperation at her soon to be dead boyfriend.

“Mione, I didn’t know you’d bring that big boat! Besides, I listen to you. Didn’t I listen to you when you told me to aim for the proper hole in the broom closet?”

Hermione paled and smacked her head against a nearby tree, then shot a vicious look at Old Crow that promised pain if she didn’t get relieved of this burden soon.

“You still missed, you moron!” she hissed at him in anger.

“Too much information!” Harry shouted, then he turned away and was violently sick.

Ginny collapsed on the ground laughing hysterically at her brother. She then grabbed him by the arm and dragged him towards the road so they could scout out the area.

Neither of them saw the Semi-truck barreling down the road. It hit them both, flattening them and adding to the daily special on the menu at the Roadkill Café. Strangely, the truck had a sign on the side that read, ‘Old Crow Pizza Express. You get the pizza in thirty minutes, or you can shoot the driver’.

“GINNY!” Harry screamed in horror!

“RON!” Hermione cried out in glee!

Harry ran out into the road, after looking both ways like a good muggle, and knelt by the red mess that was his girlfriend, the person he had hoped to spend the rest of his life with, his love, his life, his reason for living, the first girl ever to show him boobies and he wept.

Hermione dashed out into the road near Harry and grabbed Ron’s money bag. When she saw the look Harry was giving her, she shrugged. “What? He owed me a galleon!” She then grabbed the distraught Harry and dragged him off the road, just missing getting hit by another semi-truck.

Harry knelt by the roadside and beat at the ground with his fists. It was so unfair! Everyone he loved was taken away from him. Everything he enjoyed, they took. They took away his parents, Cedric (who, to be honest, he didn’t really love. It was more like a sort of liking the guy, but not in that way), Sirius, and Quidditch. Everything! Why they even took Bay Watch off BBC2!

Hermione tried shaking Harry from his anguish, but to no avail. She glared skyward and waited. Taking the hint, Old Crow decided to step up to the plate.

“Harry!”

Harry looked around, hearing a voice that seemed to come from everywhere.

“Eh?”

“Harry, you must get the explosives up to the manor and kill Riddle! I know it hurts about Ginny, but I’ll let you have Hermione. She’s got bigger boobs than Ginny, who was barely an A cup. And her father will teach you to play golf. It’s a silly game with sticks and balls, but you’ll like it.”

“Bigger boobs, eh? Really?”

Hermione placed her hands on her hips and shouted, “Who the fuck do you think you are, giving me away like this?”

“Oh, don’t worry about it, Hermione. For one thing, Harry is better hung than Ron was. For another, he’s not a moron. And at least with Harry, you won’t have to worry about supporting him. The bloke is filthy rich. Ron would have been a stone around your neck. You would have spent the rest of your life explaining the purpose of napkins to him.”

Hermione looked thoughtful for a moment, shrugged carelessly, then nodded in agreement.

“I thought I told you that I’m rich, Hermione?” Harry asked.

Hermione unbuttoned two of the top buttons on her blouse and looked at him demurely. “No, Harry, you never did. Why don’t you and I move these explosives up to the top of the hill and we’ll talk about it?”

Old Crow leaned back and considered his work. It was different than his usual stuff and that made him a little cautious. It was almost like he was under an Imperious curse from another author!

Meanwhile, Voldemort waited in his Manor atop the hill, because that’s where the author of the story wanted him to be.

He paced his dark and stormy chamber, every so often kicking that damn snake because he hated snakes and really wished someone had let him have a bunny as a pet instead.

“A were-rabbit would have been nice!” he shouted. “But no! I have to get this slimey snake that eats, then throws up the bones. Do you have any idea what that does to the carpets in here!!!”

The doors burst open and his servant, Wormtail, rushed into the room, followed by all of his Death Eaters. The sudden inrush of over four hundred people made the room very crowded and Voldemort ended up being pinned against a wall by the crush of the crowd.

“Back! Back, you fools! Gods, why couldn’t you have given me smart henchmen, like that Doctor Evil character?”

Dropping to his knees, he crawled to his throne and climbed onto it. Once there, he pretended to be totally unaffected by the arrival of so many Death Eaters.

“Wormtail! Report!”

“Master, the townspeople are storming the castle gate!” Wormtail shouted.

Voldemort blinked in surprise, and then turned a steely gaze on Wormtail. “Are they really?” he asked, his voice dripping with sarcasm, his fingertips drummed a staccato rhythm on the arm of his chair.

Wormtail shuffled his feet and looked down. “Well, no... not really, Master. I’ve just always wanted to say that.”

“I see. So what, then, is your real report?”

“Well, I am pleased to tell you that tonight we managed to execute our fifty-first pizza delivery guy for being late, Master.”

Voldemort looked up, pleased at the news. “MUHAHAHAHA!!! We shall conquer those fools after all!”

“Oh, and Harry Potter and some girl, who’s is at least a C cup, is outside planting explosives around the manor house.”

“My manor house?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“A C cup, you said? Wait! Explosives? Muggle things that go ‘boom’?”

“Yes, my lord, muggle things that go ‘boom’,” Wormtail replied, all the while thinking about doing a little boom-boom with Harry’s girlfriend.

Voldemort hunched down on his throne and pounded on one of the arms. “Curse you, Harry Potter! Why do you get girls with C Cups, while I’m stuck with Wormtail... who can’t even wear an athletic supporter!”

Everyone paused for a moment and glanced around.

“Um, wait,” Voldemort said, puzzled. “Is this a slash fic?”

Those in the room looked around at each other in bewilderment. Murmurs could be heard as they all asked each other the same question.

Voldemort leaned down and pulled the script from under his throne and flipped through it, hearing the rustle of hundreds of pages as his minions did the same.

“No, Master. This doesn’t seem to be a slash fic. At least it doesn’t say anything about slash in my script,” Wormtail finally replied.

“Mine doesn’t either. Finally a sensible author,” Voldemort sighed out, as he replaced his script. “Now, where were we? Oh yes, your lack of...endowment. Let’s see, how shall I put this? Well, no sense being polite. You’re not only spineless, Wormtail, but dick-less as well!”

“I’m sorry, my lord. But you know the first time we tried to revive you I didn’t really want to break a bone, so I cut off the one piece without a bone.”

All of the Death Eaters shuddered and ran their hands over their crotches at the memory of that moment.

Voldemort sprang to his feet. “We must escape before Harry Potter blows up the manor house. Quick! Go see if Old Crow is willing to let us leave yet!”

Two Death Eaters near the entrance to the room rushed to the exit of the manor house. As they hit the front lawn, a giant finger came down out of the sky and squashed them both flat.

Hermione looked up to see the giant finger and blinked. “Did you see that?”

“It’s just Old Crow keeping Moldypants and his evil henchmen in the manor until we can get all the explosives set up. Are you really a C cup?” Harry asked curiously.

“Yes, I am, Harry,” she said with a sigh, “Now, hand me that prick... I mean stick of dynamite”

Harry snickered and handed her the sticks. “Be careful. If you rub these the wrong way they’ll blow.”

Voldemort stood on the shoulders of one of his minions and peered out of his basement window, because all evil lairs are underground and a regular window would have been silly, not to mention useless.

“Curses! We can’t leave yet. And Harry Potter is showing that muggle witch with the great tits how to handle his sticks!”

“Master!” cried another Death Eater.

Voldemort, forgetting he was standing on someone’s shoulders, spun and fell. He performed a perfect split, landing atop the head of the Death Eater he had been standing on before sliding down to the floor.

All the minions in the crowded room turned to the one who had shouted for the Dark Lord’s attention and knew he wasn’t going to get any dinner tonight.

“What?” came the high-pitched falsetto voice of the evil Dark Lord from somewhere near the window.

“We can escape now, lord! Old Crow has opened up the apparation... anti-ward...er... thingie... and we can leave!”

Voldemort bounced to his feet. Dark Lords, like Tiggers, bounce very well indeed. “We must run away!”

“Run away!” parroted his minions.

Harry turned the key on the all electronic detonator he had bought from a Radio Shack and the Manor house exploded in a fountain of fire. In the light of that awesome destruction, he couldn’t help but notice that Hermione was really pretty.

Voldemort turned, looked up at Old Crow and shot him the bird before he apparated away.

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Chapter 3 - Harry meets English

Harry meets English!

The anonymous fan fic author hunched over his keyboard and squinted at his computer monitor. He'd had a tough day at school. His English teacher was a real bitch, and he was tired of listening to her complain about his writing. It wasn't like people couldn't understand what he'd written, after all. Well, maybe she couldn't, but she was old. Like, over thirty! What did she know about kids and how they talked to each other? He'd write this chapter just to show her that he could, too, write!

It was a dark and stormie nite.

The author frowned. That was so ordinary. He'd never catch anyone's attention that way. Erasing the line, he started over.

The clouds were thik and it was raining pretty hard, too. It was dark, but that happends when clouds are that thik. Harry sat at his windo in the bois dormroom and staired at nothing. He flintched when Ron snorted and woke up.

“wassamatta, Harry,” the read-head asked sleeplyly.

“i don't no,” the boy-who-lived replied. “I tryed to sleep, but can't.”

Ron climed out of bed and sat next to Harry. “It isn't your scare, is it?”

“no, that hasn't hurt for a wile now.”

“mayby you should go see ginny,” Ron told him. “I know your havin sex with her. Mayby that will help you sleep.”

“you no?” Harry asked, a littel surprised.

“yes. I herd her talking to hermione about it. ginny told her that you twist her into all sorts a strange positions. positions that would brake bones and stuff if this were real. why do you do that?”

“isn't that what all virgins phantasize about when they think about sex?”

“virgins? but your havin sex with her!” ron said.

“yeah, but the author of this isn't. he's a virgin and thinks that's how its done,” harry told him.

The anonymous author flinched when the sound of a gun being cocked came from somewhere behind him. Spinning his chair around quickly, he found himself staring at the business end of a

double-barreled shotgun. Looking up, he frowned at the dark haired woman who sighted down its length.

“Who the hell are you?” he shrieked.

“For anyone reading this drivel, I’m the Angel of Mercy, you little piss ant. This is what happens to those who refuse to listen to their English teachers,” the woman snarled before pulling the trigger.

Bob’s jaw hit the table and he turned to look at Alyx. “What the hell?”

“Sorry, but I just couldn’t stand it anymore,” she muttered, trying to tuck the shotgun behind her body.

“PMS much?” Bob asked her mildly.

“Shut it, Boyo, unless you want me to reload!”

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Chapter 4 - Harry Meets Abraxan

Harry Potter Meets Abraxan

Abraxan leapt from her horse to land in her computer chair. Unfortunately, she misjudged the leap and missed the window entirely. Picking herself up, she limped into the house and slumped down into her chair for another interesting evening of writing fan fiction in the Harry Potter Universe.

She began to type feverishly as the beamed plot bunny from hell... well, not really from hell, more north, like from Idaho... entered her brain.

The sun was down and the weather sucked.

Abraxan stopped and considered the line for a moment, then scratching in a place we can't mention without requiring a federal permit. She erased the line and started over again.

It was a dark and stormy night and Ginny, Hermione and Ron had Harry by the armpits and were rushing him to the Hogwarts infirmary. Harry looked bewildered while his friends looked determined. Well Ginny and Hermione looked determined, Ron looked slightly nauseous and a little constipated and his red hair looked really bad tonight.

Bursting into the infirmary, they threw Harry into one of the beds.

“Madam Pomfrey!” shouted Ginny, her voice laced with worry for her fiancé.

Madam Pomfrey came running into the room from her office. “What ever is the problem?” she asked.

“Harry’s sick, Madam Pomfrey! I think Hermione did something to him again!” shouted Ron, glaring at his girlfriend and promising himself that she was going to get a real spanking later tonight.

“I’m not sick!” Harry said, trying to get out of the bed. He stopped and slumped back in the bed unconscious as Hermione smacked him in the head with a frying pan. Then she hid the pan behind her back and tried to look innocent.

“I didn’t do anything to him!” she protested.

Ginny screeched and whipped out her wand. Ron glared at Hermione and muttered about tonight being a ‘Bad Schoolgirl playtime’.

Abraxan laughed insanely and her fingers began to bleed as she increased her typing speed.

“Wormtail!” Voldemort shouted from his evil backup lair. “I can’t see a friggin’ thing. Get me a pair of EYES!!! And tell me what is going on!”

Wormtail scurried into the room holding an inflatable sex doll under his arm. There was no sense hiding it when his evil overlord couldn't see worth a damn!

“Master, we have ordered new henchmen again, and I have put into motion a complex plan with many obvious flaws, designed to kill Harry Potter.”

Voldemort tried to clap his hands in glee, but without any eyes, his hands missed. Wormtail sighed and placed the inflatable doll in Voldemort's lap, then adjusted his Master's hands so he wouldn't miss.

Voldemort, noticing the doll in his lap shouted in glee. “Bella! Baby! You've come back to Daddykins!”

Wormtail rolled his eyes and began to speak again. “Master, by this time tomorrow we should have killed Harry Potter, if everything goes to plan!”

Voldemort looked to his left and asked, “Oh? How do we expect to do that? Remember, that little meschuganna ripped out my eyeballs and fed them to his pet bird.”

“Well, I was going to use the Black Widow curse on that brown haired cutie-pie friend of his.”

Voldemort's eyes would have lit up if he had any.

“But with all the money we've spent on henchman lately, we couldn't afford it. And because of the battle damage, I couldn't take out a second mortgage on your home in Little Hangleton. But I did send her a copy of an Austin Powers movie laced with subliminals,” Wormtail said, smiling evilly and making funny bunny shadows on the wall, mocking his blind master.

“Excellent Wormtail! Let me reward you for this. CRUCIO!” Voldemort shouted, pointing at a closet door.

Wormtail stood to one side of the door buffing his nails and pretending to scream. “Oh, Ow! Mercy, Master! Ow Ow Ow!”

Abraxan bounced in her computer chair with delight. Then she winced, remembering too late that one shouldn't bounce in a computer chair after spending all day riding a horse. Her fingernails flew off as she increased her typing speed.

Hermione stood, defiantly facing the younger, smaller, less endowed girl.

“Drop your wand and the frying pan, Hermione!” Ginny snarled.

Ron, sensing an imminent fight, ran to get a bowl of popcorn. Harry, being mostly unconscious, did nothing.

Hermione growled back at Ginny, then her shirt popped open and two wand tips extended from her boobs.

“Oh, shit!” cried a barely conscious Harry. “She’s a Hermionebot!”

Harry fell unconscious again as Hermionebot smacked him in the head with the frying pan once more. Just then, the doors burst open and Ron and Hermione entered the room arguing.

“I tell you Hermione, you’re already in the infirmary!” Ron shouted. In one hand he held a super-sized deluxe jumbo fifty-gallon drum of popcorn, in the other hand was a small diet soft drink.

“Oh really, Ronald! Would you kindly let a little blood flow to the big head for once?” Hermione retorted, then she stopped suddenly in shock, spotting the Hermionebot.

Ron ran into her, causing him to trip and spill his drink all over the front of the Hermionebot. Sparks began to shoot from the Hermionebot’s wands and she collapsed.

“OW! My head!” Harry said, coming awake. Then he peered up at Ginny. “Hmmm, I think I like this. There are three of you. Wanna sneak off to the Shrieking Shack? Just the four of us?”

“Harry!” shrieked Hermione in outrage.

“Harry!” shrieked Ginny with glee, and began to unbutton her blouse.

“Not you, Hermione. I may be the Boy-Who-Needs-Hyphenations, but I couldn’t handle three of you and three of Ginny!” Harry replied, and then he wiggled his eyebrows at Ginny, who giggled.

Standing up, Harry and his friends staggered out of the infirmary. There was a moment of silence, and then Ron snuck back in and picked up the Hermionebot, slinging her over his shoulder. He grinned goofily at the readers and muttered something about “a research tool” before leaving the infirmary again.

Abraxan shouted triumphantly, causing a wall sculpture to crash to the floor, then she began to type again.

“Master, Master!” Wormtail shouted, rushing in to the throne room of the evil backup lair. Voldemort looked up from his throne and threw a curse, missing Wormtail by miles.

“What? What bad news do you have for me today? I’m tired of hearing bad news. Why can’t I ever get good news?” whined Voldemort.

“It’s good news, Master!” shouted Wormtail.

“Good news? I LOVE GOOD NEWS! Tell me, tell me, tell me!”

“Our Death Eater in Hogwarts is going to attempt to kill Harry Potter tonight!”

Voldemort bounced up and down in his chair. “WooHoo!!”

Abraxan paused to consider her next move. She reached for some three-day-old coffee and a

cheese and tuna sandwich, which was even older. Taking a bite and waiting for the hallucinations to set in, she went back to her typing.

Harry chased the damn stupid snitch and he was damn cold and damn tired. The score was 5000 to 0, and Gryffindor was winning, of course. They were playing Slytherin, of course, because Gryffindor always beats Slytherin. Harry chased and chased that snitch until he finally caught it in his hand.

He looked around, expecting the crowd to go wild with glee that the damn game was finally over, but there was no sound at all. He glanced at his radar altimeter. Being at 57,254 feet AGL, he doubted that people saw him catch the snitch. He tipped over his broom and went into a power dive.

The dive was perfect, and then the batteries in his broom died.

Gulping nervously, then vomiting profusely, our gallant hero knew he had but moments to live if he didn't do something and do it fast. He was reluctant to slow his fall because he was now being chased by a flying puddle of barf. Considering his options, he immediately discarded the easy things that would work, like transforming into his Phoenix form or into his Threstral form. He briefly considered transforming into a wooly mammoth, but he decided against that. The flight characteristics of the wooly mammoth were quite poor.

Next, he tried conjuring a parachute, but that didn't work. All he got were several ducks with ropes tied to their feet. He could see the ground coming closer and he was starting to panic. In desperation, he determined that he needed help and he needed it now!

“*Accio Hermione!*”

“*Accio Dumbledore!*”

“*Accio Snape!*”

“*Accio ...*”

“Harry, you moron! Shut up!” screamed Hermione, and then she realized exactly where she was and proceeded to climb up Harry's body, wrapping herself around him in such a way that Harry wasn't able to see a thing. His face, however, was quite comfortable nestled between her boobs. Harry pondered the possibilities of slipping Ginny a boob *Engorgio* potion.

“My, this is a fascinating altitude,” said Dumbledore. “Look! I can see all the way to Jersey from here!”

Harry tried to look at Jersey, but was mesmerized by the twin peaks. Nodding to the Headmaster, he tried to lick both at the same time and succeeded. Hermione looked surprised, then pleased. Being a snaketongue did have some advantages!

“Potter!” Snape shrieked like a girl and pushed his robe down to hide the pink bloomers he was

wearing.

“Anyone have a clue what to do? I have enough power to blow a hole clean through the planet, but I’m just the dumb hero. Hermione and Dumbledore are the brains. Although I will admit, Hermione had a much nicer chest than Dumbledore does. And I called Snape up here because I figured that, if anyone wanted to see me die up close, it would be him!” Harry exclaimed.

Dumbledore grabbed hold of Hermione in a place we can’t mention without a federal permit and leered. She gaped in surprise and Harry laughed, then Dumbledore preceded to apparate all three of them to the stands below.

Snape looked around at the empty sky and started to scream like a girl as he dropped to the Quidditch pitch below. The students in the stands, seeing their favorite potions Professor dropping to his death, decided to take action. En mass, the students began to conjure all sorts of interesting things for Snape to land on - spikes, pits full of piranha borrowed from another chapter of this story, ground glass and even a few flaming pools of oil.

Meanwhile, Hermione turned to Harry and smacked him in the head with another frying pan. Harry whimpered and collapsed to the floor. Ron and Ginny both sighed and grabbed Harry for his trip to the infirmary.

“This is getting to be a habit,” moaned Ron.

“I’m never getting laid in this chapter!” whined Ginny.

As they walked to the infirmary, none of them took notice of their potions Professor, who was currently located mid-field, on fire, screaming like a girl, running towards the lake. Perhaps someone would get around to tell him that the water in the lake was replaced with gasoline, though no one really thought that would happen.

Bursting through the doors of the infirmary, they threw Harry onto a bed and Ron went to get Madam Pomfrey. Hermione soothed Harry’s brow and, when Ginny wasn’t looking, hit him again with the frying pan.

Ron backed quickly out of infirmary office and sped to hide behind Hermione. Madam Pomfrey stepped out of her office wearing a black leather bustier, eight-inch spike leather boots that went all the way up to her thighs and she carried a bullwhip.

“Welcome to Poppy Pomfrey’s House of Pain,” she said, cracking the whip.

Ron and Ginny grabbed the unconscious Harry and bolted from the infirmary, while Hermione asked Madam Pomfrey where she could get lingerie like that.

“I wonder were Vol...Vol...You-Know-Who is?” Ron puffed out as he tightened his grip on Harry.

“No idea,” Ginny said, wondering how quickly she could ditch Ron so she could jump Harry.

A very groggy Harry lifted his head as Ron and Ginny dragged him through the halls. “I know where Voldemort’s lair is,” he groaned. “And I’ll tell you where it is if you’ll only put me down before a puke.”

“Brilliant!” cried Ginny

“Brilliant? Don’t you mean gross? I mean it *is* puke, Ginny!” Ron said, dropping his best friend and jumping back, just to be safe.

Ginny rolled her eyes. “You really are too stupid to live, Ron. You know that, right?”

Abraxan hunched over her keyboard and swayed with exhaustion. This plot bunny was tearing her apart! Without thinking, she began to type again.

Voldemort reached blindly, his hands groping, until they closed upon two round objects that Wormtail had rolled into his chambers. He felt them carefully, and then cackling insanely he shoved them into his empty eye sockets.

Voldemort screamed intensely. After all, you’re supposed to scream when you shove something into your eye socket. Massive waves of pain radiated from his head and he barfed on Nagini.

Shaking his head wildly, he tried to focus his vision, knowing full well that his brain would require some time to adjust to his new eyes.

The scene cleared and Tiger Woods stepped up to the tee. The crowd hushed. He started to swing when suddenly a voice pierced his concentration. Tiger Wood, who was no relation to that Auror Michael Wood that Old Crow likes to kill in every story, released his golf club mid-swing, killing a nearby spectator.

“Wormtail, you moron! These are golf balls, not eye balls!” Voldemort shouted.

Wormtail was rolling around on the floor laughing his arse off - because he kept his wand in the back pocket against Moody’s advice.

Alarms suddenly began to scream throughout the backup evil lair. Wormtail crawled to his feet and rushed to Voldemort’s backup evil lair throne room.

“Master, we’re under attack and our order of Henchmen haven’t arrived!”

“Who’s attacking us? Who dares to attack me, the Evil Voldemort?” The Dark Lord shouted, placing his pinky near his mouth in a near perfect imitation of Doctor Evil.

“It’s Harry Potter and the DA!” replied Wormtail.

“HAH! I laugh at the DA!”

“Oh, and he has a division of heavy tanks... and what looks like the US 7th Calvary.”

“Damn you, Potter! Unleash the backup Evil lair Defenses! We’ll fight them off!” Voldemort snarled, because evil overlords are good at snarling.

Five thousand miles above the Evil Backup Lair, machine guns and Hermionebots leapt into action. The DA, seeing the hundreds of Hermionebots, recoiled back in fear from their hilltop, until Harry rode down in front of them, smacking his sword against theirs.

“This is a red day! A dead day! A bad scene stolen from that ‘Return of the King’ movie! Now fight, DA, for your homes, your country, your families, your women. And if you don’t have women, help yourself to a few Hermionebots. I’m sure the real Hermione won’t mind,” shouted Harry Potter, General and Lord High Commander of the DA, third time winner of Witch Weekly’s Nicest Smile award, Holder of the Holy Athletic Supporter, Keeper of the Sacred Over the Shoulder Boulder Holder.

“Harry, you moron!” Hermione said, brandishing her frying pan menacingly at him.

Harry winced and Ginny sighed lustily at him. She had plans for some serious magic later tonight.

“Attack!” shouted Harry.

Abraxan spun in her computer chair, because it was a fun thing to do and laughed insanely. A small amount of drool dribbled down the side of her mouth and she peered at her computer with bloodshot eyes.

“CRY HAVOC!!! AND UNLEASH THE DOGS OF WAR!” Shouted Voldemort, then he spun in his command chair.

“Shields! Engage cloaking device!”

Wormtail banged his head on the wall and muttered, “I knew we shouldn’t have let him watch the ‘Undiscovered Country’!”

“Come Master, we must leave this place! I’ve already engaged the auto destruct!” Wormtail said.

“You have 20 seconds to reach minimum safe distance!” shouted a voice.

“RUN AWAY!” Voldemort commanded. As the backup evil lair exploded around him, he apparated away.

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Chapter 5 - Slasher Harry

HARRY...

The sun disappeared and a crack of sound shattered the silence of the potions classroom, causing the students to scream, and Professor Snape to shriek like a little girl.

The anonymous Fan Fiction author frowned. Snape was sexy...she couldn't have him screaming like a little girl. No, the line just didn't work. Placing her cursor just so, she erased the sentence and tried again.

It was a dark and stormy...day. The only light in the potions classroom came from the fires under the student's cauldrons.

"You have the ingredients for your brewing. You have one hour to complete the potion. Begin," Snape said, sneering at the class.

Harry rolled his eyes at the Professor's sneer and turned to the ingredients spread out before him. He let his mind wander a bit as he cut, chopped, shredded and tore the various leaves, legs and innards the potion called for. As he began adding them to his cauldron, he became aware of a looming figure behind him.

"What are you doing, Sir?" Harry asked quietly, not looking at the Professor.

"Watch your potion, Mr. Potter," Snape growled.

"Yes, Sir," Harry said, trying not to sigh. *The man really is too much, he thought. How does he expect us to brew potions when he looms over us like some greasy bat? He never hounds his bloody Slytherins! He should be fired for his...hang on! Did he just pinch my arse?*

"Sir?" Harry squeaked questioningly.

"Five points from Gryffindor, Mr. Potter. I told you, watch your potion!" Snape said menacingly.

"Yes, Sir, I know. But did you just...I mean..." He trailed off with a shudder, unable to complete the thought.

"Did I just what, Mr. Potter?" Snape's voice was husky and Harry's eyes widened as he felt another pinch.

Panicked, not knowing what else to do, Harry leaned away from the Professor and bumped into his cauldron. It teetered for a moment over the fire before turning over and hitting the floor with a loud crash.

“Twenty points from Gryffindor, Mr. Potter!” Snape bellowed as he jumped back from the quickly spreading liquid. “Out, all of you! Gather your things and leave. Everyone receives an incomplete for this assignment!”

Not caring that the entire class was now staring daggers at him, Harry gathered his things in a rush and bolted from the room, trying not to throw up. Snape had pinched his arse!

As he tore up the stairs from the dungeons, he passed two fifth year girls making out on a stairwell. He paused for a moment, strangely aroused by the sight, before pushing on to the Great Hall.

“Harry! Wait up, will you?” a voice cried from behind him.

Reaching the landing of the main floor, Harry paused and caught his breath while he waited for his friends to catch up.

“Why didn’t you wait?” Ron asked a few moments later.

“What happened, Harry?” Hermione asked, scowling.

“I don’t want to talk about it,” he muttered, walking into the Great Hall.

“Knocking over that cauldron earned me an incomplete!” she raged at him. “Whether you want to or not, you’re going to tell me what happened or I’ll curse you into next week!”

“Okay, okay. Geez, touchy much?” Harry grumbled, stopping just inside the doors. “You won’t believe this but...well, Snape pinched my arse...twice!”

Hermione frowned and Ron looked puzzled. “So?” the redhead asked, clearly confused.

“Ron! He pinched my arse. A man...the greasy git...pinched my arse!”

Ron rolled his eyes and sighed. “Believe it or not, I understood you the first time. Now, would you like to explain where the problem lies?”

“Where the problem...” Harry sputtered.

“Was it because it was Snape who did it?” Hermione asked.

“Yes...I mean no...I mean. Ah! Don’t you two get it? A man pinched my arse. What was I supposed to do, stand there and enjoy it?”

Ron and Hermione looked at each other for a moment, before turning back to Harry. As one, they said, “Of course.”

Harry would later swear that everyone in the Great Hall heard his jaw hit the floor.

“Come on, Harry. Haven’t you been paying attention? Look around you, mate,” Ron said, the laughter clear in his voice.

Gazing around the rapidly filling Great Hall, his eyes bulged. There were couples making out at various tables. That, in itself, was unusual, as the Professor’s frowned on public displays of affection. None of the adults were putting a stop to it however, and were, in fact, engaging in their own bit of tonsil hockey. That was unheard of! But that still wasn’t the last of it. No, the last of it was that most of the couples were of the same gender. And while Harry adjusted himself a bit as he watched Padma and Lavender make out, the reason for that adjustment disappeared rapidly once he spied Draco Malfoy in a lip lock with Crabbe.

“Oh, gods,” he choked, trying to hold back the rising bile. “Why do fanfic authors insist on throwing me into slash stories? I’m not gay!”

“I think he’s protesting a little too much, Ron,” Hermione said, her eyes dancing.

“I agree. Come on, mate. If you’re nice, I’ll let you join Dean and me later tonight. We’ll break you in nice and easy,” he said with a leer.

“Break me in?” Harry said, turning his stunned eyes towards Ron.

“Of course. I mean, if you’re going to turn Snape down...” Ron trailed off seeing the shudder run through Harry’s body.

“Hermione?” Harry asked in a whisper. “I thought you and Ron would be dating... or something...”

“Ron and I? Oh please,” Hermione said, laughing. “I’m screwing Pansy Parkinson!”

Harry turned away from her and gazed out over the Great Hall, studiously avoiding the Head table and what was going on there. “Am I the only straight person at Hogwarts?” he asked in disbelief.

“’Fraid so,” Ron said, clapping him on the shoulder. “But don’t worry, we can change that.” He then ran his hand down Harry’s back.

Before Ron’s hand could reach his arse, he sprung away. Spinning around, his eyes met Ron’s amused gaze and he glared. “I know an incredibly painful castration spell, Weasley, and I’m not afraid to use it! Spread the word!”

Marching from the Great Hall, Harry swallowed heavily. He could take anything but this. *Fucking fanfic authors*, he raged once more.

VOLDEMORT...

“WORMTAIL!” shouted Voldemort before he reached down and gently stroked his snake, Nagini.

A moment later Wormtail rushed into the room. Voldemort blinked in surprise, then again in

shock. Then he growled and pounded on the arm of his leather throne. His eyes narrowed as he looked around and spotted the collection of spiked dildos hanging from the walls.

“Damn it! Wormtail, don’t tell me this is another slash fic!” Voldemort snapped.

Wormtail, dressed in black motorcycle leathers, a leather vest and a motorcycle cap, nodded enthusiastically.

“Argh! I hate slash fics! Stupid slash authors invent amazingly impossible plots. I should kill you all for this!” he growled.

Wormtail spun around, showing a pair of bare buttocks, and shouted, “OH, spank me, Master!”

Voldemort rolled his eyes. “Summon Malfoy!” he snapped.

Wormtail looked up from stuffing a hamster into a tube and nodded, running from the room. The hamster, looking extraordinary relieved, scrambled to the floor, where Nagini ate it.

A moment later a very naked and very angry looking Malfoy shuffled into the room. In front of him was an equally embarrassed Cornelius Fudge.

Voldemort blinked in surprise, then once again in shock, and finally in loathing.

“Do I want to know what the hell you two are doing?” asked Voldemort dryly.

Malfoy looked annoyed and mumbled something under his breath.

“What? Lucius, speak up or I’ll curse you!” the Dark Lord snapped, quickly losing what little patience he had with his henchman.

“Well, you see, I was giving Cornelius his daily instructions and Nott replaced my bottle of Wizzie Lube with Wizzie super glue!”

Voldemort buried his face in his hands. It was an improvement. “This can’t be happening to me,” he moaned.

“Oh no, my lord. It wouldn’t happen to you. I make sure your lube is good every night,” offered Wormtail, then he looked annoyed. “Has anyone seen my hamster?”

“Alright! Enough of this crap! We’ll try one evil plot and if it doesn’t work, I’m leaving this story! Malfoy, I’ve looked up the birth records and your son is one/two millionth part Veela. I want him to use his Veela powers to put Harry Potter under a spell and get him pregnant. He’ll be so fucked up with hormones that he’ll not be able to fight me!”

Malfoy looked at him strangely. “You want Draco, my son, to get Potter, the son of James Potter, pregnant?”

Voldemort nodded and laughed maniacally. “It can’t fail! And if it does, I’ll turn your boy into a girl!”

“Here hamster, here hamster,” whined Wormtail plaintively.

“Wormtail! Leave the bloody rodent alone and concentrate!” the Dark Lord screeched.

Hogwarts...

After Harry left the Great Hall, our stalwart Fan Fic Slash Author lifted the ceiling of the Great Hall and handed Draco a new copy of the plot. Draco’s eyes lit up and he immediately sported a woody because that’s what evil, one/two millionth part Veelas do.

Standing, he immediately peeled down to his speedos. Millicent sighed lustily. Draco looked at Millicent in disgust and Snape killed her for being straight. No Slytherin was allowed to be straight and live! Not while he was Head of Slytherin!

“I am Veela! Hear me roar!” shouted Draco, climbing atop the table.

“Oh, you go girl!” shouted Ginny back at him.

“Strut it, muffin man!” yelled Professor Flitwick.

At that point, all of the boys in the Great Hall stood and danced up to the front of the room singing, ‘It’s Raining Men’.

The boys began high kicking and several of the Gryffindor Quidditch team boys swung from bars. A disco ball dropped from the ceiling and Draco leapt from table to table, showing off his firm arse.

The music changed and the boys picked up with the tune of the Village People’s ‘In The Navy.’ Several of the girls transfigured their clothing into uniforms before climbing onto the tables to dance.

Dumbledore walked up and down the aisles of the Great Hall, offering to give good grades to any guy who would give him a lap dance.

Finally, Draco finished his dance routine and touched up his make-up before chasing after Harry.

Meanwhile, Harry had managed to escape the school and was passing Hagrid’s hut when he heard a voice.

“Alright there, Harry?” asked Hagrid.

“Hello Hagrid,” replied Harry.

“You seem a touch tense, Harry,” commented Hagrid.

“Oh, I’m fine. I just discovered I’m in a slash story and I’m not enjoying it. My two best friends are as queer as a three-dollar bill, Snape wants to fondle my arse and the girl I wanted for a girlfriend is more interested in tits than I am!”

“Come in, Harry. Have a cup of tea and we’ll talk about it. I thought you knew that, despite Wizarding Britain being Victorian in morals, Hogwarts is an all gay school?”

“No, Hagrid, you neglected to mention that little tidbit when you took me to Diagon Alley. Had I known that, I would have chosen another school!” Harry said through gritted teeth.

Hagrid frowned. “I’m sure I said something about it. Well, no matter. Harry, would you be more comfortable if you sat on my lap?”

Harry shuddered and mentally cast the Cruciatus curse on every slash writer. “Er, no thanks, Hagrid. I’m fine where I am.”

“Oh, well no worries, Harry. I’ll have Fang sit on my lap later. He’s a big coward, but he’s got a nice arse.”

Harry shuddered again and sincerely hoped he did not run into Firenze today. The way things were going he just knew he’d find out if the centaur was ‘hung like a stallion’.

Both men looked out the window and spotted Draco, wearing his speedos and sporting a woody so massive, he’d put it in a wheelbarrow so he could move. Walking around, he was calling Harry’s name.

“Oh, look Harry! It’s Veela Draco! I bet he wants you to be his butt monkey!” snickered Hagrid.

“OY! I have a surprise for you, Potter,” shouted the blonde Veela, because in slash canon, all Veela are blond and gay.

Hagrid turned to say something to Harry, but frowned instead when he saw that the boy had already left.

Draco stopped in his search and whimpered in pain. He had downed a bottle of Viagra in anticipation and his stiffy was starting to sting.

Meanwhile, up at the castle, Ron Weasley, the red headed Einstein of Slashorama, was in the infirmary after discovering that a wooden broom handle was not an adequate substance to insert into one’s orifices.

“Latex!” Madam Pomfrey shouted at the silly redhead as she removed another splinter.

Ginny and Hermione sat nearby, groping each other and giggling at Ron’s condition.

Meanwhile, at a nearby bus station, two men, one with red eyes, and the other with green, sat waiting for a bus.

The two glared at each other for a moment, then started to laugh as they each pulled out a Hustler magazine.

“I’m out of this story,” growled Voldemort.

“I’m heading to some place where I can get laid,” commented Harry smugly.

“Oh? Where’s that?”

“Vegas!” said Harry proudly.

Voldemort blinked in surprise, then again in confusion.

“Right then, you’re taking a muggle bus from England to Vegas?” he asked in a dry tone.

“Yeah, I heard the Vegas show girls are really easy!” Harry said happily, and then he held up the Hustler article, because everyone knows guys only buy those magazines for the articles. The title of the article was, ‘How to Get Laid in Vegas After Escaping a Slash Fic, in Five Easy Steps’.

Voldemort arched an eyebrow and then went to change his ticket. Vegas sounded like more fun than going to Manchester. Somehow, a man’s chest didn’t interest him, despite the author’s wishes.

“Mind if I tag along?”

Harry shrugged. “I often thought you’d be a nice guy if you just got laid, Tom.”

“Shut it, Potter,” the Dark Lord replied mildly.

Bobmin

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Chapter 6 - Harry meets Kinsfire

Harry Potter Meets Kinsfire

Kinsfire sat motionless in front of his keyboard and he contemplated his muse... the nearly twenty five year old playboy centerfold of Jackie Muse that hung fading in a corner over his monitor.

Struggling for inspiration, he popped a Viagra and began to type.

It was a cold, and it was dark. I think it was night. And it was raining. Oh, yeah, and there was lightening too.

Frowning, he repositioned his cursor and erased the line. It sounded too much like Rosswrock for his taste.

It was a dark and stormy night. Lightening flashed and Harry Potter became momentarily visible, because that's what lightening does. It's not like a light bulb, you know! His features were stark and his brow was furrowed as he examined the mountain lair that contained his mortal enemy, Voldemort!

Harry checked his watch, and was impressed by the glow of the dark numbers. Besides, checking his watch was a cool thing to do. Next to him stood Hermione and Ginny, both dressed in white bikinis, which, while looking really nice, were not adequate protection from the cold rain on the mountaintop. On the other hand, they both wore awesome utility belts with potions, wand holster, flash bang grenades and a built in condom dispenser.

“Harry, can we attack already? If my nipples get any harder from this cold they are going to pop off!” moaned Hermione.

“At least you have boobs, you bloody cow,” muttered a jealous Ginny.

“Now Ginny, you have a great ass. Boobs aren't everything,” Harry offered with a smile as he fondled Hermione's boobs.

Kinsfire paused in his writing as Dorothy walked by wearing a pair of cowboy boots, hat and nothing else. Scratching his head in confusion, he returned to his writing.

Voldemort paced around his evil lair and looked at the blank monitors. Being a wizard and believing that nothing muggle is worthwhile, he had completely destroyed the muggle security system, rendering the banks of monitors useless.

“Wormtail! Report!” he snarled.

“My Lord, the screens are dark! It must be night out!”

Voldemort smacked his palm against his head. “No shit! Homer Simpson would be a smarter henchman!”

Wisely Wormtail decided not to ask his lord and master why his palm was hairier than his head.

“Wormtail! Have you heard back from Rent-a-henchman?”

“Yes, my lord,” said the evil rat like man. “They refuse to return the deposit on last batch and are insisting on a larger cash deposit for the next two hundred henchmen. They expect to be delivered in a few hours.”

Voldemort rubbed his hands and cackled in glee. “AT LAST!” he shouted, “I will be able to begin my diabolical plot to take over... take over... eh.... um, Wormtail? What are we taking over again?”

Wormtail quickly hid his copy of Playwitch and concentrated for a moment. “This is a trick question, right? If I answer it wrong you’re going to cast the Cruciatus curse on me. If I answer it right, you’re still going to cast the Cruciatus curse on me. Either way, I’m fucked, right?”

“No! Now tell me what we’re trying to take over again!”

“The world, my lord!”

“Thank you. Now... *Crucio* ! You spineless fool!”

Kinsfire leaned back in his chair and smiled. The story was going well and nearly writing itself without any help from him! So entranced was he, he never noticed Dorothy walk by his computer wearing a French maid outfit and pushing a wheel barrow.

“Now Harry? Can we attack now?” Whined Ginny.

Harry looked up from spanking Hermione. “NO! We have to wait until Voldemort’s henchmen arrive!”

“Well, what’s taking them so long?”

“I think they got their driving instructions from Ron. You know your brother, he gets lost going to the loo.”

“I’ll say! Last week he went to the loo and grabbed a hair, then peed down his leg!”

Hermione waved up at Kinsfire to catch his attention. “Can you move it along? That was way too much information! Besides it’s cold out here.”

Kinsfire nodded and magically transported the henchmen to the base of the mountain where they used the secret entrance to enter the evil lair.

Hermione blinked in confusion. “You mean we walked all the way up this fucking mountain and there was a fucking entrance at the bottom?” she yelled skyward at the mysterious author.

Kinsfire grinned sheepishly and bleated a few times before nodding. Meanwhile Harry was showing Ginny how much he appreciated her bum. It would take weeks before she’d be able to sit comfortably and his teeth marks would leave scars.

Harry sprang to his feet, because heroes are good at springing. “Now we can attack!”

He flicked his wand. *The wooden one! Get your mind out of the gutter!* And it shot sparks. From behind him hundreds of Harry’s Honeys rose in the darkness, ninja like. Well, maybe not ninja like. They could have just been good at hiding. In any case, it was really cool looking. And the utility belts were very impressive on the bikini clad vixens. If anyone bothered to look closer they would discover Harry’s Honeys consisted of every female from Hogwarts and a few he stole from Bigbottoms... you know, that place in France next to Le Hooters.

As one, Harry and his Honeys moved up to the crater of the extinct volcano.

Kinsfire laughed to himself at what was about to happen. His sudden motion caused his muse to flutter briefly and the nearby heart monitor beeped warningly. He settled down and did his breathing exercises, which didn’t really work. Quite honestly, he’d rather watch Dorothy breathing.

Wormtail rushed into the room. “Master! The henchmen have arrived!”

A door opened and the henchmen streamed into the room, hundreds of them! Voldemort blinked in surprise as the henchmen lined up in nice, neat rows. They were wearing black masks over their eyes and spandex gray tights with question marks on them.

“Hey! Where’s the Riddler?” shouted one henchman.

Voldemort swung to face Wormtail. “You dolt! They sent us the wrong henchmen!”

Wormtail groveled before the Dark Lord. “They were all we could get on such short notice, Master!”

Voldemort began to pound his head against the arm of his throne when the sound of an alarm shrieked through the room. Swinging around wildly, he faced Wormtail again. “What’s that noise? Don’t they know I have a migraine?”

“Master! There’s an army of bikini clad busty babes in the crater! They’re led by Harry Potter!” shouted Wormtail.

“POTTER! Why does he always get the prime nookie while I’m left with the dregs? Even Bellatrix would be a welcome change from Wormtail,” Voldemort muttered to himself before shaking off the bit of self-pity. “Henchmen! Defend the evil lair!” the Dark Lord shouted, before he stood up. He then walked over to make sure his river of piranha fish were still alive, just in

case he managed to maneuver Harry Potter to cross the obviously trapped bridge.

Kinsfire cackled in front of his computer. The power, the rush of adrenalin, the feel of omnipotence! Or was it impotence? No, no, it was omnipotence!

Harry and his Honeys made their way down the crater to the false lake and planted muggle explosives to blow huge gaping holes in the steel covering. Then they'd brave the random gunfire and slide down official ninja ropes to the evil lair below.

Harry grabbed Ginny and kissed her passionately. "Be safe, my darling!" he shouted before pushing her through the hole in the covering.

Then he grabbed another Honey and repeated the process. He had kissed about forty of his Honeys so far and when he paused to some chapstick, Hermione stopped him.

"Harry, you dick! You aren't giving the girls time to tie off to the ninja rope!"

Harry looked sheepish for a moment, even bleating a few times. "OOPS!" he said apologetically.

"OOOOH, you! If you weren't hung like a hippogriff I'd swear off boys and become a lesbian! Now let them tie off before you push them through!" Hermione harangued him.

Below the ceiling, inside the huge cavernous area, Ginny rolled off the body of Draco Malfoy and looked around wildly. Evil Henchmen poured out of the exits along the sides of the walls and there was a really cool monorail that ran along the rim of the cavern. In the center of the cavern was a missile made up of hundreds of broomsticks, and it was burning.

A moment later, Harry and Hermione appeared at Ginny's side. Both girls whipped out their wands and covered Harry as he preened for the security cameras.

"Damn it, Harry, I won't be able to shag you silly if you're dead. Well, I could, but that's disgusting, and I don't think the author's into that sort of thing. Now crouch down like the rest of us!" Ginny snarled.

Kinsfire sat back from his computer, contemplating the act of necrophilia. He could...no, Ginny was right. That was disgusting, even for him.

"Yes dear," Harry said, crouching down.

Harry watched as the Honeys decimated the Riddler's henchmen and wondered if they had attacked the wrong evil lair by mistake.

"Is this the right lair?" Hermione asked.

Harry checked his map carefully. "This is what I got from Mapquest. It's got to be the right one!"

Ginny peeked over his shoulder and looked at the map. She could clearly see the spot marked on

the map labeled 'Voldemort's Secret Lair'. Then she whirled and flung a condom at a henchman who had been trying to sneak up on them. The condom flew out of its wrapper and expanded to capture the henchman.

"It's the right place, Hermione. Voldemort must be subletting the place from the Riddler!"

Kinsfire looked up from his computer as Dorothy skated past him. She was wearing a nun's habit and carrying a hockey stick. Shaking his head in confusion, he looked back at the screen.

"Master!" shouted Wormtail, "The henchmen are losing!"

Voldemort looked up from a BDSM Magazine that seemed to involve a pony, three dogs, a midget and someone who looked remarkably like Professor McGonagall. "Losing? We can't lose! We are the evil villains in this story! I won't let us lose! Sound the retreat and activate the self destruct mechanism!"

Voldemort scurried to his escape egg and struggled to get inside. He hadn't been watching his weight recently and the escape egg was designed for a much smaller evil villain. With much grunting and sucking in of his rather large gut, he managed to get inside.

Wormtail rushed to a wall panel and pushed a button. The panel slid back revealing a bank of controls. Grabbing the manual, he read quickly.

To Activate the Simple Self Destruct Mechanism.

Step One - Slide control A to Maximum

Step Two - Turn knob B47 left three clicks.

Step Three - Insert Key into Key insertion mechanism and turn right.

Step Four - Sound Alarm.

Step Five - File Environment Impact Statement for Nuclear Reactor Overload.

Step Six - Slide control A92 to the far right.

Wormtail continued to read, and read and read. Finally, in disgust, he threw the manual into the river of piranha and the fish promptly tore the book to shreds. Pulling his wand, he cast a *Reducto* r curse on the control panel and apparated away.

Kinsfire laughed excitedly and took a moment to replace his keyboard with one far less sticky. He paused as Dorothy walked by wearing a blue dress and leading a small dog named Toto. He suspected he was no longer in Kansas.

Harry and his Honeys paused in the midst of battle, because it was time for them to pause. At that very moment, over the public address system, they heard:

“PHONE CALL FOR ALBUS DUMBLEDORE.”

No, not really, what they actually heard was:

“Reactor overload. You have five minutes to reach the minimum safe distance of two hundred kilometers.”

“Gods, she sounds cute!” Harry commented.

Hermione grabbed him by one arm, while Ginny grabbed the other. “Come on, loverboy. You can look her up later. We need to boogie out of here, like, right now!”

Nodding, Harry pulled up his zipper, which was a secret signal to all the Honeys to return to their secret base, which Harry called the Honey Pot.

With a slurping sound, they apparated away, leaving the Riddler’s Henchmen wandering around the evil Lair, wondering where the Riddler was.

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Chapter 7 - Harry goes to Azkaban

Harry Meets Azkaban

The dawn slowly filtered into the window of our Generic Azkaban Fan Fiction Author's window and he glanced up. He had two choices, he could go to school or he could cut his classes and work on his latest Azkaban opus. Shaking his head, he took another toke on his joint and wondered if his parents would be hung over enough to not notice the smell of his smoking.

Facing his computer, he began to type.

It was a dark and stormy night.

He frowned and pounded his head against the wall, which woke his little sister. He went back and erased the line, staring over.

It was dark in the prison cell. Outside, the fury of a north Atlantic storm raged against the shores of the island and Harry Potter swung from the bars like the ape in a Samsonite commercial from many years ago. He used it as a training regime and it was fun to do. It was now his sixth year of confinement in Azkaban for crimes that we invented and you know he didn't commit.

In his first year of imprisonment, he nearly went insane. But instead, he developed a magical hangnail on his large toe that enabled him to resist the power of the Dementors by chewing for hours on it.

Finished swinging, Harry crouched down in a corner and slowly peeled the legs off a spider before eating it. Every so often he'd giggle slightly, then his eyes would lose focus and he'd mumbled arcane and dangerous things like, "Light paths are direct connections between the source of data and the recipient over an optical network," and "Going into the polarized proton-proton run, PHENIX faced the challenge that the RCF would be busy reconstructing and analyzing gold-gold and copper-copper data recorded in 2004 and 2005."

Clearly Harry Potter was an insane genius who had miraculously picked up his knowledge as a result of his extensive stay in the Wizarding prison. He had also, just as a hobby, mastered Wandless Magic, telekinesis and Japanese origami, which should never be confused with Japanese Origasmi, which is something entirely different. He had given up on his attempts to conjure anti-matter, Kryptonite and Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Today was a special day. Being a super powered Harry, he knew that Voldemort and his forces would be coming to rescue all of the Dark Lord's henchmen from prison. What Voldemort didn't know was that the Order knew of his plans and was planning to stop him. What the Order of the Phoenix and Voldemort didn't know was that Harry Potter knew that they knew of Voldemort's plans and their plans to stop him, and he was making plans himself to kill Voldemort, prove his innocence and make all of his old friends feel really bad about their treatment of him, get some

free money from the Government, make Fudge quiver in fear and perhaps pose for Playwitch. However, all of that would come only after he'd found a pain-relieving potion to deal with the headache this paragraph had caused him.

Harry's eyes unfocused, because your eyes do that when you're seeing things really far away with walls and crap in between you and what your seeing. Then he looked up at the readers and grinned. "They're here!" he said in a little girl voice. Nearby a television was tuned to an empty channel showing static and snow. A short woman appeared with an annoying voice, but Harry didn't want any distractions so he transfigured her into an apple and tossed her to the starving inmate across the hall from him.

Our author grunted in pain and pulled the alligator clip out of his butt, then sat back down so he could continue his story. He felt this was a really good one, one that would make people stand up and go 'wow' or maybe even 'yay', although he would settle for 'cool' or 'gnarly'.

His fingers buzzed over his keyboard and his mouse smoked as it moved at high speed. He must finish this story now!

Earlier that evening at Hogwarts...

Severus Snape stepped out of the fireplace coughing, his robes on fire. Several Order members turned a fire hose on him to put out the blaze.

"Headmaster, when are you going to fix this thing?" Snape shouted, still trying to put out his hair. Petroleum fires are notoriously difficult to put out and very smoky.

"Oh Severus," the Headmaster began, only to pause long enough to cough heavily. "Do stop whining. We are most sick of it. One would have thought that once we imprisoned Potter on those made up charges, you would have mellowed. But no..." He paused once again and coughed into his snot rag. "No, you have to be the Sith Lord in training. Now put out your hair and let's get to business."

Everyone froze and stared at Dumbledore in shock.

"Wait a minute," screeched Hermione. "You mean Harry was innocent?"

Dumbledore buffed his nails. "Of course he was innocent! I did it for the greater good. You got laid, Hermione. I got to rob his family vault, Severus got to gloat, the Weasleys got money and Fudge became happy and cooperative. Hell, even Voldemort was happy. You see? The greater good."

Hermione looked at her husband, Ron, and her lower lip trembled. The guilt she was feeling was massive. "B-b-but! Ronald, tell me you didn't know about this!" she demanded, whirling on her husband of three years.

Ron looked nervously at his wife. He never could lie to her. Well, he could, and often tried, but he

rarely got away with it.

“I didn’t know a thing!” he replied in protest. His brow was furrowed and sweating, his hands shook violently, steam rose from his ears and his stiffy wilted.

Hermione relaxed and smiled fondly at him. “Oh, alright. So what’s on the telly tonight?”

Snape finally put out his hair and straightened up. “I’m afraid you’ll have to forgo watching the Red Green reruns, Mrs. Weasley. The Dark Lord is due to attack Azkaban tonight at eight o’clock. He will attack from the east, southeast, using a mix of thirty-five dementors and two hundred and eighty three Death Eaters. He has also trained several dolphins to carry wands and limpet mines. I would tell you more, but he doesn’t reveal his plans to me,” said the sly spy.

Dumbledore turned to Hermione. “Isn’t tonight the night they explain bondage and the uses of duct tape on Red Green?” he asked.

“Yes. I was planning on taping it. Would you like me to make you a copy?” asked Hermione brightly.

Dumbledore nodded happily then turned to face the rest of the Order. “Very well, we can spend the next three hours preparing nifty little traps and weapons to kill Death Eaters, or we can play Chutes and Ladders and arrive at Azkaban unprepared. What say the Order of the Phoenix?” asked Dumbledore.

“Chutes and Ladders” cried the group. And there was much rejoicing in Hogwarts that night.

Meanwhile, aboard Voldemort’s invasion fleet...

Well, its not really a fleet, but it sounds more impressive than three tugboats and a tramp freighter. Voldemort had positioned his chair so he could lean to one side and hurl over the edge as needed. It was a rough night and he hadn’t yet developed his sea legs.

Suddenly Wormtail rushed into the room. “My Lord! The Death Star has just entered the system and we have the Rebel base on the scanners. We will be in firing range in thirty minutes.”

Voldemort eyed his prime minion and wondered if it was possible to hire someone new to take his place at this late stage in the game.

“Oh really?” drawled the Dark Lord menacingly.

Wormtail realized that he was in trouble and shook his head. “No, not really, my Lord. But I always wanted to say that!”

“And what of Azkaban?” asked the Dark Lord, who was starting to get really quite annoyed with his top minion.

“Azkaban? Oh shit! I thought you wanted us to invade Gilligan’s Island! I’ll go tell the captain to change course right away,” moaned Wormtail, who knew he really fucked up and probably wouldn’t get any dinner tonight. Well, maybe he’d get dinner, but certainly no dessert and Cook made these wonderful treacle tarts.

“Do that, then cast the Cruciatus curse on yourself, Wormtail. You’re far too stupid for me to waste my time.”

“Yes, my lord. I will!” he shouted, then ran from the room.

A moment later the invasion fleet changed course. Fortunately for this story, Gilligan’s Island and Azkaban Island were quite close together. We’ll just pretend there are no differences between a tropical island and an island in the north Atlantic.

Just off the bridge of the tramp freighter, Wormtail cringed and cast the Cruciatus curse on himself.

Voldemort winced and privately told himself that intelligence should be a factor in hiring minions from here on out.

Azkaban, the Present...

Voldemort faced the remnants of the Order of the Phoenix, because that’s what always happens in these fics. The two groups had fought but, as we all know, the light side is full of wimps who are afraid to kill the bad guys, so they got their arses handed to them on a silver platter.

“Still fighting with two hands tied behind your back, old fool?” sneered Voldemort at the kneeling, disarmed and completely bewildered Order members. Usually by now Harry would come out, have his innocence proclaimed in front of witnesses, and then save the day!

“We know you came here to free Potter,” shouted Ron Weasley, who still hadn’t learned to keep his mouth shut.

“Foolish child,” murmured Voldemort. “*Avada Kedavra !*”

Ron died in Hermione’s arms and she wailed and gnashed her teeth in much anguish. Draco, standing behind Voldemort, barked a laugh.

“I have no patience for foolish children and their childish games. And you’ll not get me to admit that I framed Harry Potter, either! I’m not that stupid and I’m not going to tell you that it was a polyjuiced Draco who killed Hagrid’s dog, Fang, and Mrs. Norris. Nor will I remind you that Wormtail, as stupid and as weak as he is, was one of the designers of the map that you used so well to prove Potter’s guilt, and condemn him to this hell hole. No, you’ll not get me to admit it was all our doing and that it was you who sent your savior to this prison. Nope, not gonna happen!” said Voldemort, laughing maniacally.

Ginny Weasley, who had once hoped to marry Harry Potter and take advantage of his massive wealth while secretly screwing Severus Snape on the side, wailed in grief. Those near to her flinched and bled from their ears as the Gryffindor Slut realized she had missed the gravy train big time.

The rest of the Order hung their heads in shame over what they had done to their savior and hoped that Harry would get here before they all ended up like the very dead Ron.

Suddenly from around the corner came a blizzard of white and Voldemort's men flinched back violently as the Origami blizzard poked out eyeballs and slid down the necks of robes, causing many Death Eaters to writhe with unreachable itchies.

Voldemort pounded his fists together. "Curses! Harry Potter and the power I'm not supposed to know anything about. Who would have thought it would have turned out to be an Origami Army of Death! We must flee, my minions!"

A moment later, Harry, the Boy-Who-Lived-Only-To-End-Up-In-Azkaban-For-Something-He-Didn't-Do-Because-The-Author-Couldn't-Think-Of-An-Original-Plot, walked around the corner and brandished his hangnail menacingly. The strange growth glowed a bright green and he flexed his toe. Despite his looking like he's just arrived after a deluxe accommodations stay at Club Gulag, Hermione and Ginny sighed lustily. When his toe reached full stretch, the Death Eaters started to explode.

Hermione pushed Ron's body away from her, smoothed her skirt and tried to look both contrite and alluring.

Ginny looked at Hermione, scowled, and then ripped her own blouse, exposing one breast for Harry to ogle.

Harry snickered and tried not to ogle the offered boob, but he couldn't help himself. Hell, if you'd spent six years in Azkaban someone as ugly as Martha Stewart would have you salivating and humping your cot. But he didn't have Martha to ogle. He had Ginny. And if he played his cards right, Hermione might just up the stakes and strip naked!

"Pay attention, damnit!" shouted Snape. "You nearly hit me, you moronic Gry..."

Suddenly there was nothing but a smoking hole where Snape once stood. Harry blinked and shouted a quick, "Sorry!" before returning to the task of killing Death Eaters. Meanwhile, Hermione pounced on Ginny and was busy pounding her head on the cold stone floor.

"You slut!" she shouted. "I bet I would have fought you for Ron if he wasn't your brother!"

Ginny slugged Hermione in the mouth and the bushy haired young woman staggered backwards. Climbing to her feet she kicked Hermione once in the head, then stepped back to smooth her skirt. "I'll have you know I already had Ron. He was used goods after Fred and I got done with him."

George looked at Fred incredulously and Fred managed to look ashamed of himself.

Harry, noticing that Voldemort and Wormtail had escaped, and all the other Death Eaters were dead, then noticed the two girls fighting. Grinning, he conjured a chair and a bowl of popcorn and sat down to watch the fight.

Dumbledore stood and moved to break the two girls apart. He couldn't quiz Harry and prepare to take control of his life all over again with two girls fighting in the background. He reached out and grabbed Ginny by the arm. She spun and kicked Dumbledore solidly in the balls.

His glasses immediately shattered and steam spit from his ears.

Everyone paused to the sound of clapping. "Bravo! Kick him again!" Shouted Harry gleefully. He then performed a back flip over the back of his chair before leaping up to cling to some nearby bars.

Hermione and Ginny managed to look embarrassed. Ginny turned to adjust her skirt again and never noticed the large floating sign Hermione had conjured over her head, which read: "Rent-a-slut".

Harry lifted an eyebrow at Hermione and she raised her head higher. "Real men appreciate a woman for her mind, not just her body," she said loftily.

"Not men who haven't seen a titty in six years, Hermione," smirked Harry.

"I swallow!" shouted Hermione desperately. And then she realized what she had just said, and whom she had said it front of.

Remus eyed her with renewed interest.

"Harry," began Dumbledore, "while you've been talking with your playmates, I've been in contact with the Wizzinggarnets and we have passed several nasty laws which do nothing to anyone except you. I'm afraid you've got to come back to Hogwarts and complete your schooling, then we need to keep you around to kill Voldemort, after which we'll probably treat you really bad and send you to Azkaban."

"Again?" asked Harry incredulously.

"Yes, Harry," replied Dumbledore. This was the part he loved, where he got to screw his student royally and Harry couldn't do anything about it.

Harry thought about it for a moment. "Well, while you were making those stupid laws, I destroyed Hogwarts!"

Dumbledore blinked in surprise. What good were laws if he didn't have a school to force him to go to?

“Well, while you were destroying Hogwarts I passed laws making it impossible for you to destroy Hogwarts!”

Harry stood, walked over and stared the old man down. “Well while you were making laws, I destroyed the wizzing-thingie you make the laws at. HAH! Beat that, old man!”

“Fine!” shouted Dumbledore petulantly.

“Fine!” countered Harry.

“I still have a longer dick than you do, Harry!” shouted Dumbledore.

“Maybe, old man, but at least mine works! Yours stopped working fifty years ago!”

“That’s not true,” came a shout from both Minerva and Hagrid, who then looked at each other in shock.

“Oh, this is silly,” snarled Harry, grabbing Hermione and Ginny by a hand. “I’m going to go find us a cot. I’m going to leave these two bimbos sore from some serious screwing and then I’m out of this story!”

Harry vanished and Dumbledore staggered backwards in shock. Without Harry in the story, whom would he be able to measure dicks against? Then he eyed Remus with interest.

The werewolf flinched slightly, then sighed in resignation. After all, it wasn’t as if they hadn’t done it before.

Bobmin

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Attack of the Fan Fic Authors

Chapter 8 - When Bob and Alyx attacks!

When Stars go on strike!

Bob and Alyx stared at the selected author and frowned. Despite their best efforts, the screen remained blank.

Scowling, Bob walked to the star's trailers and began to pound on the doors. In a moment, both Voldemort and Harry Potter were looking at Bob, who stood in the roadway, fuming.

"You two! Into my office! Now!" growled Bob.

Both stars slammed their doors in Bob's face. And Bob became upset.

A moment later there came a knock at the door of Harry Potter's trailer. Harry opened the door and jumped back in surprise when Bob pitched in several sticks of lit dynamite.

Harry bolted from his trailer and hid behind Bob. A minute later, Harry's trailer exploded. Shrapnel from the trailer tore through Voldemort's trailer, shearing most of it from the chassis.

Voldemort looked up at the wreckage of his trailer and quickly threw a towel over a stunned and naked Dumbledore, who lounged in Voldemort's jacuzzi.

"Now that I have your attention, I want to see you both in my office... now," Bob said mildly.

Meekly the deadly duo followed Bob. Both realized that no matter how mighty their powers might be, one wrong word to Bob and they could end up doing a cross over of Harry Potter meets the Muppet Babies. And Miss Piggy would have the hots for both of them.

Entering Bob's office, they moved over to the expensive conference table. Unlike the stars, Bob and Alyx preferred to spend their budgets on meaningful things, like fancy conference tables and chairs you can spin around in, rather than wasting it on things like henchmen and bikinis.

Alyx came in to sit next to Bob. Despite his best efforts, Bob has not be able to get Alyx into a bikini... or naked... at any time during this series. Bob sighed and shuffled some papers as he realized that his wife didn't have to give him the time of day. Ginny and Hermione he could get to dance naked on the roof while shouting the time to him, but a wife had license to ignore her husband.

"Okay, just what is the problem with you two? We have a production schedule to keep. And yes, I said schedule. I don't care if the Brits pronounce it shedual," growled Bob.

Alyx reached over and smacked Bob in the head, because wives are allowed to do such things, and then glared at the two stars. "I'm deeply disappointed with you two. Now what is the problem?"

“Well,” said both Harry and Voldemort. The two turned to look at each other, then Harry gestured for Voldemort to go first. Voldemort nodded and smiled at Harry.

“It’s like this, guys. You did really good in Dumbledore’s Army and Spiritus Crystalus, and I can’t believe the air time you got us with Sunset. But I don’t understand what the fuck is going on with this fiction. Short chapters, all my henchmen are morons... it’s embarrassing and you’re making me the laughing stock of the Evil Overlord crowd,” whined Voldemort.

Harry nodded, agreeing Voldemort’s comments and waited politely for his turn to air his grievances.

“I say, I quite agree with Tom here. You two are making me look quite the fool. What the hell was that bit in Azkaban? A magical hangnail? What’s next? The holy hand grenade?”

Bob leaned over to nudge Alyx. “Write that one down,” he whispered.

“I was just joking!” shouted Harry.

Bob nodded benignly and motioned to Harry to continue.

“I’m getting tired of looking the fool. I want someone else to look like the fool next time or I’m going on strike!” Harry pronounced.

“Me too!” announced Voldemort.

Alyx nodded and looked thoughtful for moment. “I think we can work with this. But is that all you want?”

Voldemort leaned back. “I want Henchmen! Lots of them! Smart ones!”

“I want a really cool power. Oh, and I want both Ginny and Hermione.” Harry announced.

“You really are a sleaze ball, aren’t you Harry? I thought it was just the hormonally challenged Fan Fic authors,” said Alyx, looking at Harry in disgust.

Bob wisely held his tongue and hoped Harry got his wish. Harry looked at Alyx and shrugged. “I’d throw you into the mix too, but your married,” he offered.

Voldemort snickered and popped open another can of Jolt Cola. “I need a masseuse, also. After a long day on the set, my back really hurts from wearing this costume.”

Harry looked interested. “I wouldn’t mind one of those. And how about some video games, too?”

“I need a new trailer! Bob blew mine up!”

“Mine too!”

Alyx scowled at Bob. He tried to look innocent, then shrugged and gave it up. “They were ignoring me.”

“So you blew up their trailers?” asked Alyx incredulously.

“Well no, I blew up Harry’s trailer. Voldemort’s trailer was merely collateral damage. Besides, it got their attention, didn’t it?” replied Bob nervously. Alyx had that wife look that said, ‘You are so sleeping on the couch for the next fifty years’.

Shaking her head, she turned back to Harry and Voldemort, who were watching her with glee. They loved to see her torture Bob. “I have a cat-o-nine tails you can borrow if you want,” offered Voldemort.

“No, thanks. I have several spells we haven’t used in the story that I can use on him. The Exploding Testicle curse, for example. ‘Boom’ go your balls, then they heal and explode again, over and over and over. Quite effective,” she replied sweetly.

All three men grabbed their family jewels and crossed their legs.

“Now, where were we?” Alyx asked menacingly.

“Talking about what we wanted before we go back to work?” offered Harry, hoping Alyx would forget about the Exploding Testicle curse. Gods help him if she taught it to Ginny.

Bob, being both a braver and more stupid male than most, gave Alyx bunny ears behind and her back, causing both Harry and Voldemort to laugh. Alyx glanced at Bob, but he was innocently examining a budget report for the production.

Frowning, she turned back to the negotiations. “Gentlemen, I’m losing my patience! I’ll make sure you get your video games and your girls, and the henchmen, as well. Now, will you please, please, please, get your skinny asses out onto the set so we can get on with this?” she growled.

Bob looked up in alarm. A growling Alyx was not a good thing. He shot a glance of warning to Harry and Voldemort and both men agreed eagerly. Standing, they headed off to check out the new scripts and meet with their co-stars.

Later...

Bob sat at the computer with Alyx watching over his shoulder. She had to watch, otherwise Bob would start a story involving aliens, lots of sex, explosions, machine guns, more sex, fast cars, planes, tanks and ships, space ships and more sex. Is everyone getting the picture or do I need to continue? Alyx’s shirt was unbuttoned, giving Bob a nice view of her cleavage, and she fanned herself lazily in the warm room.

Bob eyed her breasts and grinned stupidly. Seeing where his eyes were focused, Alyx smacked him

on the head and pointed at the keyboard. Glared, he turned to face the computer and, scowling at the monitor, began his story.

It was a dark and stormy night.

“Oh, you didn’t just write that drivel, did you?” exclaimed Alyx.

Bob nodded and turned to face her. “Why, something wrong with it?”

When she rolled her eyes at him and began to button her shirt, he quickly backed over the line and re-typed it.

The storm broke heavily and the thunder cracked overhead, throwing Harry Potter, Hermione Granger and Ginny Weasley from the bed they were sharing.

“You pig!” muttered Alyx.

“Go away, woman. I’m doing literature here,” replied Bob angrily.

“You’re “doing literature”? Nice, dear. Thank god you have a beta. However, regardless of your language skills, that,” she said, pointing at the new paragraph, “is NOT literature. It’s PORN!”

“Fine! I’ll do it your way,” replied Bob.

The storm broke heavily and the thunder cracked overhead, throwing Harry Potter from the bed he was in. Nearby, Hermione Granger and Ginny Weasley, both wearing Nun’s habits, were thrown from their own beds.

“Now you’re getting kinky!” snapped Alyx.

“It works! Trust me!” offered Bob.

“I swear if I had known he was this perverted, I wouldn’t have married him,” Alyx muttered to no one in particular.

Harry blinked in surprise at the outfits the two women were wearing and frowned. He muttered something about sending Alyx to Aruba... via owl post. Then he turned to his companions. “I don’t suppose any of you ladies are afraid of thunderstorms and need some close cuddling and consoling?” He asked lamely.

Both Hermione and Ginny dropped to their knees and started to pray. They prayed for several things. They prayed for Harry and his immortal soul, they prayed for Voldemort and his immortal body, they prayed this story would be over quick and they could get into another story where they didn’t have to wear fifty pounds of clothing.

Alyx slapped the back of Bob’s head. “You’re despicable!”

Bob threw a note to Harry telling him to hurry up before Alyx came up with the idea of making him a Eunuch for this story. He read the note and glanced up in terror, then nodded eagerly.

Alyx eyed Bob suspiciously, since she didn't see the contents of the note.

"Let's attack Voldemort under the cover of darkness and the storm. No one would believe we'd attack on a dark and stormy night!" Harry shouted, bouncing to his feet.

Ginny and Hermione looked at Harry and muttered, "Hallelujah! Praise be! Awaken the Holy DA and we shall go forth and smote our enemies!"

Alyx turned to Bob and glared at him. "You know you're taking this too far, don't you? All I wanted was a regular story. You know, a nice story. Nice Boys, nice girls. Bad Guy. Nice Group kills Bad Group. Instead you give me Leisure Suit Larry and two nuns!"

"I can't help it if you've gotten so old you've forgotten what it's like to be a teenager with a hair trigger. One sight of a pubic hair and you're spewing all over the inside of your shorts."

"That's disgusting. How did our species get as far as we did?" Alyx said angrily.

Meanwhile, in Voldemort's lair...

Voldemort lay on the table and a Japanese girl walked barefoot over his back.

"Ahh... yes! That's the ticket, Yoshi," moaned the evil Overlord.

Suddenly the doors burst inwards and Wormtail rushed into the room.

"Master! Master! I have news," shouted the little man.

Voldemort looked up from his massage table and waved for Yoshi to climb down. She bounced twice on his back before springing off him, performing a fully inverted double summersault with a twist before landing flawlessly.

At a nearby table, a group of five people sat and held up scorecards.

"9.9 9.6 9.7 9.8 4.1"

Voldemort whipped out his wand and cast the killing curse. "Damn French judges!"

Yoshi ran from the room and from this fiction because she had seen an advance copy of the script and knew this wouldn't be a safe spot to be around.

"What's your news, Wormtail?" asked Voldemort, sipping a mineral water and rubbing some anti-flake cream on his scaly skin.

Wormtail gulped nervously. “The Japanese are attacking Pearl Harbor!”

Voldemort sat in his chair and eyed his faithful minion.

“Godzilla is attacking Tokyo!” shouted Wormtail.

Voldemort started to drum his fingers on the arms of his chair. It was quite comfortable as far evil lair chairs go. Sequined in red velvet with just a hint of purple trim.

“The British are coming!” quivered Wormtail in fear.

Voldemort looked at Wormtail with a steely gaze. “Wormtail, you fucknutz, we *are* British!”

Wormtail blinked in surprise. “Oh... then the British are here then. And Harry Potter is camped out atop our evil lair with an army.”

“Harry Potter is what? You’ve been wasting all this time making up lines for you to announce when Harry Potter is nearby? Why are you wasting my time?”

“Well, I’m not really concerned this time, Master. You see, Harry’s getting less nookie than you, now! All of his girls have become nuns! There isn’t a single tit around for fifty kilometers that isn’t dedicated to God!”

“You had to throw that in didn’t you, Bob?” asked Alyx, her voice dripping sarcasm.

“Ummm, yes. Yes, I did. Now shut it, you, I’m literaturing,” replied the unflappable Bob. And did you ever wonder why someone would want to be flappable? Must be a British thing. Do they really come with flaps?

“‘Literaturing’?” Alyx sputtered in disbelief. “You’re killing me, here!” She eyed the delete key hungrily, but Bob slapped her hand.

“Don’t even think it,” he growled.

Voldemort reached under his chair to pull out his script so he could check his escape plan when he realized that someone had finally replaced Nagini for him. Although he wasn’t sure the carnivorous Snorkack that had just bitten off his hand was truly a good replacement.

“Wormtail! We must run away!” shouted Voldemort.

“I’m afraid that isn’t possible, Master. You see this is the last chapter. Bob and Alyx want this finished. Harry wants this finished. Hell, even I want this finished. I hate looking like an idiot.”

Voldemort glared at him.

“I know I know. CRUCIO!” Wormtail said, casting on himself.

Voldemort waved to Bob and whispered something in his ear. Bob nodded and walked back to the word processor.

Alyx eyed Bob suspiciously, but said nothing.

Up on the surface, a very horny and very frustrated Harry Potter had the DA sealing up all the exits to the evil underground lair. Then he laid explosives all over the place. Finally finished, he ran back to his hiding place, where Ginny and Hermione knelt in prayer, and connected up the wires to the detonator.

“Fire in the hole!” shouted Harry.

“Harry!” exclaimed Hermione and Ginny.

“That’s why we became nuns, Harry,” said Ginny smugly, “so we don’t have to worry about fires in any holes.”

Hermione nodded and scowled at Harry. “God will punish you for that.”

Harry blinked for a second, then smiled. “Ladies, would you be so kind as to walk out to where that red flag is and bring it back to me, please?” he asked nicely.

The two nuns looked at each other and nodded. Two minutes later he watched Ginny pull the flag from the ground and hand it to Hermione. He pushed the plunger on the detonator and watched the whole field explode in smoke, fire and really nasty little pieces of rock

“Your really are despicable, you know that, don’t you?” asked Alyx archly.

Bob ignored her.

Down below in the evil lair, all the chambers collapsed. But in one small corner, a scaly hand thrust up from under the rubble.

FINIS

“What the hell kind of ending is that?” asked Alyx.

“Heh. One that allows for a sequel. Be thankful. I’m not going to tell people that Harry’s celebrating with two hookers and a centaur tonight,” replied Bob.

“I hate you. You do know that, don’t you?” asked Alyx.

“Yes, dear. Now, shall we explore a Lord of Rings/Star Wars/Pokemon crossover?”

“Hmm, it has possibilities,” Alyx allowed.

Attack of the Fan Fic Authors The Lost Chapter! Harry Crosses Over

Harry Crosses Over! *The anonymous fan fic writer sat down at her desk and turned on her computer. As it booted, she rubbed her hands together gleefully. She'd always wanted to write a crossover fic, and now was her chance! She opened her word processor and laughed manically as she began to type.*

Harry...

The air was heavy and oppressive as thick, dark clouds scuttled across the sky, dropping their life giving rain upon the land. The rumble of thunder and occasional flash and flicker of lightning could be seen from horizon to horizon.

The author frowned and thought about what she'd just written. It was a little too flowery. She wanted to tell her story, not paint a picture of the Scottish weather, for cryin' out loud! She waffled for a bit before finally erasing the paragraph and starting over.

It was a dark and stormy night at Hogwarts, and most of the residents of the castle were tucked away in their warm common rooms, ignoring the weather.

"I don't know what I'm supposed to do," a dejected Harry Potter told his two best friends as they stood on the Astronomy tower under a covered alcove, watching as the storm broke. "You've both heard the prophecy. I don't have any idea what 'a power he knows not' is."

"Are you supposed to?" Ron asked, puzzled. "I mean, the prophecy *does* say 'a power he *knows not* ', after all."

Harry looked at the redhead in disbelief.

"A power that *Voldemort* knows not, Ron," Hermione said, rolling her eyes at her boyfriend.

"Oh. Good thing I don't have to face him. I'd have fucked it up for sure," he replied, looking relieved.

"Why did I get stuck with the dumb one in this chapter?" Hermione muttered.

"It's in the outline. Besides, you try being killed in two different chapters, and then brought back to life in this one. It'll really muddle your thinking," Ron replied with a shrug.

“Can we please get back to the problem?” Harry asked plaintively. “The prophecy says I’m supposed to kill Voldemort or be killed by him. I’m just a kid. I don’t have his experience or his power. How am I supposed to kill him?”

“Maybe you’re not. Maybe you die,” offered Ron, his eyes wide.

“Not helping, Ron! Really not helping,” Hermione exclaimed, glaring at her dimwitted beau.

“Thanks Ron,” Harry said, also glaring at Hermione’s dimwitted beau.

There was a flash of green light and all three teens spun around. Before them floated a small being, somewhat resembling a house elf. Its ears were pointed, its flesh was green and its eyes were large.

“Embrace not, your fear,” the being said. “To the dark side it leads.”

“Who are you?” Harry asked.

“WHAT are you?” Ron added.

“And what the hell did you just say?” Hermione concluded with a scowl.

VOLDEMORT...

“How does he do it?” Voldemort asked angrily. His clothing still smoked from the many times his evil lairs had been blown up. He and Wormtail had always managed to escape, however, badly singed, but unhurt. “He’s a child! A mere boy! Yet he has escaped me every time I’ve faced him. This is unacceptable.”

Wormtail watched his lord pace and wrung his hands nervously. He had no answers for the Dark Lord, so figured he couldn’t go wrong with keeping his mouth shut.

“Perhaps the answers we needed were in the prophecy,” Bellatrix Lestrange offered without thinking.

Voldemort howled in rage and spun to face Bella. “A lot of fan fiction authors may have written you as my lover, but that won’t save you from my wrath, you insane bitch!” he screamed. “*Crucio*!”

As Bella writhed in pain on the floor, the Dark Lord turned to Wormtail. “Well?” he shouted at the cowering man.

“I...” Wormtail began.

A flash of red light raced through the room and both men turned quickly, their wands drawn. Standing before them was a dark figure, wearing a cape and mask. Its appearance was menacing... or would have been if it weren’t wheezing.

“What is it?” Wormtail asked.

“I don’t know,” Voldemort replied with a scowl.

“Give in to the dark side,” the figure breathed heavily. “Embrace your destiny.”

“Dark side? Buddy, in case you haven’t noticed, *all* of my sides are dark!” Voldemort said indignantly.

“He’s right,” Wormtail added. “They are.”

“Oh, shut up!” Voldemort snarled at his lackey. “And you,” he exclaimed, pointing at the dark figure. “Who the hell are you?”

“Tom, I am your father’s uncle’s roommate’s best friend’s second cousin, three times removed!” the dark figure replied, then it waited expectantly.

“Uh huh. Look pal, I don’t want your genealogy, I simply want your name,” the Dark Lord said, rolling his eyes.

“I am Darth Vader,” the figure replied in disbelief. “Surely you’ve heard of me.”

HARRY...

“Yoda, I am,” the small house-elf like being said. “In trouble, you are. Help, I can.”

“Yoda? Never heard of you,” Harry said, puzzled.

“Yoda? What kind of name is that? And why aren’t you wearing a pillowcase like most of the other house elves?” Ron asked belligerently.

“Yoda?” Hermione exclaimed. “No way! From Star Wars?”

Harry and Ron whirled to face her. “What?” they both asked

“Star Wars...it’s a muggle film. But it’s only make believe,” she explained.

“Oh, if it’s only make believe, then the green fellow doesn’t exist, right?” Ron asked, trying to figure it out.

“Shouldn’t exist,” she corrected, her brow furled in puzzlement.

“Well, who was he and what was the film about?” Harry asked.

When Hermione opened her mouth to explain, Yoda tapped his cane against the stones. “Little time, there is. Much to do, we have,” he said in irritation.

“Look, green boy,” Ron began snidely.

“Much anger, you have,” green boy said, tilting his head at Ron. “Anger leads to hate, hate leads to fear, fear leads to the dark side.”

“Hermione,” Ron wailed plaintively. “What the hell is it saying?”

“Honestly Ron, it’s not that hard to understand. Right, Harry?” she asked.

“Well, to be truthful, I’m only catching about every third word,” Harry said sheepishly, scratching his head and unable to meet her eyes.

She rolled her eyes. “I shouldn’t be too upset, I suppose. I was confused at first myself. Basically, Yoda is saying that negative emotions lead to the dark side...to Voldemort, I suppose... and that he’s here to help you.”

“Smart, this one is, nice tits she has,” Yoda said, and then beamed at Hermione.

“Rub it in, why don’t you?” Ron muttered.

"The tits?" asked Harry eagerly.

“Look, this is nice and all, but I don’t honestly see how you can help me defeat Voldemort,” Harry said despairingly.

Before Yoda could speak, another flash of green light lit up the tower. Blinking away the spots before his eyes, Ron discovered another figure had joined them.

“What the fuck?” he yelled, jumping back and nearly toppling over the tower’s rail.

Harry grabbed Ron and steadied him. When Hermione suddenly shrieked, he whipped around and nearly screamed like a little girl.

“What is it?” he cried out.

“It’s horrible, is what it is!” Ron exclaimed.

“Disturbing, it is,” Yoda agreed, eyeing the thing before them.

Hermione tilted her head and thought for a moment. “An Ent?” she muttered.

“Hoom, hom,” the towering figure uttered. “Fangorn, I am called. There are those who also call me Treebeard.”

“Oh, for Merlin’s sake! First Star Wars and now The Lord of the Rings?” Hermione threw up her hands in disgust.

“Ents? The Lord of the Rings?” Harry asked, confused.

“Another film,” she told him. “Well actually, it was a book that they eventually made into a film. Ents were one of the creatures the author came up with.”

“So this bearded tree guy doesn’t exist either?” Ron asked, nervously eyeing the large, moss draped figure in front of them.

“Well, he shouldn’t,” replied Hermione.

“Excuse me, Mr. Treebeard? Why are you here?” Harry asked, trying to be polite.

“To help, young human. Though to be honest, I’m not sure how I can accomplish such a task. We Ents are slow. It takes us many years to make decisions...you humans are always so hasty. Much like the hobbits I met recently. I discovered two of them in my forest and thought they were orcs. Not many come into my forest any more. The trees, you see. The trees do not like visitors, not since the cutting began.”

As the Ent rambled on... and on...and ON, the Trio slid to the ground, where they leaned against each other, their eyes glazing over in boredom. Yoda, still hovering, leaned his chin against the palm of his hand and eventually dozed off.

VOLDEMORT...

“What is it?” Wormtail shrieked.

“I don’t know!” cried Darth Vader.

The two were clutching each other in terror. They trembled and looked at Voldemort.

“It’s a fucking eye, you twits,” he growled, glaring at the flaming eye before them. “What in the name of all nine hells am I supposed to do with a flaming red eye?”

The eye flared more brightly. “I am the Dark Lord Sauron of Mordor,” the eye proclaimed arrogantly. “I am the greatest power of all Middle Earth!”

“Greatest power, eh?” Voldemort asked scathingly. “And just what are you doing here?”

“I am here to help you defeat young Harry Potter. Your list of allies grows thin, Tom Riddle. Bow before me and I will lend you my strength,” Sauron exclaimed.

“Uh huh, right. Hold on just one moment, would you?” Voldemort reached inside his robes and felt around his pockets for a moment. “Ah yes, here we are,” he said, drawing out a small bottle. Unscrewing the top, he aimed it at the eye and gave it a squeeze.

As the fluid from the bottle made contact with the flaming eye, an unholy howling echoed off the walls around them, causing Wormtail and Vader to cringe back in fear.

The eye itself smoked and seemed to boil for several moments before disappearing all together.

“What was that, Master?” Wormtail asked, looking at Voldemort in awe.

“Clear Eyes,” the Dark Lord said with a shrug, holding up the bottle. “It gets the red out.”

“In that case, maybe you should try it on your own eyes,” Vader mumbled behind his mask.

“Watch it, buster. That mask of yours won’t save you from my power,” Voldemort growled.

HARRY...

“This is getting ridiculous!” Harry exclaimed, looking around at the crowd now gathered on the Astronomy tower. There were people in masks, capes, tights, spandex, fedora’s and other fashion nightmares. There wasn’t just people, either. Some were creatures he’d never heard of before.

“There’s no need to fear...” a little dog yelled as it ran by.

“Underdog,” Hermione murmured quietly.

“I don’t care what it is,” Harry exclaimed loudly, “I just want it to go away!”

“Why Mr. Potter,” a large blue...thing... said. “One would have thought you would be more grateful for the help.”

“Now Hank, we can’t force him to accept our help,” a beautiful redhead replied as she walked up to the blue thing and rested her hand on its shoulder.

“While undoubtedly true, Jean, I had expected Mr. Potter to behave better,” came the rumbling reply.

Harry reached up and grabbed handfuls of his hair, pulling hard in frustration. “Gaaaaa!” he yelled.

“Harry, calm down. We’ll figure this out, I promise,” Hermione said.

Ron eyed his best friend for a few moments before shaking his head. “He’s losing it, Hermione. Hey, since we’re on the Astronomy tower anyway, wanna shag?”

“Ronald!” Hermione exclaimed in disgust.

“What? It’s expected,” Ron said innocently.

VOLDEMORT...

“This is getting ridiculous,” Voldemort shouted. “Would you get that off your head?”

“I’m trying, Lord Voldemort,” Vader said with some asperity. He tugged a few more times at the man stuck to his helmet before looking back at the Dark Lord hopelessly.

“Oh, for Gindelwald’s sake! Sir,” Voldemort growled at the man attached to Vader’s helmet, “who are you and what the hell are you doing?”

“Me? Oh, this is so embarrassing. My name is Eric Lensherr, but I’m called Magneto. I’m a mutant and I have the power of magnetism...usually. It seems to have gone wonky on me, however.”

Voldemort scowled and, with a flick of his wand, sent the magnetic man flying across the room. “I don’t have time for this sort of thing, Wormtail! And where are all of these people coming from?”

He looked around the room, his red eyes burning with anger. The crowd in the room was evil looking, and he had to admit that the tights and spandex looked rather intriguing, but he really didn’t have time to deal with them all.

“It’s the author’s fault, Master,” Wormtail said knowingly.

“Fucking fanfic authors!” Voldemort snarled, looking up at the ceiling and shaking his fist.

HARRY...

“Come on, Harry. This has worked in other chapters, it might work in this one,” Hermione whispered. “Snap out of it and help me with this crowd, would you? That’s Voldemort’s lair. If these people are here to help, they can help blow it up.”

Harry blinked several times before focusing on the large house before him. Voldemort. Yes, that was what this was all about. He’d lost track of that somewhere along the way. He turned and scowled at the large group behind him. They were watching him quietly, awaiting his orders.

“Listen up, you lot,” he whispered. “The Dark Lord’s in there.” He pointed at the house and waited for their nods. “Go get him!” he ordered, turning loose the horde.

As the group of heroes surged forward towards the house, Hermione gaped stupidly. Harry watched for a moment before turning around and walking a few feet away. Leaning against a tree, he crossed his arms over his chest and waited.

“Nice,” Ron commented, joining him.

“Thanks,” Harry replied, grinning.

“But... you can’t do that,” Hermione said fiercely. “Honestly Harry, what are you thinking? Voldemort is your problem, not theirs.” She waved her hand at the rapidly retreating heroes.

“So? They wanted to help, didn’t they? I gave the order, they can crush the bastard,” he said with a careless shrug. “Come on, Hermione. You know there are other fan fic authors out there who will make us do all sorts of dangerous stuff. We might as well enjoy this while it lasts.”

“Yeah, relax Hermione,” Ron chortled as he pulled a Butterbeer out of his pack and passed it to Harry.

“Thanks, mate,” Harry said, popping the cap and raising it high. “To super-hero cross-overs and their authors.”

“Here, here,” Ron said cheerfully.

“This is going to look so bad in Hogwarts: A History!” Hermione exclaimed tearfully.

VOLDEMORT...

“They’re coming, Master,” Wormtail shouted, bouncing from foot to foot while staring out the window. “Potter must have gotten his own group of heroes. There’s a whole horde of them!”

“It’s about fucking time,” Voldemort exclaimed. At Wormtail’s questioning look, he sighed. “Now we can get rid of these idiots,” he said, waving his hand around the room.

“Oh, I hadn’t thought of that,” Wormtail said, frowning. “Ah, Master? Do you think we could keep Vader? I rather like him...”

Voldemort snorted in disgust. “No, you can’t. Keep your freakish desires to yourself, you filthy worm.” Turning to the crowd, he cleared his throat and held up his hands. “All right, you lot. Harry Potter’s henchmen are on their way. Go get them!”

A loud roar came from the crowd as they surged forward and out the door. There was a collision or two in the rush, and not a few tight squeezes through the door as the group tried to exit, en masse, but they managed to get it sorted out on their own without too many injuries. In a few short minutes, the room was blissfully quiet once more.

Voldemort sighed and looked around, finally noticing Wormtail gaping at him. “What?” the Dark Lord asked in annoyance.

““Get them’?” Wormtail’s voice sounded strangled.

“Hey, if Potter can do it, so can I,” Voldemort replied with a scowl.

When the first explosions were heard, the Dark Lord spun towards a window. When the explosions were close enough to cause the house to tremble, he did what all intelligent Dark Lord’s do. He fled.

Gathering his lone minion, he apparated away, but not before shaking his fist at the site of Harry Potter calmly drinking a Butterbeer. “I’ll get you yet, Potter,” he screeched loudly before disappearing.

HARRY...

“Told you it would work,” Harry said smugly, looking over the now smoking ruins of the house. The heroes and villains had vanished with Voldemort’s departure. Without a Dark Lord to fight or defend, there was no need for their services any longer.

“Best fight yet,” Ron said, scratching his stomach lazily as he reclined against the tree.

“Come on, Hermione. Join us for a Butterbeer,” Harry said cajolingly.

“Bugger off,” she said, pouting.

Quick Author’s Note:

As we’re sure you’ve realized at this point, this chapter was supposed to go further up in the story order. However, this chapter took to stroll around my disk last night and couldn’t be found. The little bugger came back from it’s walk-about this morning, and I had to make a few edits to it so it made a little more sense (it referenced something that happened in what was supposed to be the previous chapter).

Anyway, Bob and I hope you enjoyed it.