

The Band

A/N: I don't own Harry Potter and wouldn't particularly care to. I would like a rental agreement with option to buy for Hermione Granger. A short term contract with Nyphadora Tonks wouldn't be turned down. A Long-term agreement with Luna Lovegood would probably be a whole lot of fun. Any time Padma Patil wants to open negotiations, call me and oh for a weekend with Fleur. Oddly Lavender and Padma's sister (despite being her twin) Parvati do nothing for me...

The Band

I found Harry sitting in the common room staring at the fire.

It had been a bad night for me. Lavender informed me in no uncertain terms that while she was willing to explore my tonsils with her tongue, she was a nice girl and didn't do anything more than that. I thought that this was patently unfair, because her reputation said quite specifically that she did do more than that, and if her reputation was a lie, then that was false advertising, wasn't it?

I of course didn't say that out loud. I mean I might not be the sharpest knife in the drawer, but I'm not stupid. Besides, the snogging was good if not fulfilling, no sense spoiling a good thing.

Anyway I found Harry in the common room staring at the fire.

"Hey," I said as I fell into the overstuffed chair next to him.

"Hmmpf," he grunted.

Now, Harry can be a moody bloke, but that's a bit much, even from him.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Bored," he answered.

Now that was unusual. Harry can be a bit much at times, I've seen him frightened, angry, happy, soppy, whiny, excited, drunk, and occasionally, as when he got to thinking about Cho (the Tornadoes loving skank) Chang last year, horny. But never bored. What the hell?

"Hermione's still angry with me over the Prince's Potions text." He continued.

"That's nothing; you should see what she tries to do to me anything we end up alone." I protested, unable to resist a bit of one upmanship with my best friend. "But Harry, there's still Quidditch."

"Don't care. I always catch the Snitch at the last second to save the game, unless Dementors show up, and I only have to worry about that at Hufflepuff games due to Dementors being rabid 'Puff fans for some reason, and we've already played the 'Puffs this year."

I sat and stared at him for a moment while trying to digest his theory that Dementors might be Hufflepuff fans before I continued. "Well, what about Malfoy and his plots, or Voldemort and his? That should get your attention," I suggested.

"Nah," he said with a dismissive hand wave. "They're not going to actually do anything until late May, that's six months away."

"How do you know that Harry?"

"Ron," he said pityingly, "all the attempts on my life or major plots come to a head in late May. Haven't you been paying attention?"

"Well, what about Snape?"

"Snape," Harry said once again staring into the fire "is an ass. He's always been an ass, and likely always will be an ass. The only way he could possibly be worse is if I were to find out that he's been wanking off to my mother's memory, and frankly the mere thought that I could imagine such a thing is disturbing all by itself. Snape bores me."

"Ok," I thought hard trying to come up with something that Harry couldn't be bored with... Ah, I had it. "What about your special training with Dumbledore? That couldn't possibly be boring."

"You have no idea Ron," my best friend said sadly. "Dumbledore's 'special training' has consisted so far of watching home movies of Voldemort growing up, and an assignment to get a memory from Slughorn, which I won't be able to do until some specific and unspecified point in the future. God, I'm bored. I've even done all my homework for the month, that's how bored I am."

Harry's last admission took me aback. No one should ever be that bored. Surely I could come up with something that would give Harry back his

interest in life. Looking around the common room I spotted a fourth year strumming a guitar surrounded by a silencing charm and a small herd of lower form girls all looking at him in worship.

"I've got it Harry! We could form a band."

"Form a band?" Harry seemed confused, though a glimmer of hope appeared in his eyes. "Why?"

"To celebrate the freedom of artistic expression and to unleash our inner muses." I explain to his vacant expression. "Nah, I'm messing with you Harry, blokes form bands because bands pull birds, and everyone knows that."

Harry's eyes glazed for a moment at the thought of forming a band... Or was it pulling birds? No matter, after a very few moments Harry began shaking his head.

"It won't work Ron, I don't play any instruments."

"Not a problem Harry, there are charms to teach you to play."

A grin spread across Harry's face. That was the moment that **Ron Weasley and the Ron Weasley Experience Starring Ron Weasley** was born.

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"What are you two grinning about?"

Harry and I looked up to find Neville Longbottom staring at us suspiciously.

"We just formed a band," Harry said happily.

"A band?" Neville asked. "Why?"

"Well, obviously to celebrate the freedom of artistic expression and to unleash our inner muses," I explained.

"And mostly to get girls," Harry added.

"Ah," Neville grinned. "As long as there's a good reason."

A thought struck me; two guys seemed a bit skimpy for a band... Oh sure there was that Muggle group Hermione liked so much called 'Whim' or something with a song about waking someone up before going somewhere twice, but it seemed to me that more guys in the band would mean more groupies.

"So, Neville, ever thought about being in a band?"

The question seemed to surprise Neville. "Well, Gran had me taking piano lessons before I started at Hogwarts, but I wasn't very good."

"Don't worry about that," I assured him. "There are charms that let you play well."

"There are?" Neville asked in surprise. "Count me in then. What's the band's name?"

"**Ron Weasley and the Ron Weasley Experience Starring Ron Weasley**" I explained.

"Oh very funny." Harry said chuckling.

"Yeah Ron, you're a riot," Nev agreed. "What's the real name of the band?"

I was silent, amazed at their reaction to the best band name ever.

"You're not kidding?" Neville finally asked.

"I for one refuse to be in a band called anyone's experience or that stars anyone." Harry said.

"Well, how about '**The Chosen Ones**'?" I suggested.

"You, know I can hurt you badly, don't you Ron?" Harry asked in that scary way of his. He fixed me with his patented 'I'm going to kill you and everyone who looks like you' glare, and then spoke again. "How about we call ourselves '**Constant Vigilance**'?"

"Oh, I like that," Neville agreed.

"Could it be '**Constant Vigilance starring Ron Weasley**'?" I asked.

"No," the other two chorused.

Well, that was hardly fair.

"What are you two going to play?" Neville asked.

“The kazoo for me.” I said confidently.

“What?” Harry asked.

“Really?” Neville seemed shocked. “You’re really going to play the kazoo? Wicked!”

“I know,” I admitted. “Back when Bill was in a band, he played the kazoo, and he let me try a few times. Bill said I was a natural.”

“Whoa!” Neville was obviously impressed.

Harry of course couldn’t let me have my moment in the sun.

“Wait a minute. You guys are making it sound like a kazoo is a serious instrument... You’re messing with me aren’t you?”

“Harry,” Neville said with a flash the rage I felt, “never disparage the ultimate Mirliton! Doing so makes light of all we are and all we will be! The sacred kazoo is the source of all music magic!”

Harry looked back and forth between Neville and me, looking like he thought we were joking. I know, I know, he’s Muggle raised, but he’s lived in the magical world for almost six years now, he’s got to start learning our ways.

“Ok, fine, Neville on the piano and Ron on the kazoo...” He grinned as if he had decided to join in on a joke. “I guess I’ll play the triangle.”

Neville gasped, and I felt my own heart skip a beat. “Harry!” I hissed. “Don’t even joke about that. Do you *want* to go to Azkaban?”

“What?” he asked.

“The triangle?” Neville hissed. “The triangle is the instrument of choice of Dark Lords throughout time. It’s evil. They’re used for torture and Dark Rituals. There are rituals that would give a triangle the power to kill with a single 'ting'. Just possession of one of the accursed things is an instant one way trip to Azkaban!”

“But we used them in primary school.” Harry protested.

“We know. That’s one of the reasons the more conservative Purebloods hate Muggles so much.” I explained.

“Because of the triangle?”

“Harry!” Neville protested.

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“So, we’re a trio?” Harry asked.

Neville settled into his normal seat in the corner of the common room. “I don’t know Harry; it seems to me that most of the successful groups have at least four members.”

I sat next to Harry on the sofa. “Well, who do we know that’s cool enough to jam with us?”

Harry turned and looked at me oddly, “Cool enough to jam with us?”

Well, we don’t want anyone pulling our appeal down.” I explained.

“Well,” Neville suggested, “Ginny would probably play with us, she’s cool.”

“My sister is NOT going to be on stage with us. She’d sabotage me anytime I was making my move on a groupie.”

“Your move? As in singular? You’ve got one move?” Harry laughed.

“Well, Dean once said he played drums.” Neville said.

“What’s this about me?” Dean called from across the room.

“Dean!” Harry called, “Come on over for a minute.”

Dean closed the book he was reading and came over to join us, slumping in the chair opposite Neville. “What?”

“We’re forming a band,” Harry said, “and Neville said that you played the drums.”

“A bit,” Dean admitted, “But I’m not very good.”

“No worries,” I told him. “There are charms to let you play.”

“There are?” Dean asked. “Then why aren’t there hundreds of bands?”

Neville and I shared a look. Muggleborns... What are you going to do?

"Mostly because no one has ever thought of this before." I explained gently.

"Wait..." Harry interrupted. "If no one has ever thought of using magic to make their music better, why are there charms to allow you to do it?"

"Ancient charms Harry, ancient charms that I have access to because my brother is a Curse Breaker."

"Ok," Dean said in that way he does when he doesn't really believe what he's been told. "So what's the name of this band anyway? If a band is going to pull birds, it needs a cool name."

"**Constant Vigilance** ." Neville said.

"Starring Ron Weasley." I added.

"No!" Neville and Harry chorused.

"Just '**Constant Vigilance**' ," Harry continued, "not starring anyone."

"Forming a band was my idea," I pouted.

"And it was a good idea." Neville said. "A good idea that we're not going to let you spoil with a stupid name."

Before I could protest this besmirching of my great idea for a band name, the air chilled as an aura of doom and common sense moved to engulf our group.

"And what are you four up to?"

"Oh, hi Hermione," Dean said smoothly "Not much, we're just talking."

"Hmm." She hummed in a distrustful manner.

I looked up to find her staring at me in that way that told me that she was angry with me and wanted me to die slowly and painfully. In the face of this I cowered in a manly manner, all the while pleading to the gods and Merlin that she didn't get mad enough to start with the violence again. I'd only just managed to scrub the bird crap from my hair from the last time.

"You had all best have done your homework before wasting time in conversation." She said before she flounced off.

"Whatever it is you guys did," Neville said quietly, "you'd best apologize soon before she does something we'll all regret."

"Well, yeah." Dean said. "You know it occurs to me the **Constant Vigilance** will only work for a name among people who know Professor Moody. I think we'll need a name that isn't such an 'in joke'."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Well, some of the more popular Muggle bands just have nonsensical names. You know The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, Wham..."

"Weird names," I agreed. "What were you thinking of for a name?"

"Well," Dean grinned. "**Where's Trevor** ' has a certain ring to it."

"Oh, I like that," I grinned.

"Funny, funny guys I hang out with." Neville sighed.

"No Nev, that's a good name," Harry laughed, "It will have people asking 'who is Trevor?'. Something that generates interest like that has to be good."

"Hmm," Neville made a face. "I've got to get going; Professor Sprout is expecting me in Greenhouse four."

"I'll join you," I said standing. "I promised Lavender that I'd meet her in the Great Hall for a walk around the lake before dinner. See you two later. Don't worry about an instrument Harry, my dad has a Muggle instrument that you can use, I'll get him to send it to me."

As Neville and I passed through the doorway to the hall outside the common room a thought occurred to me. "Hey Nev, we could be '**Where's Trevor starring Ron Weasley**' ."

"No."

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Three days later Harry, Neville and I were at breakfast and involved with most of our year at the table wondering what Slughorn would be covering today, when the owls made their morning entrance. Out of the corner of my eye I spotted an owl carrying a large package, turned and examined the approaching bird more closely. Yes! It was Errol with a package. It must be dad sending his Muggle instrument for Harry.

Poor old Errol misjudged his approach to the table the package hit the table directly in front of Parvati and Lavender, and slid past me, finally

careening a stop between Harry and Neville. In the process of this sliding all of the plates were knocked into the laps of the people eating from them. Meanwhile, poor Errol tumbled down the table finally coming to rest face down in a large serving platter of scrambled eggs.

"That bird is a menace." I said reaching over the debris on the tabletop to disconnect the package from Errol's twitching talons.

"What IS that?" Parvati asked brushing residue of her breakfast from her robes.

"Harry's instrument."

"Ron," Harry said

"Instrument?" Lavender asked

"Oh yeah, we're forming a band." I explained. "I'm playing the kazoo."

"Really?" Lavender asked again, wrapping her arm around mine. "You never told me you played the kazoo," she cooed.

"Oh yeah, I've been playing for years."

"Ron..." Harry repeated, tugging on the sleeve of my robe.

"Quiet Harry!" I whispered to my best friend who always gets everything and is trying to bump me out of the limelight.

"Well," Parvati interrupted, "what instrument is Harry going to play?"

I cut the string holding the package closed with the knife from my table service, and then pulled the brown wrapping paper off revealing an ivory keyboard and leather bellows. "My pal Harry is going to be the Rhythm Accordion of the Group."

"Rhythm Accordion?" Harry asked. "You're expecting me to play a bloody Accordion?"

"Harry," I said in a calming tone, "after the kazoo, the Rhythm Accordion is the most important instrument in a magical band."

"It is?"

"Of course it is," I said winking at Lavender and Parvati, causing them to giggle as they gathered their things to leave to prepare for their first class.

Dean slid into the seat across from me. "There you three are. I thought of something this morning in the shower while I was trying to shove soap into my ears."

Neville's brow furrowed. "Why were you trying to shove soap in your ears?"

"Because Ron was in the next stall singing his head off." He looked to me apologetically, "Sorry mate, but your singing might strip paint, but it won't pull birds."

"Oh hell." Harry opined. "None of us can sing."

"And what might this oddly shaped package contain Mr. Weasley?" A much hated voice came from over my shoulder.

I turned to face Snape, his eyes boring into mine. Harry said he could look into your mind, but I never noticed anything. "It's an accordion Professor. We're forming a band."

"A band."

Neville and Dean started edging away. Bastards. I wished I could go with them. "Yes sir."

"You and Potter?"

"Yes sir, and Neville and Dean." Ha! That'll teach them to try to abandon me like that.

"I see." He seemed to hesitate for a moment. "Will you be putting on a performance?"

That question brought me up short. With all the excitement about forming a band, I forgot entirely that we would have to actually play at some point. "Yes sir." I began.

"Excellent." The greasy git interrupted me. "I expect your performance to be entertaining, or I shall be docking you fifty points each for wasting everyone's time."

Yikes! I maintained eye contact with the great greasy git. "Yes sir."

He started to leave, then again he hesitated. "You know, I played accordion in a band when I attended Hogwarts."

"You did sir?"

"Yes. We were a talented quartet, with quite a following."

"What were you called sir?" I asked despite hoping he's just go away.

"We were **Severus Snape and the Severus Snape Experience Starring Severus Snape**. Perhaps you have heard of my band?"

"Uh... No sir." What the hell? How did he get away with stealing my idea? "Are you mentioned in any of the books in the library? Maybe we should look your band up for inspiration."

His eyebrows lifted. I had gone too far, the only thing worse than standing up to Snape was sucking up to Snape.

"I'm sure I wouldn't know Mr. Weasley. Might I suggest you care for your owl before it manages to drown in the scrambled eggs?" He whirled about and stalked away doing that robe thing he does. I reached over than pulled Errol from the platter.

There was silence for a few moments then Harry began to giggle. Dean and finally Neville joined him. Before very long they were all laughing to the point they were starting to slip from their seats. "What?" I demanded.

"**The Severus Snape Experience ?**" Neville gasped between fits of laughter.

"**Starring Severus Snape .**" Dean agreed.

"Are you sure your hair's really red there Ron?" Harry added showing himself willing to kick a mate when he was mortifyingly down. "Or does Snape dye his?"

"Oh very funny."

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"OK," Dean said as we all met in the common room after classes ended for the day. "We still need a singer."

"I can sing." I said.

"No, Ron, you can't. We've all lived with you since first year." Harry shook his head. "And you can't carry a tune in a bucket."

Since I came up with this great idea, it had been nothing but abuse and insults. I resolved right then and there that once we hit it big, I was going solo and leaving these twits who were holding me back.

"Well then, what are we going to do?" Neville asked.

"Well obviously we need to find a singer." Harry said. "Any suggestions? How about Seamus?"

"Not unless we want to specialize in Irish ballads and drinking songs." Dean said shaking his head. "Seamus is a mate, but his interests are somewhat narrowly focused."

"Well, any other Gryffs who can sing? What about what's his name that fourth year with the Guitar?"

"No, not Cowpers, Neville. He's strictly a poser looking to score on the younger girls." Dean said negatively.

"Uh," Harry interrupted, "Isn't that what we're trying to do?"

"Well, yeah, but we're sophisticated sixth years, not a smarmy fourth year." Dean said decisively. "Ok. I don't think we've got any singing male Gryffs."

"Do any of the girls sing?" I asked.

"Both Lavender and Parvati sing like angels, but that's not what we want."

"Why not?" Harry asked.

"That's obvious Harry," Neville interrupted. "Girl singers would attract male fans. We don't need or want male Groupies."

"Other than Colin of course," I snarked. "As long as Harry's in the band, he's a given."

"Fuck you Weasley!" the elder of the Creevy brothers called from the other side of the common room.

"If Ron and Colin are quite finished with their flirting..." Dean said shaking his head. "I dug through my magazine collection trying to figure out what the common denominator was with lead singers of successful bands."

"Your magazines have articles?" I asked incredulously.

"Not many," Dean admitted. "But enough. It seems to show that the lead singer tends to be the 'bad boy' type."

"A bad boy?" Harry asked. "So, we need a bad boy?"

"Yeah, pretty much."

Harry sighed. "Ok. Come on Ron. Let's go recruit a bad boy."

Wondering what he had in mind, I dutifully stood and followed him from the common room."

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I followed Harry to the Great Hall wondering what he was up to. Upon entering the hall, he looked about and spotted who he was looking for.

"Malfoy!" Harry called. "A moment of your time."

"What do you want Potty?" the Slytherin git drawled. Seriously, what's with all the Slytherin's drawing? The only one I've never heard drawing is Crabbe and I've never heard him speak.

"Look Draco, this year sucks. It's the sixth time we've done this dance and it's getting old."

"What are you talking about Scarhead?"

Harry shook his head. "You've been disappearing for hours on end, and when you're around, you're panicked and full of angst. You're not having any fun this year either."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Look Draco, we both know that what ever you're up to you can't do it until late May. Why not take a couple of months off and have some fun?"

I suddenly realized that Harry was right. Malfoy was looking bad.

"What are you suggesting?" Malfoy asked.

"We've formed a band. We need a bad boy singer for all the girls to get the screaming thigh sweats over. You're a bad boy, all the girls watch you all the time. Look, take a break from your project, what ever it is, come join our band, we'll all get laid, and you can try to kill me in May. What do you say?"

"Wait a minute..." I protested. "I don't think..."

"Of course you don't Weasley. Why try something new?" Malfoy turned his attention back to Harry. "I won't betray my father or his master."

"No one is asking you to. All I'm asking is that we all get together and have some fun with this band. You'll dazzle the girls, we all get some."

"Uh," Greg Goyle interrupted. "Could Vinnie and me get in on that? We could be roadies."

"Why not?" Harry shrugged. "If we don't have anything heavy for you to carry around, we'll make something. How about it Draco? You in?"

I could see the temptation pass across Malfoy's face. With visible effort he fought it down. "Why would I want to align myself with you Potter?"

"Well, girls love guys in bands, especially the singers. If you take a break, and this works out we all get a little, life will be good and you can try to kill me in May when you'll be much more relaxed. If it doesn't work then you haven't lost anything."

"How many girls are we talking about?" Draco asked.

"And the Roadies get the ugly ones, right?" Goyle wanted to know.

"How ever many you charm with those looks and your singing." Harry explained before turning to Goyle and nodding yes.

Again Malfoy hesitated, and then visibly came to a decision.

"I'm in Potter. You want me to sing?"

"Yeah," I explained. "Are you any good? Can you carry a tune?"

"You'll have to wait to find out won't you? When's the next practice Potter?"

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We all gathered in an unused classroom. Between Dean and Neville they had levitated a piano and a drum kit into the room, and I had showed Harry how to hold Charlie's accordion. He made a few experimental attempts to play while I assure him that the Music charm would give him a level of expertise.

Draco made an entrance like a star, having found a pair of sun glasses from somewhere. He wore his jacket over his shoulders over a blood red shirt and shiny black leather trousers and dragon hide boots. He was closely followed by Crabbe and Goyle both in Muggle blue jeans and black tee shirts with 'Roadie' emblazoned across their chests.

"What the hell Malfoy?" I asked.

"Just getting into character Weasley. After all if I'm going to be carrying this so called band, I'd best look the part."

There was a bit of generalized grumbling at the arrogant git's words, but I decided that as the leader of the band, I needed to put my foot down.

"Alright everyone, we're supposed to be trying to have our first rehearsal not sniping at each other. Is everyone ready?" I looked around the room and saw a general acceptance and indications that they were indeed ready. I raised my wand and cast, "Ludo Lacertusus"

A pulse of magic filled the room. It was kind of tingly, and in a good way.

"What the hell was that Weasley?" Malfoy asked.

"Just a charm to enhance our playing." I explained. "Ready Dean? You start us off."

Dean started a basic rhythm beat on his drum kit, after a few seconds Neville joined in on the piano, and then Harry gave Dad's accordion a squeeze and for the first time actually produced some music as opposed to the horrific noise of his earlier practice sessions. As I raised my kazoo (that I had named 'Ruby') to my lips it occurred to me that we hadn't actually agreed on what song to play, yet the other three had somehow gotten together to play my favorite song.

With the first notes from Ruby, musical nirvana was obtained. We sounded fantastic. Take that Malfoy, so you think you're going to have to carry this group do you? I wondered if the blond git even knew the words to the tune. He'd better, I thought, or we go looking for a new singer.

Malfoy took a deep breath and exactly on cue cut loose with the most magnificent voice I had ever heard. The song we were playing was the Weird Sister's ballad from the previous year, 'If I can't have you, I'll run naked through the Dragon Preserve covered in Bar-B-Que Sauce' and I have to admit that Draco OWNED that song. Hell, we all owned that song, even the nine minute drum solo.

We all stood there in shocked silence after the last notes of the song were played, the quiet finally broken by Neville's "Bloody Hell!"

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "Bloody Hell." He looked at the accordion in his arms before continuing. "That's one hell of a charm Ron. We were all great."

"I know," I agreed. "Especially you Malfoy. I'd never dreamed that you would be so... talented."

Malfoy was just looking around the room with the same look of amazement that the rest of us shared. "No, it was you guys who were great. Oh man, we are gonna get so many girls."

Then a Crabbe and Goyle began clapping, the two of them looking at us reverently, and both had tears running down their cheeks. "We are not worthy of being your roadies," Crabbe gasped out between bouts of sobs. "Thank you for letting us hear that."

"**Where's Trevor** is going to be huge!" Dean exulted.

"Where's Trevor?" Draco asked.

"That's the name of the band." I explained.

"That sounds awfully well, Muggle." Malfoy said.

"That's what I said." Neville said from his piano bench.

"Well," Harry asked. "What makes a good name for a Magical Band?"

"Most of them use a descriptive word, then a noun." I supplied, hoping that I could bring **Ron Weasley and the Ron Weasley Experience Starring Ron Weasley** back to the fore. "You know, Weird Sisters, Orping Croops, Deciduous Forest, and of course the Flying Circus."

"Didn't they cross over into Muggle entertainment?" Neville asked.

"It doesn't matter," I said trying to steer this conversation back to the Experience. "We need a name that reflects what we are."

"Friendly Enemies?" Harry suggested.

"The Melted Caldrons" came from Neville.

"Salazar's Soldiers." Malfoy said.

"Beautiful Music." Crabbe offered with Goyle nodding enthusiastically.

"No," Dean said, looking at Malfoy and his outfit oddly. "I know our perfect name. Leather Trousers."

Harry grinned. "I like it."

"Yeah, me too," Neville agreed. "But it seems to be lacking something."

"Well, since Draco is the singer, and it's fairly common among Muggle bands to have the front man's name on the Marquee, how about **Draco and the Leather Trousers**."

"Ok, I really like it." Harry agreed.

“Sounds good to me.” Neville chimed in.

“How about **Draco and the Leather Trousers starring Ron Weasley** ?” I asked.

“No!” everyone chorused.

Oh yeah. Just as soon as we hit it big, I was going solo so that I could get away from all this abuse! Draco freaking Malfoy gets his name in the band name, but not Ron Weasley, not that would be too much to ask...

Bastards.

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So, the band was formed, and despite the crappy name, we were good, and with time and practice, we only got better. It was amazing to hear the music we made, it really was.

Word began seeping out; it wasn't long before pretty much everyone in the school knew that we had formed a band. We enforced a strict 'band members only' rule on our practice sessions, so the new groupies had to wait until we felt we were ready to perform in public to hear our music, though that didn't stop some of them from trying to show how appreciative they might be when given an opportunity by the appropriate 'artist'.

It struck me odd how the others didn't seem interested. Harry was doing his normal solitary thing, Neville and Sue Bones were 'keeping company' as he put it, Dean was dating Ginny, and Draco seemed more interested in Pansy than ever. Greg, Vinnie and I however took every opportunity that came our way.

Lavender just didn't understand, unfortunately. We went our separate ways immediately following her finding me with a most affectionate Ravenclaw (whose name escapes me) that didn't share Lavender's concern for her reputation.

In early March Harry and I approached the Headmaster about putting on a performance in the Great Hall after dinner one Saturday night. The old man's eyes twinkled furiously when he found out that Draco was part of the group. Amid much praise for having 'united the houses' we received permission to put on our show.

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The evening of the actual performance was long in coming.

I don't think any of us ate anything that whole day, not even Draco 'I'm so cool I piss ice water' Malfoy. Neville and Dean kept dropping things all day, and Harry was almost paralyzed in fear.

“I can't do this.” He said. “Has anyone checked to see if Voldemort wants to fight?”

“Calm down Harry,” was my advice.

Finally the evening meal was over, and the Elves had cleaned the Great Hall. All of the tables were taken somewhere and a small stage set up where the staff table normally stood. Dean was setting up his drum kit while Harry and Neville took care to transporting the piano into place. I was busy making sure that the stage was clear of anything that might trip Draco or myself (we two being the only ones who moved about while we performed) when I was surprised by a cough.

I turned to find Hermione standing behind me looking a bit embarrassed.

“Hello Ron. I hear you're putting on a show this evening.” She said.

“Yeah.” I responded, wondering if she was going to sic her bird spell on me again.

“I just wanted to say Good Luck.”

“Thanks Hermione.” I responded. I thought for a second then asked, “So, did you want to be one of our groupies?”

Ohh. Large mistake. Her face clouded and her wand seemingly appeared out of nowhere pointing at my crotch.

“Is there a problem Miss Granger?” Snape asked. How did he do that? He's always just appearing out of nowhere.

“Not really Professor. I was just about to remove an offensive appendage.” Hermione said never taking her eyes from mine.

“As amusing as that might be Miss Granger, I believe you should just take your seat in the audience. I have been assured that this will be a most entertaining show.”

“Yes Professor.” Hermione lowered her wand and exited the stage.

“Mr. Weasley, you have an extraordinary talent for annoying precisely the wrong person.” Snape said as he turned to leave. Then he stopped and turned to look at me over his right shoulder. “Remember Mr. Weasley, fifty points each if your performance doesn't entertain me.” Again he did that robe thing as he left. I decided that once I was a star, I would hire the greasy git to teach me how to do that.

“What did Hermione and Snape want?” Harry asked as he, Neville and Dean approached me from behind.

"Well, Hermione most specifically doesn't want to be a groupie."

"Merlin's Maiden Aunt Ron, you didn't suggest that she might did you?" Neville asked, horrified at the idea.

"Maybe a little. I was joking."

"And of course, we all know how much Hermione appreciates a good joke at her expense." Dean said shaking his head. "After the show, just don't stand next to me ok? I don't want to get caught in the splatter."

Draco approached our group. "Everything alright?"

"Yeah. Yeah, everything's great." I said wondering if Hermione would actually kill me, or just make me long for death. "It's time. Everyone ready?"

There were nods all around and everyone took their places. I raised my wand and once again cast "Ludo Lacertosus". I then put my wand away and nodded to Greg Goyle.

====oooOOOooo====

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Staff and Students, We give you Draco and the Leather Trousers!" Vinnie Crabbe's amplified voice rang out in the Great Hall, and Greg Goyle opened the curtain that separated us from the audience.

As soon as the curtain was fully open, Dean counted us in with a four count, clacking his drumsticks with each count, and we began to play. Neville's piano and Harry's accordion melded into a single driving pulse of music, Dean's drums set the beat for the tune. As I raised Ruby to my lips, I noted through the glare of the lights that the audience sat staring open mouthed at what they were witnessing.

Then Draco began to sing.

Even after the months of practice, I still couldn't believe the power behind his voice. It was all that I could do to keep playing as he wove the story as old as wizard-kind. Wizard meets Witch, Wizard loses Witch, Wizard finds Witch again under a silvery moon, only to find out that she's now a werewolf and in the process of ripping out his throat. Draco was amazing, and he was singing my favorite song. Then it was time for my solo.

Nine and a half minutes later, we did one last round of the chorus, and the band delivered its big finish, Draco on his knees at the very lip of the stage, giving every ounce of energy his talent held.

It was done; we'd finished our very first song. As the last echoes of the last notes of our song faded, the audience was silent in amazement.

Until Hermione stood from her seat in the first row, and called out. "What the hell was that?"

Then two things started happening very quickly. First I heard something that I never dreamed I would, the laughter of Severus Snape. The Potions Master doubled over in seemingly uncontrollable laughter.

The second thing was the audience began pelting us with conjured fruit.

====oooOOOooo====

It took the teachers almost half an hour to restore order. Well, most of the teachers. Snape was still collapsed on the floor laughing.

The members of the band were covered in nasty rotten fruit residue, and very confused. What was the problem? We were great.

Finally most of the students were sent off to their common rooms, leaving us facing a select few.

"What did you think you were doing?" Hermione asked us.

"But..." I really didn't understand what was wrong. "We were... we were good."

"No Ron, you weren't. You were really, really, terrible." Ginny said with a smile. Something told me that I would be hearing about this for years to come.

"Terrible? How is that possible?" Harry asked. "It sounded great to me."

"If I might interrupt." The headmaster said softly. "Might I inquire if any charms were used to... enhance your performance?"

"Well, I've been casting Ludo Lacertosus on us to help us out." I admitted.

There was silence for a second, and then Snape burst into another bout of laughter.

"Are you telling me," Pansy Parkinson asked shaking her head, "That you four idiots let this bigger idiot cast a charm on you that you didn't understand?"

"It's an enhancement charm." Draco protested.

"It's the Delusional Musician charm." Hermione said shaking her head. "It tricks those it's cast on that they are playing well. And evidently sings well too."

"Oh, Neville," Susan sighed. "What am I going to do with you?"

"I would suggest that you all get cleaned up." Dumbledore said. "While I assist my disabled Professor." The Headmaster turned to assist Snape.

Snape picked himself up off the floor, still giggling. "Weasley!"

I sighed. Here it comes. "Yes Professor?"

"Fifty points to each member of your band, and your 'roadies' as well." The Potions Master had another fit of giggling as the Headmaster took his arm. "I have never been so entertained as I was tonight."

Bastard.

"Let's go Draco." Pansy said taking the blond's hand and leading him away.

"Later Draco," a suddenly upbeat Harry said. "Don't forget, you need to try to kill me in May!"

Malfoy made a rude hand gesture as he was dragged away by Parkinson. Crabbe and Goyle waved as they followed their leader out the door.

Susan took Neville's face in her hands and kissed him lightly, then let him away as well.

Hermione looked between Harry and myself for a few seconds, and then seemed to make up her mind. "Come along Harry. We need to get you cleaned up."

This left me alone on the stage, until another stepped from the shadows.

"Well, you've made a mess of things."

I sighed again. "I have."

"You seemed to have burned your bridges with both Hermione and Lavender."

"Yeah." I agreed.

"And you're not likely to live this one down."

"I know."

A sigh. "Well, it's probably for the best. Let's get you cleaned up."

"Ok."

Colin took my arm and led me from the Great Hall. I found myself wondering about his reputation.

---==oooOOOooo===---

A/N: Well, they WERE a boy band...