

Harry Potter and Hogwarts The Musical Hogwarts The Musical

AN: 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) Parvarti do nothing for me...

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Harry Potter and Hogwarts The Musical.

The house lights came up in the opulent, if little used and heretofore unmentioned Phineas Nigellus Black Theater. Lucius Malfoy, clad in jodhpurs, a puffy sleeved shirt open to the navel, paddock boots, and a beret strode out onto the stage.

"People!" he announced clapping to get the attention of the gathered Slytherins. "We open in three days. And. We. Are. Not. Ready!" He struck his pimp cane on the stage to emphasize each of the last five words. "Now perhaps you want to get to opening night in a show called "Lord Voldemort Presents, Lucius Malfoy's Hogwarts The Musical starring Lord Voldemort" so fundamentally unready, but I for one do NOT. Set it up for the Slytherin Love Song. Oh, and Flint? Hit your cues, or I will kill you."

Lucius returned to his seat in fourth row center, and the house lights went down. The curtains opened to show a set that was a remarkably accurate reproduction of the Slytherin common room.

(Spoken)

Flint : Against the Gryffs we need every man we got.

Vinnie: Draco don't belong any more.

Flint : Cut it, Vinnie boy. I and Draco started the Slyths.

Vinnie: Well, he acts like he don't wanna belong.

Zabini: Who wouldn't wanna belong to the Slyths!

Vinnie: Draco ain't been with us for over a month.

Nott: What about the day we clobbered the 'Puffs?

Greg: Which we couldn't have done without Draco.

Zabini: He saved my ever-lovin' neck!

Flint : Right! He's always come through for us and he will now.

(sings)

When you're a Slyth,

You're a Slyth all the way

From your time with the hat

To your last dyin' day.

When you're a Slyth,

If a trolls in the can,

You got brothers around,

You're a family man!

You're never alone,

You're never disconnected!

You're home with your own:

When company's expected,

You're well protected!

Then you are set

With a capital S,

Which you'll never forget

When you're in a mess.

When you're a Slyth,

You stay a Slyth!

(spoken)

Flint : I know Draco like I know me. I guarantee you can count him in.

Vinnie: In, out, let's get crackin'.

Greg: Where you gonna find Potter?

Flint : At the dance tonight at the Great Hall.

Pucey: But the Great Hall's neutral territory.

Flint : (innocently) I'm gonna make nice there! I'm only gonna challenge him.

Greg: Great, Daddy-O!

Flint : So everybody dress up sweet and sharp.

ALL (sing)

Oh, when the Slyths fall in at the cornball dance,

We'll be the sweetest dressin' house in pants!

And when the chicks dig us in our Slyth black ties,

They're gonna flip, gonna flop, gonna drop like flies!

Flint : (Spoken) Hey. Cool. Easy. Sweet. Meet Draco and me at ten. And walk tall!

Greg: We always walk tall!

Zabini: We're Slyths!

Vinnie: The greatest!

Vinnie and Zabini (sing)

When you're a Slyth,

You're the top cat in town,

You're the gold medal kid

With the heavyweight crown!

Greg, Vinnie, Nott

When you're a Slyth,

You're the swingin'est thing:

Little boy, you're a man;

Little man, you're a king!

ALL

The Slyths are in gear,

Our wand are all clickin'!

The Gryffs'll steer clear

'Cause ev'ry Blood Traitor's a chicken!

Here come the Slyths

Like greasy bats out of hell.

Someone gets in our way,

Someone don't feel so well!

Here come the Slyths:

Mudblood, step aside!

Better go to your tower,

Better run, better hide!

We're drawin' the line,

So keep your noses hidden!

We're hangin' a sign,

Says "Mudbloods forbidden"

And we ain't kiddin'!

Here come the Slyths,

Yeah! And we're gonna hassle

Ev'ry last bloody house

On the whole bloody castle!

On the whole!

Bloody!

Castle!

Yeah!

The lights went down on stage to a blackout. Then all the lights in the house came up.

"Alright, that was better." Lucius said from his director's perch. "But it was still the single worst piece of crap I've ever seen. Work on not sucking quite so much every one. Set it up for Draco's solo!"

The curtain closed and the stage hands hurriedly set up the requested scene. After a few moments the curtain opened to show an amazingly detailed replica of the Quidditch Pitch. Draco strode out on stage."

"From the top Draco." Lucius called.

The music started, and Draco ignored his cue. The music stopped. "What's wrong Draco?"

"What's my motivation father?"

"Crucio!" The blond boy collapsed to the stage screaming. Lucius stopped the curse. "Feeling motivated yet?"

“Yes Father” Draco panted. “I’m ready.”

Draco

(spoken)

Ginevra . . .

(sings)

The most beautiful sound I ever heard:

Ginevra, Ginevra, Ginevra, Ginevra . . .

All the beautiful sounds of the world in a single word . .

Ginevra, Ginevra, Ginevra, Ginevra . . .

Ginevra!

I've just met a witch named Ginevra,

And suddenly that name

Will never be the same

To me.

Ginevra!

I've just kissed a witch named Ginevra,

And suddenly I've found

How wonderful a sound

Can be!

Ginevra!

Say it loud and there's music playing,

Say it soft and it's almost like praying.

Ginevra,

I'll never stop saying Ginevra!

The most beautiful sound I ever heard.

Ginevra.

The lights came up again.

“Alright, that was pretty good Draco. Try your other solo as long as that set is up.”

“Yes Father.”

The lights in the theater went down again, and a single spot framed the blond Slytherin.

Draco (singing)

I feel pretty,

Oh, so pretty,

I feel pretty and witty and bright!

And I pity

Any boy who isn't me tonight.

I feel charming,

Oh, so charming

It's alarming how charming I feel!

And so pretty

That I hardly can believe I'm real.

See the pretty boy in that mirror there:

Who can that attractive boy be?

Such a pretty face,

Such a pretty robe,

Such a pretty smile,

Such a pretty me!

I feel stunning

And entrancing,

Feel like running and dancing with a whirl,

For I'm loved

By a blood traitor girl!

SLYTHS

Have you met my good friend Draco,

The craziest boy in the house?

You'll know him the minute you see him,

He's the one who is in an advanced state of shock.

He thinks He's in love.

He thinks He's in Spain .

He isn't in love,

He's merely insane.

It must be the heat

Or some rare disease,

Or maybe a potion

Or maybe it's fleas.

Keep away from him,

Send for Snape!

This is not the

Draco we know!

Modest and pure,

Polite and refined,

Well-bred and mature

And out of him mind!

Draco

I feel pretty,

Oh, so pretty

That the castle should give me its key.

A committee

Should be organized to honor me.

SLYTHS

La la la la . . .

Draco

I feel dizzy,

I feel sunny,

I feel fizzy and funny and fine,

And so pretty,

The Dark Lord can just resign!

SLYTHS

La la la la . . .

Draco

See the pretty boy in that mirror there:

SLYTHS

What mirror where?

Draco

Who can that attractive boy be?

SLYTHS

Which? What? Where? Whom?

Draco

Such a pretty face,

Such a pretty robe,

Such a pretty smile,

Such a pretty me!

SLYTHS

Such a pretty me!

ALL

I feel stunning

And entrancing,

Feel like running and dancing with a whirl,

For I'm loved

By a blood traitor girl!

The lights came up.

“Why am I cursed to work with Amateurs?” Lucius asked the gods. “Alright strike that scene, set up for the fight scene.”

As the curtain closed, Voldemort stormed in. “Lucius, these re-writes of yours make no sense, I don’t have enough lines! Crucio!”

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In the lighting booth Hermione Granger leaned against one of the support stanchions and shook her head in wonder.

“Who would have thought that the Slytherins would be so into Musical Theater?”

“I would think it would be obvious, I mean look at Draco.” Luna said, from her seat on Harry’s lap. “If Hogwarts ever had a Diva, it’s him.”

“Is everything ready for next week Love?” asked Harry.

“Oh yes, you are now a fully credentialed journalist. Father sent over you press pass, it’s in the inside pocket of my robe.” Her voice went throaty.

“Would you like to find it yourself?”

“No bother Love.” He reached inside her robe to get his prize.

Luna shuddered. “OOOHH! That’s not a pocket Harry, but don’t let that stop you from searching some more!”

“Will you two cut it out before I turn a hose on you?” Hermione was delighted that Harry had found love, but they did it everywhere, not caring who was in the room. “Fine, your plan is coming together, but how does this defeat Voldemort?”

“Harry is going to hit him where it hurts, hurt him in ways Voldemort cannot even imagine.”

“Luna’s right. The Power the Dark Lord knows not? The Power of the Theater Critic!” Harry smiled.

---ooo000ooo---

Omake:

Well, not really, just a collection of songs offered by others, but I didn’t use.

donelsenheimer

Minerva!
I just met a witch named Minerva!
And suddenly that name,
Will never mean the same, to me!

Me again.

I like to be in a Fan Fiction!
O.K. by me in a Fan Fiction!
Ev'ryone gets lines in a Fan Fiction!
But no one get paid in a Fan Fiction!

RON
I sometimes get laid in a Fan Fiction!

Don again, channeling Guys and Dolls (which would be Wizzards and Witches I guess)

What's the latest magical movie?
I'll tell you what's the latest magical movie.
A picture about a Ravenclaw wizard, falls in love with a Beuxbatons girl
That he sacrifices everything and gives up his Stilton for Brie,
That's the latest magical movie.

What's in the Daily Prophet?
I'll tell you what's in the Daily Prophet.
Story about a Gryph who emptied out his vault
Just to buy his wife a charmed golden locket.
That's what's in the Daily Prophet.

What's happening all over?
I'll tell you what's happening all over.
Slytherin sitting home by a wireless set
That used to be something of a rover.

That's what's happening all over.

**Love is the thing that has nipped them.
And it looks like Harry's just another victim.**

NEVILLE (spoken) Yes, sir!

**When you see a mage changing all of his ways
You can bet that he's doing it for some witch.
When a Dark Lord's plans for domination are canned
Chances are he's been tamed by a magical dame, as only dames can.**

**When a Pygmie Puff rides a warlock's shoulder with pride,
Easy enough to figure that wizard has got it bad.**

**Call it said, call it funny,
But you can bet even money,
That the wizard's only doing for some witch.**

**If a sorcerer sweats, seeking tight abs and pecs
Make a bet that working out for some hag.
When a timid Huff's battling dragons all night
Who the hell would you say, has made him that way, all ready to fight?**

**When a Canon's fan, gives up orange for tan
And his robes no long bear logos of Quidditch teams.**

**Call it sad, call it fickle
Ah, but you can bet every sickle
That the wizard's only doing it for some witch
Some witch, some witch
The wizard's only doing it for some witch!**

And Don doing "The Sound of Magic"

**Fresh-potted mandrakes and cauldrons that boil,
Pranks that embarrass Drake, Crabbe and Goyle,
Beauxbatons witches in heels and g-strings,
These are a few of my favorite things.**

Then KittyCatGirl85 got into the act:

**The halls are alive with the sound of magic
With songs they have sung for a thousand years
The halls fill my heart with the sound of music
My magic wants to cast every spell it hears**

**My magic wants to beat like the wings of the birds
that rise from the spell of Avis
My heart wants to sigh like a chime that flies
from the spell Sonitus
To laugh like the Firsties when they trip and fall over the trick step
stair
To work through the night on Potions while pulling their hair**

**I go to Hogwarts when my heart is lonely
I know I will hear what I've heard before
My heart will be blessed with the sound of magic
And I'll sing once more**

Then, predictably, pathetically, I responded with:

**How do you solve a problem like Hermione?
How do you give a test that she can fail?**

How do you solve a problem like Hermione?

A know it all, she never shuts up, she's pale...

Then Ed Becerra chimed it with:

**"The Hills are Alive, with the Sound of Magic,
With Spells they have sung, for a thousand years!
The hills fill my heart with the sound of Magic
My wand wants to cast every spell I hear!"**

and threatened us all with "Maybe more later."

Chris LeBron returns us to a West Side story libretto with:

**"Nar-ci-ssa!
I just met a witch named Narcissa!
And suddenly that name,
Will never mean the same, to me!"**

Then Don chimed in again with a song From Bye Bye Voldie:

**Gray skies are gonna clear up,
Throw a good hex at Snape;
Brush off the clouds and cheer up,
Throw a good hex at Snape.
Shake off that exploding potion,
It's not your style;
You'll look so good that you'll be glad
Ya' decide to smile!
Think of a painful prank now,
One that makes fat from thin;
Conjur some nasty gall stones,
Transfigure his balls to tin!
And spread sunshine all over the place,
Just throw a good hex at Snape!**

Followed by Don's tribute to "The Music Mage"

**Seventy-six Death Eaters led the big attack
With a hundred and ten banshees close at hand.
They were followed by boats and boats of the fiercest lycantropes
The cream of ev'ry werewolf band.**

**Seventy-six Death Eaters cast the fiercest spells
With a hundred and twelve vampires right behind
There were more than a thousand wraiths
Haunting every place
There was beasts of ev'ry shape and kind.**

**There were angry giants whose every steps were thundering,
Thundering, thundering all along the way.
Boggarts, brownies, basilisks and mountain trolls,
Every troll having its big, fat say!**

**There were fifty nasty dragons breathing fire balls
Firing flames, firing flames, heating up the gore.
Evil beasts of ev'ry size
And inferi who couldn't die
Cause they had already passed before!**

Then Don offered up Ron's solo from "A Hexux Line" (they can't all be gems)

**Kiss my arse goodbye,
The NEWTS all start tomorrow.
Wish me luck, it'll have to do.
But I can't regret
How I lazed all term, how I lazed all term.
Look my inkwell's dry.
My friends won't let me borrow.
It's as if Hermione knew,
She won't let me forget, how I lazed all term,**

How I lazed all term.
Gone,
Semester's come and gone.
When I get my grades,
Mum will long remember.
Kiss my arse goodbye,
And point me t'ward the muggles.
I did what I wanted to do.
Won't forget, can't regret
How I lazed all term.

Twiliams1797 tried to redeem us with is version of Voldemort, Dead Dark Lord...

Vol Da Mort
Dead Dark Lord
Run Through and Guttred
By Harrys' Sword

Voldemort
Dead Dark Lord
Was Tom Riddle, But Now is
no more

And finally, twiliams1797 with his version of America sung by Harry

I've just met a girl named Her-mi-on-ee
I can tell, I can tell
she's the one for me
her love of books,
her cur-i-os-it-y
she doesn't need potions to get to me

Harry Potter and Hogwarts The Musical The Reviews

AN: 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) Parvarti do nothing for me...

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Harry Potter and Hogwarts The Musical.

The Reviews

Lucius responded to the summons to his master's side instantly. In the Throne room he found the Dark Lord slumped in his regal seat, sobbing.

"My Lord, What is wrong?"

"That, that thing." He pointed to the folded newspaper on the table beside his throne. "You would not believe the cruel things it said about our wonderful show."

"We got a bad review My Lord?"

"We were PANNED Lucius. We closed opening night." The magically reconstituted body of the Dark Lord shook with sobs. "Why go on? He knows. Who ever that bastard reviewer is, he knows. Why do I even keep trying?"

More than a little worried about the state of mind of his Dark Lord, Lucius picked up the news paper to see what had done this to the Greatest Dark Lord in a century.

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The Quibbler

The Quibbler is pleased to introduce a new feature; theatrical reviews by our newest correspondent Pyjamas the Terror. He attended the opening night of the latest show by He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named; "Hogwarts The Musical" Here is his review.

Hogwarts the Disaster

A pointless exercise in three acts

A review by **Pyjamas the Terror** , Quibbler Theater Critic

The mistakes begin with the wallpaper. When the curtain rises on the torturous new show by He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named's "Lord Voldemort Presents Lucius Malfoy's Hogwarts the Musical Staring Lord Voldemort," the play's eager hero (portrayed by Draco Malfoy) is discovered attempting, with laborious comic inefficiency, to magically attach hypnotically striped green and silver paper to the walls of the Slytherin common room. Not to put a damper on a young man's early adventures in decorating, but instead of gluing on wallpaper, shouldn't he be slapping on paint? Then at least the audience would have the diversion of watching it dry.

Certainly, theatergoers deserve some form of incidental relief from the parching desert of a production that opened last night at the Phineas Nigellus Black Theater. He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named's 1943 comedy, his first Hogwarts smash, was a valentine to himself and to the joyful tribulations of being young, untried and murderous in the big castle. Yet for a work that celebrates the liberating force of spontaneity, this version doesn't have a single scene that feels organic, let alone impromptu.

The quip-packed dialogue that is He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named's signature registers here with the animation and full-bodiedness of projected pain curses. As the current Hogsmeade Players revival of "Don't Call me Tommy" indicates, early He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named retains its original freshness about as well as sushi. But as miscast and uneasy as this season's "Don't Call Me Tommy" is, it at least has the momentum that comes from honoring the Ping-Pong rhythms of rebounding crucios. "Hogwarts" progresses with the stiff-legged, robotic gait of an inferi.

Given the vitality of the talents involved here, it may seem puzzling that this "Hogwarts" should be so lacking in the sap of life. Its director, Lucius Malfoy, has established himself in the past decade as an inspired rejuvenator of post-mid-20th-century all male period

pieces (including the recent "Sammy Slaps a SQUIB" and "Alberforth's Goat Party"). The Younger Mr. Malfoy is a rising star who has been seen to fine advantage last year in the Hogwarts Player's production of Severus Snape's "Blame it on Potter." Theodore Nott has been wonderfully appealing both onstage ("Severus's Boy") and in Improv ("I didn't do it"), while Vinnie Crabbe and Gregory Goyle arrive in a cloud of happy associations with now-classic Shows, like "Wadda You Wanna Do?" (Mr. Crabbe) and "I Dunno, Wadda You Wanna Do?" (Mr. Goyle).

Yet if you look at these folks' credentials and personas more closely, you'll see that most of them are flagrantly mismatched with their roles, including, by the way, Draco Malfoy. But let's start — though I'm loath to — with the Younger Mr. Malfoy, since his character, Draco Malfoy, is the soul of the play.

The Younger Mr. Malfoy, to put it bluntly, is no jumper. He exudes the bristly, defensive caution of a pretty boy used to fending off the advances of his elders and other creeps. And his range of vocal and facial expressiveness is pretty much confined to, at most, two lines of a musical staff. In the right part, he can work subtle wonders within these limitations. But his Draco seems as madcap as Mafalda Hopkirk in a disciplinary hearing. You can sense that he's trying, really hard, to be funny and freewheeling, but it hurts him. Us, too.

This doesn't give Mr. Nott's priggish Ted, who must be cajoled by Draco into shedding his buttoned-down ways and taking the Dark Mark, much to work with. "Is that supposed to be funny?" he asks Draco, after he delivers a typically Voldemortian put-down. "No, it was supposed to be nasty, Crucio!" he answers. "It just came out funny." But in truth, there is no appreciable difference between this Draco's being funny and being nasty; there's not even much difference between his hysterically sad and hysterically playing opposite an emotional vacuum, Mr. Nott manages some appealing bits of comic business, as the fastidious Ted deals with the broken-down obstacle course that is his dormitory. But there's an artificiality in his line readings and gestures, however charming, which suggests that he developed them in front of a mirror. You can't blame him.

Mr. Crabbe has a winning way with dialogue that can make synthetic one-liners sound like filigree epigrams. Trim and dazzlingly blond, he is a glamorous eyeful in Severus Snape's rich period costumes. Then again, his character is supposed to be a shy, delicate frump in need of sexual awakening. Nothing that is said about Mr. Crabbe tracks with what we see of him here.

The role of the Bohemian womanizer next door is one Mr. Goyle could glide through on automatic pilot. He does. Like the rest of the cast, he has been painstakingly outfitted by Mr. Snape in clothing that screams, "It's the 1960's, folks." (In Mr. Goyle's case, this means Birkenstocks and a brocade Nehru jacket.)

This is part and parcel of Mr. Malfoy's shtick; he has always been big on time-capsule details. His "Hogwarts" comes equipped with a vintage (and sometimes anachronistic) soundtrack that ranges from Celestina Warbeck singing "Broomtown" to the Sisters' cover of "Hex! Hex! Hex!" Is this really what Draco, the raging individualist, would come up with? Perhaps Mr. Malfoy is trying to suggest that Draco is, after all, his mother's son, trapped in the conventions he grew up with. But "Lord Voldemort Presents Lucius Malfoy's Hogwarts the Musical Staring Lord Voldemort" does not stand up to such psychological parsing. For it to work at all, it has to float without flinching on the surface of its wide-eyed, good-willed romanticism.

Not even an appearance of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named as and unnamed Dark Lord, with the most unattractive and obviously fake plastic nose tied to his face could save this farce (and no gentle reader, this show was NOT intended to be a slapstick comedy). Reduced to casting Crucios on those on stage with him (which did not appear to be scripted as they made no sense) He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named came off as a disposable two dimensional villain who was quickly forgotten as soon as he left the stage.

Only one of the performers here seems to enter fully and happily into that spirit. Her name is Seamstresses Dummy, and she has a small role as a wisecracking but empathetic Blood Traitor Girl Ginevra Weasley. She is onstage, draped with a red wig for a total of perhaps 10 minutes. And those are the only minutes in which this show exhales the breath of life.

Lord Voldemort Presents Lucius Malfoy's Hogwarts the Musical Staring Lord Voldemort

Produced and Written By He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named; directed by Lucius Malfoy; set by Blaise Zabini; costumes by Severus Snape, lighting by Gregory Goys Sr.; sound by Vincent Crabbe Sr.; production stage manager, Narcissa Black-Malfoy; props coordinator, Bellatrix LeStrange; production manager, At the Phineas Nigellus Black Theater.

Running time: 5 hours 25 minutes. It just seemed longer.

WITH: Draco Malfoy (Draco Malfoy), Theodore Nott (Ted Nott), Vinnie Crabbe (Draco's Thug, Vincent Crabbe), Gregory Goyle (Draco's other Thug, Greg Goyle), Seamstress's Dummy (Blood Traitor Ginevra Weasley) and Jerry Mathers (The Beaver).

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"You see Lucius? You see? You pour your life into a show, and this... this... this philistine dismisses it. Because of what this fool wrote, tickets were returned, my show closed. We only had one night Lucius. One night. The magic is.. is gone. Why go on?"

Lucius was worried. Other Death Eaters were appearing now. He had never seen the Dark Lord in such a state of depression. The review was scathing, but for Voldemort to react like this?

His spirits rose when he saw the Dark Lord draw his wand. Someone would be punished, and then all would return to normal. He was horrified when he saw the Dark Lord point his wand at himself and utter the last words Lucius ever heard.

"Avada Kedavra"

---ooo000ooo---

Hermione Granger rushed into the Room of Requirements, to find that the room was configured as a candle lit bedroom, the scent of jasmine and sex in the air. She found Luna Lovegood naked, straddling Harry Potter in the midst of an orgasm.

"H-h-h-hello Hermione," she gasped. "We'll be done in a few moments. Unless you wanted to join us?"

Hermione realized what she was staring at and blushed, then turned her back to the coupled couple, realizing they were not going to stop. "Join you, no, I... Harry, we're getting reports that Voldemort has died, all the marked Death Eaters have died as well."

"Yeah, I know. The Scar, you know. **Oh MERLIN LUNA! DO THAT AGAIN !**" Harry seemed to lose the ability to speak. The part of her that wanted to know everything was fighting with the rest of her over whether she should ask what Luna had just done. "Oh Wow. Remember that Luna my love. Anyway Hermione, I knew as soon as he died. About two hours ago. That's what Luna and I are celebrating. Are you sure you don't want to join in?"

"Are you serious?"

"We're safe from the Death Eaters. The Dark Wanker is gone. **GOOD LORD LUNA, NOT WHILE I'M TRYING TO TALK !**" he panted for a moment. "Anyway, what better time to have a real good time?"

Against her better nature Hermione started to see his point. She had been waiting for Ron to purchase a clue for three years now. She turned around to face them again.

Luna looked up to see Hermione approaching unbuttoning her blouse. "Yay!"