

## A Bunny in Hogwarts

"Are you sure we should be doing this?" Crabbe asked slowly as he fingered his collar.

"Yes," Draco snapped. "My father paid a lot of money to get me back in school, and he told me to kill Potter, and I'm not going to fail again."

"So why not just kill him?" Goyle asked slowly.

"Because he's too fast," Malfoy groaned. "Will you two idiots shut up? This is delicate stuff!"

Unfortunately for Draco he had already been interrupted, and it was only a small mispronunciation, but the effects would be felt for decades.

With a dramatic, and totally unneeded flourish of his wand, Draco finished the spell and waited.

A sense of evil filled the air, as all the light in the room seemed to be sucked toward a hole in the floor. A hole that gave all three boys a sense of deep forboding.

"It's working," Draco screamed excitedly. "I've done it!"

With a stillness that was as scary as it was abrupt, everything stopped.

They held their breath in anticipation.

"Arise my demon, arise," Draco said after nothing happened.

A figure slowly arose from the blackness and turned to face Draco. It reached out with one paw, and took a carrot from behind its ear. "So," he chewed noisily. "What's up, doc?"

Draco paled, but looked determined to continue.

"I order you to kill Harry Potter."

The large rabbit paused in his chewing. "You don't say?"

"I summoned you, you must do what I say."

The rabbit climbed out of his hole. "And how do you want me to kill him?"

Draco was ready for this. "It's easy, you take this," he handed him a pre-primed wand. "You point it at Potter, and say 'Explofus.'"

The rabbit took the wand and looked at Draco. "Explofus?" he asked.

A powerful explosion rocked through the wand, catching Draco straight in the face. It left the blonde's hair covered in smoot, and his eyebrows singed.

There was a moment's silence.

"Not at me," Draco yelled, as he got back to his feet. "At Potter!"

"Right," the rabbit nodded. "I just point, and say explofus, right?"

"Ri..." The wand exploded a second later, this time sending Draco flying into Crabbe and Goyle.

The rabbit seemed to smirk. "So," he said as he peered down. "What's up, doc?"

"Who are you?"

From nowhere, an old overcoat and a hat appeared. "The name's Bugs, see? Bugs Bunny, see?"

"See what?" Crabbe asked.

"Potter, shoot him," Bugs said.

"Where?"

"There," the rabbit said, pointing at the now darkened Draco.

"Explodus!" Crabbe shouted excitedly.

Draco flew back against the wall, and bounced off painfully. He lumbered to his feet and snatched the wand from Crabbe's hand and threw it in the corner.

"Goyle, get him!" Draco ordered.

Goyle pointed his wand at the over-coat wearing rabbit.

"Wait," Bugs cried, moving next to Draco and placing a hat on his head.

"Which one do I hit?" Goyle asked slowly, his wand pointing at each in turn.

"Him," Draco said.

"No, him," the rabbit retorted.

"Him!"

"Him!"

"Him!"

"Him!"

"Me!"

"No, Me!"

"No, do me!"

"Goyle, I am Draco Malfoy, I demand that you hit me!"

Goyle shrugged and did exactly that.

A minute later, Draco got back to his feet and walked over to the rabbit. "You're despicable!" he slurred.

Bugs bounced over to Goyle. "Look!" he said, pointing at the wall.

Goyle turned, and Bugs took a firm grip of the back of the boys robes around the waist, and lifted hard.

Goyle squealed like a soprano.

Bugs bounced happily to the door. "I think I'm going to like it here, doc," he drawled, and vanished out.

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This part was written by Verasha.

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As Harry and Hermione were walking back from the library, after doing some research in regards into the Voldemort problem he had recently informed his friends of, Bugs Bunny calmly strolled through the hall headed in the other direction. The shock took a moment to wear off. Harry, having lived through most everything else, recovered first.

Harry looked up, then at Hermione, then up at the large rabbit again. "Hermione?"

"Yes," her voice had a tone never heard from her before.

His lips twitched, as he tried to fight it, but he couldn't. Not even Harry Potter's willpower was that high. "I taught I saw a bunny rabbit." He paused. "I did, I did, I did see a bunny rabbit."

Hermione looked at him slowly. Her left eye twitched as she debated whether to answer or the question, laugh, or just suffer a quick, but merciful, mental breakdown. The rest of her body might have been carved from stone, so intense was her concentration and mental debate that her brain simply ceased sending commands to the rest of her.

"I'm not sure. I think I saw Bugs Bunny walking through Hogwarts, but that's not possible, is it? I've never seen reference to cartoons being able to manifest since I was informed I was a witch, and I looked everywhere! I remember hoping that they were real, and searching every book I could find when I had the chance." Her voice wavered, as if unsure and afraid of what she was saying.

The quick pace of her answer warned Harry that he probably needed to be very careful in his response. After seeing Bugs walk down the hall,

however, his mouth answered before he could come up with a response more attuned to calming Hermione down.

"That may well be, but that was Bugs Bunny if I've ever watched him through the crack in the cupboard door! I wonder what he's doing here."

"I don't care! It's just not possible!" Her voice was stronger now, but in frustration at seeing what was so obviously something found neither in *Hogwarts: A History*, nor any other book she had ever heard of. Her lips formed a very thin line upon her face after a moment, and confusion had obviously turned to the determination of solving a new problem.

"Impossible or not, Hermione, there he goes now. Look, I'll i;½"

"Harry, you know as well as I do that a cartoon should have no possible method of manifestation!" Hermione almost screamed at the indignation of the entire momentary lapse of her sanity. She closed her eyes, shook her head, and started to massage her temples. After a couple of deep breaths, she said "You know what? It's just the stress. There's too much going on. Studying several hours a day, I'm not sleeping like I should, I've found so much in the last few days that seems to lead to what we want, but it's not making any sense and i;½"

"Hermione! Breathe. In, and out; seriously, you need to calm down." Watching over her shoulder, he caught sight of the rabbit coming back in the same direction, "Look! He's coming back!" said Harry.

She turned towards where he was looking, and took a step back. Her eyes narrowed, her fists clenched, and her muscles became visibly taut.

"Bugs Bunny!" Hermione screamed at the obviously penciled in yet somehow materialized rabbit. Said rabbit immediately quickened his pace, strolled up, and sat on one of the bricks that had slid out from the wall at his approach.

"So, you've heard of me? Interesting. Are you going to point another one of those sticks at me, because the last guy that tried that didn't seem to happy with how it turned out." Bugs calmly stated, gnawing on his carrot. He was the animation of patience.

"I don't know why I would. Why, has someone been pointing sticks at you?" Hermione politely asked, her upbringing taking over in the mind boggling situation. The moving masonry was a little too much for her. It might not have bothered her, had it not taken on a 'drawn' appearance.

"Yeah, this blonde kid decided I was supposed to say Explodus while pointing a stick at him if I came across someone named Harry Potter. Apparently, Blondie thought that I was under his command or something. I haven't found him yet, I'd like to have a word with him, actually." Bugs replied.

"Bugs? I'm Harry. I'd appreciate you not doing that, but I'd love to know how you got here." Harry tried to bring himself into the conversation, quietly amused by the whole thing. He was aware that a lack of proper answers here could very well lead to Hermione's spontaneous combustion.

"You're Harry, then? Great. So, what's up, doc?" Bugs asked him.

Harry laughed quietly. He was just far enough gone in caring about trivial things that his immediate response was "I've been looking for a way to kill Voldemort. Snake guy, red eyes, pale skin, y'know, your average really bad guy. Think of him, as a Wile E. Coyote who actually knows what he's doing. What's up with you, doc?" Hermione stared at him blankly, too much in shock to either question Bugs further or question Harry's sanity.

"Wow. That's some problem. He was always annoying, but you're right, he's ..."

"HEY! Wait a minute! You can't be here! This shouldn't - can't be - it's not the looney tunes! It's not a TV show! Don't you notice something slightly off? LIKE EVERYTHING HERE IS REAL??? HOW DID YOU EVEN BLOODY GET HERE!?" Hermione screamed at Bugs. Harry stared slack jawed as Hermione quickly became unhinged.

"You alright there, miss? That vein in your forehead looks problematic. Sit down, have a glass of wine. It'll be ok. You really shouldn't yell. You don't even know me." Bugs calmly stated, starting on his second carrot.

"What do you mean, I don't know you! Everyone knows you, you're a cartoon. Someone thought you up, drew you with a pencil, inked you in many hundreds of times to make kids laugh! What's wrong with this situation? YOU'RE IN THE REAL WORLD!" Tears were starting to form in her eyes as she tried to manage something resembling normalcy while everything and everyone around her was happily ignoring the ideals of reality.

Bugs hopped off the brick, which slid back into the wall, and started slowly backing up, realizing that she was obviously not coherent, and likely to explode. She wasn't done, however.

"Stop! You need to not exist. Come back, I'll help you. I can research why you're not really here. We'll make you go back! You'll enjoy it! You have to, I'm sure this is violating several laws of interdimensional travel, your arrival could have been through a dimensional portal, resulting in an imbalance of everything!"

He didn't stop. As he was walking backwards away from Hermione, he said "Yeah, I came through a hole. It's several floors down. Kind of dark, damp, you should find Blondie still covered in soot. It's right about there." He turned tail, burrowed into the stone floor, and dug a trail into the wall.

"But... stone... too thick... just a rabbit... not a rabbit... not possible GYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!!" Her scream, and her breakdown, could be heard several stories up or down. Harry trying to keep his laughter quiet enough that his companion wouldn't notice, gently started to lead Hermione to Madame Pomfrey.

A few moments later, Bugs quietly stuck his head out of the hole he had made, afraid for his life. After seeing the coast was clear, he got up, grabbed another carrot, and said to no one in particular "Wine really would have been the better solution."

With Hermione safely sedated and in the arms of a potent dreamless sleep potion, Harry had been forcibly ejected by Madam Pomfrey and told to not come back unless he was literally dying.

It might have been a bit harsh from the nurse, but his inquiry into the availability of the potion for calming Hermione down on a regular basis had perhaps been a touch out of place.

Still, with Ron in detention, he now had the evening to kill, and he wanted a chat with Bugs.

It wasn't everyday you got to talk to your childhood hero.

As everyone knows, the best way to find what you are looking for, is not to look for it. So Harry stuck his hands in his pockets and started to whistle, watching his feet as he walked around the school.

"So, what's up, doc?" Bugs asked, appearing next to him.

Harry smiled. "Do you find it strange?"

Bugs looked around and shrugged. "Not really. One castle is a lot like another. This sort of thing happens to me a lot. I was trying to get to Cincinatti, took a left when I should have taken a right, and ended up here."

"You weren't summoned?"

Bugs grinned. "Carrot?" he offered.

"Thanks."

"Nah," Bugs said. "The idiot miscast the spell. He summoned a hole."

"You seem to know a lot about magic."

Bugs didn't stop as he approached a wall, and walked straight up it. "I'm part magic," he explained.

"Part?"

"Yeah. As long as it's funny, I can do anything I want."

"You know," Harry said slowly. "That makes a weird kind of sense."

"POTTER!" The voice of Severus Snape roared. "Detent..."

"Sir?" Harry asked.

"Tell me, Harry," Snape purred in a way that Harry would spend the rest of his life describing to psychiatrists. "Who is your pretty friend?"

Harry turned violently, to see that Bugs had changed. He was now wearing a victorian style dress, complete with long pink gloves, and small umbrella over one shoulder. A long blonde wig rested on his head, the curly hair falling down his back.

"Hi," Bugs giggled attractively.

Harry stepped backward, and as quietly as he could, summoned Colin Creevey's camera.

"So," Snape said, holding his robes close as he slinked toward the disguised rabbit. "What's a nice girl like you doing with a nasty boy like him."

Bugs giggled girlishly.

"Do you come here often?" Snape asked, causing Harry's gag reflex to kick in.

Bugs looked down shyly, and Harry realised that somehow the rabbit's eye lashes had extended.

"How about a kiss?" Snape begged in a manner that he probably thought was not reminiscent of Dudley approaching an Apple Pie.

"I'm a good little girl," Bugs said in breathy voice, gently pushing him away.

"I'm a bad little boy," Snape said, leaning in.

Harry pointed the camera, cast a silencing charm, and started to take

as many pictures as he could.

"Close your eyes then," Bugs whispered, his paw going up to Snape's face.

Snape closed his eyes, a hopeful expression on his face.

Bugs pulled off one of his gloves and dropped a brick into it. Without hesitation, he pulled back and whacked the potions professor straight in the jaw.

"Wow," Snape murmured. "What a kiss!" Before he passed out.

Bugs walked over to Harry, his dress vanished, and grinned. "See, as long as it's funny."

"You know, Bugs," Harry grinned. "This could be the start of a beautiful friendship."

Bugs nodded. "I was thinking of hanging around for a bit?"

"Great! I've got just the place for you to stay." He led the rabbit quickly down the corridors to the Room of Requirement.

He opened the door. "What do you think?"

Bugs looked at the endless fields of carrots and grinned. "Wait here," he said, taking a few steps forward and jumping up, as if launched from a diving board. In mid-air, he started to spin, and landed, drilling deep into the ground.

The faint sound of singing accompanied the huge piles of earth that came out of the hole. "Come on down," Bugs yelled a few minutes later.

Harry took a deep breath, and jumped down into the hole.

Inside he blinked his eyes, shook his head, opened his mouth, and shut it again. He was in a huge cave. Two beds were situated either side of the room, a small kitchen complete with table was to the left, and a door leading to what he presumed was a bathroom area was to the right.

"Wow."

Bugs grinned and bowed. "Can I offer you a carrot juice?"

"Please," Harry said, taking one of the chairs. "Can I offer you a butterbeer?"

"What's that?"

"It's what we drink."

"Does it have carrots in it?"

"Nope."

"I'll try it," Bugs said doubtfully.

Harry nodded and concentrated. A tankard appeared a second later.

Bugs took a sip, and then smiled, draining it. "Perfect," he smiled. "It's got just a touch of alcohol in it. I could raise havoc with this."

"Really?" Harry asked, sipping the carrot juice.

"Sure," Bugs grinned. "When I'm drunk I can do all sorts of magic - because drunks are always funny."

The human and the rabbit spent the evening talking about their respective cultures, before they went to bed, both anticipating Bugs first day at Hogwarts.

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They were deliberately late for breakfast, but their plans for a dramatic entrance were slightly foiled when Draco Malfoy walked around the corner and spotted them.

"You!" Malfoy shouted, snatching his wand out and pointing it at Bugs. "It's rabbit season, and I'm gonna have me rabbit stew for tea!"

"Eeep!" Bugs said, and started running toward the Great Hall, Draco following him, throwing curses as he ran.

Harry followed them, laughing to himself. He could almost feel sorry for the ferret.

Inside the Great Hall was a scene of absolute stillness and silence, as they watched Draco Malfoy chase a life sized cartoon rabbit around.

As Bugs passed Harry he winked, and Harry nodded back, pulling his wand out.

Bugs turned and ran toward the far side of the Hall, and didn't stop, running straight up it.

Harry cast a spell on Draco, allowing him to follow - and follow the boy did, not even noticing he was now running up a wall.

Bugs put on a burst of speed and accelerated into the magical ceiling, flying off into the distance.

Harry jogged to the wall, waiting underneath the slower moving Draco.

The doors to the Great Hall flew open again, and a large truck entered. "Yo, delivery for Potter," Bugs shouted with a thick New York accent, hanging out the window.

"Right here," Harry shouted.

Quickly, Bugs reversed the open-backed truck over to Harry and climbed out.

"Sign here, doc," Bugs said, pulling a pen out of the blue overalls he was now wearing, and offering a clipboard.

Harry signed quickly, and then looked up.

Unfortunately for Draco, he was very soon to find out that the ceiling was solid. Very solid.

With a crunch, he ran into it full speed and stopped abruptly. At the same time, Harry cancelled his spell.

With a long drawn out wail, Draco dropped to the floor. Right in to the back of the truck. The truck with the words "ACME Mouse Trap Delivery Co." on the side.

The silence for the next few minutes was only punctuated by the crack of the traps activated, and the squeels of pain from the blond.

Bugs held out his paw, and Harry shook it.

"As long as it's funny," Bugs grinned.

Harry nodded, and they both turned to face the school, and the enraged face of Severus Snape.

## A Bunny in Hogwarts Minerva's Nightmare

"Are you sure we should be doing this?" Crabbe asked slowly as he fingered his collar.

"Yes," Draco snapped. "I know what I did wrong last time, and I won't fail again. This time, we will deal with Potter, and that damned rabbit, and my father will be proud of me!"

"So why not just kill him?" Goyle asked.

Draco sighed. "Look, you lumbering imbeciles, we've had this conversation before! Potter's too tough, so we need help, got it? Now, will you two forget that you know how to talk." The blond boy turned back to his hole and finished the spell, this time with a flick rather than a flourish.

For the second time, a sense of evil and inevitability filled the room. Darkness emanated from the hole, ignoring all the laws of physics that pointed out clearly that darkness could not emanate.

Slowly a figure appeared. It was black, dark, and it was low slung to the ground. It carried around it a miasma of fear and decay.

"All right, now we're talking," Draco yelled excitedly.

The darkness faded, revealing the creature Draco had successfully summoned from beyond.

"Bonjour? Ou-ey le belle magnifique?"

Draco blinked. "Huh?"

The creature inhaled deeply. "Un smella voo feenay." It dropped down to all fours and started to trot off.

"Wait," Draco yelled.

"Pourquoi, my little sailer-boy?"

"I called you to here kill Bugs and Potter!"

"Non, Pepe le Pew is un lover, not un killer." He turned.

"*Stupefy!*" Malfoy called, pointing his wand at Pepe.

Pepe jumped to one side and frowned at Draco. "I shall leave you, for you are un barbarien," He walked out the door, but not before a large golden cloud appeared from his backside.

"What's that smell?" Crabbe asked, before he started to choke.

Draco went pale and held his breath, the only thing he could think of, was to cast another spell to help him breathe. A transfiguration spell. He cast it, but as soon as he opened his mouth, the smell entered, and he choked half way through. His wand, still pointed at the door left off a burst of magic.

"At least I might get someone else," was Draco's last thought as he collapsed into unconsciousness.

The spell raced through the third floor corridor, until it hit a suit of armour in the chest. It rebounded at a strange angle and headed downstairs, toward an unsuspecting house-elf. The elf looked up, frowned, and batted the spell away, toward a corner.

In the corner, a small rat was minding his own business, nibbling on some silver foil. The spell hit the silver foil, and continued its wild journey in a new direction.

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Minerva McGonagall was trying very hard not to smile. Snape was still fuming about what had happened at dinner, but was powerless to do anything about it. Harry had pointed out innocently that he was only trying to help Malfoy catch Bugs, and that it wasn't his fault that Draco had stupidly tried to run into a ceiling. And as Bugs didn't belong to a house - or indeed Hogwarts, he couldn't be punished either.

Snape was now in his rooms, still fuming, and no one quite knew where Bugs and Harry were.

She should probably be worried, but the very fact that Harry had a smile on her face was enough to allay her fears. He had been suffering a lot recently, with the expectations of that damnable prophecy hanging over his head, and this seemed to be giving him - and everyone else - some

much welcome relief.

There was a flash of light ahead of her, and knowing that she didn't have time to draw her wand, she did the only thing she could. She turned into her cat form. Unfortunately, she wasn't fast enough, and the spell hit her.

She groaned, and tried to return to her human form, but couldn't. She hissed angrily, someone was going to pay for this. She headed toward her room quickly, and hissed again as she passed a mirror. She didn't even look like herself.

She was black, with a white stripe down her back.

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Bugs and Harry were wandering down one of the corridors. "What is that smell?"

"Wasn't me, doc," Bug replied, before he sniffed. "I recognise that smell," he muttered. "No... surely not."

"What?" Harry asked.

"Follow your nose!"

The two of them started to jog, heading toward the smell. They threw the door open, and both retched. "That is horrendous!" Harry choked.

"You ain't whistling dixie," Bugs agreed. "And look, it's my dyspeptic friend."

"Malfoy," Harry groaned. "And another hole."

"And judging by the stink, a certain skunk stunk this way. You don't have any cats around, do you?"

"Only Mrs Norris," Harry said, "and she's staying with Hagrid while Filch is away."

"Then we should be fine," Bugs said confidently. "Pepe's not bad - when he's on his own."

From far away, the sound of a cat's terrified screech made its way to their ears.

"Except," Harry said slowly. "Professor McGonagall's Animagus form is a cat!"

"She's the nice Professor, right?"

Harry nodded.

"We better go rescue her then."

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Minerva was close to her rooms, and was thanking her lucky stars she'd had the foresight to install an emergency cat flap.

She frowned as a new smell assaulted her nostrils. It was the worst thing she had smelled since the Weasley Twins had decided to play with creating their own stink bombs.

"Hello, my little pussey," a voice said in an appalling French accent. "Allow me to introduce myself, I am your new lover."

"Meow?" Minerva yelled in shock and horror, and then cursed her inability to speak in this form. In front of her was a skunk. A large, black skunk. She shuddered in absolute horror.

"You are une bella pussey," he drawled. "And I shall make you mine."

Minerva did the only thing she could think of. She turned, and sprinted as fast as she can in the opposite direction. At the corner, she turned. The skunk was bouncing along merrily behind her, a trail of smoke behind him.

She galloped down two flights of steps, up another, and then leaped from a balcony to another. Panting heavily, she paused and looked back the way she had come. There was no sign of the skunk.

"You are ze corned beef, and I am ze cabbage. Ze corned beef is nothing without ze cabbage."

Slowly, she turned. He was in front of her, leaning against a wall, a smirk on his lips. Before she could move, he did. The next thing she knew was that she was on her rear feet, in an extremely undignified pose, while he stared into her eyes.

"If you stop rezitting me, I shall stop rezitting you," he purred, his mouth getting closer to hers.

With a desperate strength she didn't know she possessed, she escaped from his clutches, and sprinted up some stairs, heading as high as she could. Every time she looked around, he was behind her, bouncing along merrily.

"You know, most men would get discouraged by now, fortunately for you, I am not most men!" he called cheerfully.

Minerva shuddered and tried to hide in the dark, under a small chest of drawers.

"Where are you, my little object of art? I am here to collect you."

Minerva didn't even breath.

Suddenly the chest of drawers tipped to the side, and he was there, holding it up and smiling at her. "You may call me Streetcar, because of my desire pour vu."

With a despairing yell, she ran forward and dived off the balustrade. Even death was preferable to... to... to that! And besides, she still had several lives left, so she might just make it.

"*Wingardium Leviosa* !"

Minerva felt her fall slow down to a stop, and she landed in a pair of arms.

"Professor McGonagall?" Harry asked.

She nodded and butted her head against his chin gratefully.

He smiled and stroked her. He had nice hands, not too hard, not too rough, but not ticking either. She purred in relief, feeling safe.

"I'll take care of Pepe, doc," Bugs promised. "You look after the nice teacher."

"Thanks, bugs." Harry started to walk back toward the Professor's quarters, still carrying her. After the excitement and the running, she was exhausted, and Harry was a lot better smelling than most humans. His free hand was still stroking her back, and it felt so nice that she was soon asleep.

She half-woke as Harry somehow managed to open her door, and place her on her bed. "Finite Incantatem," he whispered softly. "Sleep well, Professor."

He turned, and walked out, locking her door behind him.

Minerva curled up, safe, and dropped into a deep sleep.

When she awoke, she had a few seconds of blissful blankness as she wondered why she in her cat form. And then the memories started to hit her. And as they did, her anger grew.

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Harry and Bugs were sitting to one side, engaged in a low voiced conversation. Ron and Hermione were staring at them (as were the entire school), Hermione's eyes were still slightly dull from the calming potion she was under, and Ron was looking after her.

The door to the Great Hall banged open, and Minerva McGonagall stormed in. Her hair was un-braided and hanging down her back, and the normally immaculate professor was still in the robes she was in yesterday.

"Who did it?" she demanded of the students.

"Did what?" Snape sneered.

"Severus," Minerva growled menacingly. "Shut! Up! I am not in the mood to deal with your childishness at the moment."

Severus climbed to his feet.

"Sit," Minerva roared. "Because you really, really, really do not want to see a Scotsman angry!"

Snape paled dramatically - an impressive feat for the sallow potions master, and slunk back down into his chair.

"I said, who did it!"

Albus opened his mouth, but at a glare, shut it again.

Harry looked at Bugs.

Bugs looked at Harry.

In unison, they both pointed at Draco Malfoy.

"Gee, ain't we stinkers?" Bugs said in an aside, with a toothy-grin.

"What?" Malfoy asked. "Potter's lying!"

Severus, showing some brains not normally attributed to him, didn't interfere as Minerva stalked toward the Slytherin table. Other members of the Slytherin house dived out of her way.

"Wand," Minerva hissed.

With a shaking hand, Malfoy handed over his wand.

"*Prior Incantato*," Minerva whispered. A ghostly image of a transformation spell appeared.

Draco gulped. "What did I do?" he asked. "I didn't do anything!"

"A hundred points from Slytherin," she said in a dreadfully quite voice. "You are going to pay, Mr Malfoy. What you did was so far beyond inexcusable that it needs a new category, and if it hadn't been for Harry I dread to think what would have happened. It's time you learnt some responsibility."

Minerva stepped forward and took a firm hold of his ear lobe. "We will talk about this in private, at great length," she promised, and started to pull him out of the Great Hall.

"Not a word," she said to Severus, who nodded fearfully. She walked toward the door, before she paused. "Harry, take a hundred points for saving a Professor's life, twenty points for having the nicest scent in Hogwarts, and a further twenty for the nicest hands."

Harry blushed, as Bugs patted him on the back.

"Harry," Hermione asked softly. "What happened last night?"

Harry sighed softly. "Malfoy summoned Pepe le Pew, and then trapped Professor McGonagall in her cat form, changed her coat to black, and painted a white stripe down her back."

Hermione looked horrified.

"Come on, Bugs," Harry said, "let's get outta here." The boy and the rabbit walked out.

As they went through the door, Ron turned to Hermione and said, "I can tell that's bad but not why, can you explain for those of us who aren't Muggles?"

"Please," Albus added. "I've never seen Professor McGonagall that annoyed."

"Well..." Hermione started, before what ever she was going to say was lost as they were out of earshot.

"What did you do to him?" Harry asked, as they made their way to the Room of Requirement.

"Sent him back home," Bugs replied. "Back there, he's harmless, all the cats have restraining orders on him, and he keeps to himself. So, you're a human, right, doc?"

"Right."

"Where's your partner?"

"My what?"

"Female. Love. What ever you call them?"

"Oh, girlfriend. I've not gone one."

"You don't say?" Bugs said with a disquietening grin.

Harry nodded, and followed Bugs into his hole.

Bugs passed Harry a fresh carrot juice, and took one for himself.

"Why does blondie want you erased?"

"Well," Harry said slowly. "I guess it's like this. Back when I was a baby..."

## **A Bunny in Hogwarts Pure Evil**

Bugs Bunny was a rabbit who knew who he was. He liked carrot juice. He had the coolest mate in the world - Lola Bunny - who was a mate who didn't mind his occasional trips abroad (or through dimensions). He was pretty cool, and had a vast number of fetching outfits - even if he didn't wear trousers much (Free and easy, nothing like an unfurnished basement). And, as Lola would claim, he was a romantic.

And that was his current issue. He had a friend in this world that was alone. And he couldn't have that.

Lola did all sorts of nice things for him that allowed him to go around, righting wrongs, fixing broken things, and generally having fun. Harry seemed to have a lot more pressure on his back, so it was logical that he needed a cool mate as well.

Luckily, this was a school with a lot of Harry's species in it, and there must be one who'd fit.

Being a methodical rabbit, Bugs held up a paw and starting ticking off points that Harry's new 'girlfriend' would need.

First, she would have to be open minded about comedic cross-dressing. The ability to put on a wig and act female was always important for a hero. Along with that was the even-tempered bit. No hero needed to be nagged over doing hero stuff.

Second, and this was without saying, she'd have to have great fur and a brilliant smile.

Third, she'd definitely have to be able to make Harry's jaw swing at least a foot down when dressed up, and make him incoherent in awe.

Fourth, she'd have to be strong, capable, and kiss like a vacuum cleaner attached to the national grid. Every hero needed to be able to rely on his bunny when the carrots were against the wall.

He lowered his paw and bounced happily on the spot. How hard could it be to find one of this species like that?

Bugs decided that his best chance was a bit of sleuthing while Harry was asleep. He checked in on the young man, and smiled cheerfully, before heading toward his closet. He emerged a few seconds later, with his long brown coat on, his favourite hat, and his sleuthing pipe. Blowing bubbles out of it happily, he made his way out of his burrow and back in to Hogwarts.

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Hogwarts was an ancient school. Over the years, she had seen many things, from a rampaging river of giraffe tears, to a swamp made purely out of the hair of incompetent harpies. She had seen meetings of the most powerful people in existence, and watched over meetings of students from all over the world.

But never had she seen this. Never such a group of people, congregated around a table, down the main hall, past the portrait of 'Man with no hat', a left after the portrait of 'Dog with no hat' and a right just before the portrait of 'Aardvark with hat', down the corridor, heading towards the deepest, dankest parts of Hogwarts, those places where Professors feared to tread, where the unworthy may not emerge for years to come - and if they did, they'd be gibbering wrecks, capable only of rocking back and forth, forever bemoaning the colour purple.

Inside this diseased and demented room, this library of horrors untold to human eyes, they sat, in silence. Waiting for some sign, some message from above that would provide their unholy coven with the guidance they so desperately needed.

On the table sat a tome, a tome unearthly in hue and texture, in its pure and unadulterated evil. Men had been known to go insane with nothing more than a glance at the depraved and twisted contents.

Into the void, the silence was broken. "Why is it, that when ever a Slytherin arranges our meetings, we end up in here?"

"Hey," Daphne protested. "You wanted somewhere out of the way."

"I know," Padma agreed. "But this is a foul dungeon."

"It's not that bad," Pansy said. "I kinda like it."

"You would," Lavender sniffed.

Pansy rolled her eyes.

"If I could have your attention?" Susan asked politely. "We're not just here to have a chat today, remember?"

"Oh, yeah, sorry, Suse," Hannah apologised.

"Yeah," Parvati agreed. "We'll be good."

"Excellent, then I call this, the 423rd Meeting of the Witches Coven to order. First order of business, Padma, what has your research shown?"

Padma smiled brightly. "Good news, everybody. We've exceeded the terms of our agreement, and the contract is now null and void!"

"Really?" Tracey asked, as she leant forward.

"Can I have some background?" Su Li asked quietly.

Susan nodded. "I forgot that you weren't with us back then," she said. "Basically, in our second year, Ginny Weasley stumbled across one of our meetings, and threatened to reveal us to the school."

Su gasped.

"Quite," Susan agreed. "In exchange for her silence, we all agreed a contract."

"Which was?"

"That we'd leave Potter alone," Tracey grumbled. "And let her have a shot at him. I wanted to just kill her, but I was outvoted."

"Only just," Pansy muttered. "That little tart has caused me no end of trouble; we ought to see how she likes having to hang around Mr Smelltastic Malfoy."

"Moving back onto track," Susan interrupted. "We agreed that none of us would try and date him - and would persuade other girls not to - until she dated him. And as we all know, that happened last year."

"Precisely," Padma agreed. "And, in accordance to the contract, we didn't interfere. However, young Miss Weasley did not cover one thing in her arrogance. What would happen if Harry broke up with her? I don't think she expected that to happen. And now that it has, all bets are off."

"But won't she just blackmail us again?" Su asked.

"Nope," Padma said, a smirk hovering around her lips. "She still has to keep her side of the bargain. She talks, and all her hair will fall out, her nose will double in size, and..."

"And?" Su asked eagerly.

Tracey grinned. "This was my addition. Let's just say that the first female Weasley in ages will lose the title, and there will be seven brothers."

Su laughed.

Pansy stood and moved to the front, next to Susan. "Now, Padma told me about this earlier, so I've set a few ground rules in place."

"And they are?" Daphne asked warily.

"One. No sabotaging of anyone else in the coven. Two. Any girl not in the coven is fair game, and we'll... ensure that they don't interfere. Three. What happens outside stays outside, in here, we have a good time as we always have, we study as always, and don't let a boy interfere."

"Why now?" Su asked. "Why didn't we do this research earlier?"

Tracey smiled slightly. "Coincidence, really. We're all between boyfriends at the moment. We've all watched Potter for years; he's young, rich, good looking, powerful, brave, and honourable. And tolerant."

"Damn right, if I had friends like Weasley I'd've punched him out by now," Pansy muttered.

"And," Susan continued, "we'd all gotten used to the status quo, and moved on. Of course, that was until Professor McGonagall reminded us this afternoon."

"Twenty points for the nicest hands in Hogwarts, and for the nicest smell," Lavender sighed cheerfully.

"We all know McGonners is a cat, and cats have a great sense of smell," Padma agreed. "And we've all been downwind of half the boys in here."

"And been groped by boys who seem to think that are boobs are pieces of meat in need of tenderising," Daphne added.

All the girls winced.

"You should try Draco," Pansy said. "I've had to study all sort of shield charms just to stop him leaving bruises. How long do I have to keep this up, Suse?"

Susan smiled slowly. "We all do appreciate your spying on Malfoy and the other idiots for us," she said. "And I think that you'll all agree that it is no longer necessary. Voldemort will not be an issue for much longer."

"Oh?" Daphne asked quietly.

Susan nodded. "After our new friend, Mr Bunny, appeared, I did some research. I spent most of yesterday in a Muggle Library, watching cartoons. Bugs and Harry have a lot in common. We've already seen Harry be a lot more relaxed, and a lot less guarded. Bugs is going to help that. And soon, Voldemort will do something, Harry will declare war, and what happens next will be extremely funny, and will probably leave Voldemort under a five ton anvil."

There were a lot of bewildered faces around the room.

"Bugs' magic works differently," Susan explained with a long suffering sigh. "It is dependent on being funny. This will appeal to Harry on all sorts of levels. They will work together, and I will bet my life on the fact that Harry will win sooner rather than later."

"So I can stop?" Pansy asked hopefully.

"Yes, even better, it might be the catalyst," Susan agreed. "Anything we can do to poke the idiots in the school into making Voldemort act would be good." She paused and looked around. "Right, on to the next order of business. Lavender?"

Lavender stood. "Thanks to my contacts, I have managed to arrange for us to receive a copy of Witch Weekly a day early." She opened the tome of true evil, and turned it to the back. "I've added it to the archive already, and this week's highlights include a wonderful charm for our nails..."

And so we leave this coven of terror, this group of evil and dark witches as they plot against our fair hero, the horror of nine beautiful witches wanting to date one wizard is to terrifying to deal with...

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Bugs hopped along a corridor admiring the portraits. His sleuthing hadn't got far yet, but he wasn't too worried. He had contacted Lola to tell her what was going on and she was taking care of business back home.

As he went around a corner he stopped suddenly, his tail quivering. He could hear something up ahead. He tiptoed carefully to the door, and pulled a glass from his pocket. He placed his ear against the glass, and the glass against the door.

"Can't you do anything?" he heard the young Malfoy whine.

"No," Snape said abruptly. "There are some things in life you do not do, and mess with an angry Scotsman is one of them. I have no wish to find out what would happen if I tried."

"But..."

"Stop your whining," Severus ordered. "You got yourself into this mess with your incompetence; you'll have to deal with the consequences."

"I'll write my father," Draco muttered.

"Do so," Severus advised. "I'm sure he'll be delighted to hear about your incompetence."

Draco paled and went quiet.

"Now," Severus continued, on a roll, "watch how an expert does a summoning."

Bugs frowned, and pulled a marble from his pocket, idly flicking it into the air. He tried to decide what would be the funniest way to interfere. He slowly smiled to himself, and gently opened the door. Malfoy was pacing, watching the greasy professor, who was in the middle of his summoning.

Bugs flicked the marble carefully.

It rolled along the floor and under Malfoy's feet. Malfoy stepped on it, and fell backward wildly, his foot brushed Snape's wand, moving it in a pattern that was just slightly wrong.

"You bumbling idiot," Severus yelled, as smoke started to pour out of the hole that appeared.

"I'm sorry," Draco snivelled. "I tripped."

Out of the smoke, a figure appeared. It was small, smaller than expected. And as the smoke cleared, they could see that the figure was wearing a large hat. As he looked up, they saw huge red eyebrows that added an evil tinge to the visage, and the biggest handlebar moustache in existence. It too, was bright red. A brown shirt with a neckerchief tie, a darker brown belt with a golden buckle, blue jeans and small black boots finished the outfit.

"Who are you?" Snape demanded.

"Me?" the figure drawled slowly. "I'm Yosemite Sam - the roughest, toughest he-man stuffest hombré that's ever crossed the Rio Grande. An' I ain't no namby-pamby." He leapt into the air and pulled out two six shooters from his belt. He fired, one after the other, as he did so. The first bullet bounced of a wall, causing Snape to duck as it flew over his head.

The second bounced of the ceiling and caught Draco right in the shoulder.

"Yee-arrhhhhhh!" Draco yelled in pain.

Yosemite looked down and shrugged. "So," he drawled. "What d'ya want?"

"Want?" Snape asked, looking down at Draco. "What I want, is for you to kill someone." He paused, as Yosemite looked toward the hole and started to enter it again. "And," Snape continued, "a rabbit."

Sam paused. "Did ya say Rabbit?" he demanded.

Snape nodded. "It goes by the name of Bugs."

"Ah hate rabbits," Sam muttered. "An' I knows that ornery fur-bearin' critter from waaaaays back."

"Excellent," Snape said. "Draco, stop your crying and get to the nurse. Mr Sam, if you'll accompany me, I have some whiskey."

Sam nodded.

Bugs quietly closed the door and smiled to himself. His hunt for a female for Harry could wait - this was far more entertaining.

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Susan was walking to breakfast when she 'accidentally' bumped into Tracey and Daphne.

"Morning," she greeted them.

"Why aren't you in your robes?" Tracey demanded.

"Me?" Susan asked innocently. "I have no idea what you mean." She opened a door and ushered them in so that they could talk freely.

"Right," Daphne drawled suspiciously.

Susan smiled at them. "I just felt like being comfortable today." She smiled as innocently as she could. "In fact..." she trailed off as she made a series of movements, before pulling her bra out of her sleeve, and draping it over the back of a chair. She then undid a couple of buttons on her shirt. "There, I feel a lot more comfortable now."

"You're going after Potter," Daphne whispered admiringly. "You little tart."

Susan looked down and raised up on her toes and then dropped to the floor. "Oooo, bouncy," she said in a vapid voice. "You think Harry will like them?" she asked.

"If you think I'm standing for that," Tracey said, "you've been smoking too much of that puff, Puff." She rushed out, quickly followed by Daphne.

Susan watched them go with a grin. As soon as they were out of sight, she shut the door tightly, undid her shirt, replaced her bra, replaced her shirt and pulled her robes out of her bag.

They could tart themselves in front of Potter all they liked; she was going about it the right way – by winning over Bugs first.

Slytherins.

They were always so easy to manipulate.