

Harry Potter and the Bachelor's Degree

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Chapter One: *Quite A Harry Situation*

The school was abuzz with excitement. The Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry could only utter the names "Harry Potter" and "Lord Voldemort" amongst its young, magical students. Two particular students felt a special connection to these names. These two students were Hermione Granger and Ron Weasley.

"Harry! I still can't believe you rid the world of the evil Lord Voldemort!" Ron shouted as he hugged his dear friend.

"We still can't believe the incredible way that you did it, either. Sorry about your new tail, though," Hermione added, looking uncomfortable because Ron was hugging Harry a little too long and little too tightly.

"Oh, don't worry about the tail," Harry said. "I'm sure that surgery can take care of this. Don't take a piss; I'll be fine. Now, Ron, you can let go." Harry hugged his Hermione, whispering 'Keep Ron away from me' as he did so.

"Come on," Ron shouted, "we have to get to the main hall. Harry, I'll get us a spot."

"Huh. Yeah. Good job, sport." Ron sprinted far ahead of the other two. Harry reached down and gently took Hermione's hand in his. She returned his affection, but then, with the other hand, she slapped him across the cheek.

"Harry. No. Remember what happened last year? We already know that it won't work out. Plus, with your new tail, I find you distinctly less attractive. I'm not into monkeys."

"Come on, babe. You're killing me. Just give me a kiss?" He stopped her. He pushed her physically up against the wall. He leaned in to kiss her.

Suddenly, she was gone. His lips to the wall, he realized she was a lot better at

muttering spells than he remembered. Oh, well. Playing hard to get was all part of the game, baby.

Harry made his way to the grand main hall, located God knows where inside the building, and sat next to Ron. He had to move his chair a little bit over (and remind Ron to keep his hands ABOVE the table) but the location was prime for a celebrity, such as himself. Hermione tried her best to not make eye contact with him, and he tried his best to play footsy with her. It would have helped if she wasn't three seats down the row.

Professor Dumbledore rose and bid the crowd to hush. "Students of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, we sit here today as a new era begins. This new age is not for Wizardry kind alone, but for the whole world. As many of you know, our own Harry Potter has victoriously defeated the infamous Lord Voldermort!" Cheers rocked the large hall as people yelled, whistled, clapped, and sang Harry's Theme song.

"Although the manner in which young Master Potter disposed of the tyrant of evil is a bit up for interpretation, the important part is that the deed was done. It doesn't matter that he destroyed a city and countless lives to do it. It may have been horrid, base behavior, but we shall not let what we all say countless times on the news effect our opinion of him. He is truly a cherished member of this school and the magic community as a whole. Let us clap for him again."

Again, cheers. Again there was yelling whistles and such and, of course, the theme song. If I knew the lyrics, I would recount them here, but I don't have time to listen to this CD 20 times to figure out what that Vienna Boy's Choir is saying. It's probably Latin or British, and I don't speak either of those. Harry rose, acknowledged the quite "over-the-top" fanfare, and sat down again. Harry soon found Ron's hand on his knee. He removed it and grunted in disagreement.

Professor Dumbledore continued. "Who else would like to say something about this momentous occasion? Professor Snape, perhaps?" The crowd made an "Ooooo" sound and several people covered their mouths in horror. Somewhere, someone said, "Take it off!" Professor Snape rose from his seat and raised his hands for silence. The crowd noise died down to a very faint, "Ron, quit trying to hug me, alright?"

“Mister Potter. Mister Potter. What can I say about you? I hate you, you understand, but you needed me. If it wasn't for my taking over your body the entire last book, err ... uh, school year, you would have never discovered Lord Voldermort's secret hideout. You also wouldn't have gotten so far with Miss Granger, am I right?” He smirked slyly at Hermione, who mouthed the words 'You are a dirty man' from across the hall.

“Mister Potter would also not have gotten so far with Mister Weasely, am I right, Ron?” Ron, at the moment, was trying his best to “rest his lips” on Harry's cheek, but Harry was losing his patience. He stood up and screamed, “Ron, knock it off! I'm not gay!” Red faced and upset, Harry looked around the hall. All of the eyes were on him. He shrugged and said, “Bring on the Wiccans! Heh heh.”

Snape sat down and Dumbledore clapped to have the meal brought out. They ate in delight (Ron had given up and Hermione had forgiven Harry a little bit for his behavior) and the evening grew on. As it grew later, the residents of the school began to make their way to their rooms. Hermione, Ron, and Harry all walked together towards the Gryffindor wing of the school.

“You know, Harry, with your victory over Voldermort, you automatically graduate with the highest honors ever in the history of the muggle world and the magic world plus 100. What are you going to do with the rest of the semester? You have to stay here because of some lame plot device, but you don't have to take classes.” Hermione seemed concerned over Harry's future. What would he do?

“You know, Hermione, I've been thinking about that. I think that it's time I had the childhood I never had a chance to enjoy.”

“So, you're going to buy a bottle and some dolls and sit around in a diaper all day?” asked Ron, stupidly.

“No, Ron, not at all. I think it's about time I picked up some vices.” Harry nodded his head vaguely at this. This was going to be a great semester. He could feel it. “Ron. Quit holding my hand.”