

# HARRY POTTER: THE BOY WHO LIVED TO DIE ANOTHER DAY

Harry and Ron woke up next to each other in a daze. (FANGS for the opening line, Rob, you ROCK!)

“Oi, ‘Arry, what ‘appened, then?” said Ron, with a British accent because Harry Potter takes place in British.

“I don’t know, Ron, but I know one thing! Voldemort’s back again!”

then Hagrid walked over.

“WE’RE IN GRINGOTTS, THE WIZARD BANK! I BROUGHT YOU TWO HEERE BECAUSE I REALLY THINK IT’S REALLY SAFE!!”

“OI, GOOD THINKING, HAGRID!” accented Ron.

Harry got to his feet and looked around. It was indeed Gringotts, and he knew because he had been here before and so remembered what it looks like.

“HARRY, VOLDEMORT ALMOST KILLED YOU IN YOUR SLEEP, BUT THE AURORS SAVED YOU AND I BROUGHT YOU ON MY MAGICAL MOTORCYCLE TO SAFETY! AND RON TOO, BECAUSE I KNOW HE’S YOUR FRIENDS AND I LIKE HIM ALSO AS A PERSON!!!”

“Oi, thanks Hagrid!” thanked Weasely, gratefully.

“I BELIVE IN YOU HARRY, ONLY YOU CAN STOP VOLDEMORY ONCE AGAIN BY USING THE POWER OF YOUR PARENTS’ LOVE~!” shouted Hagrid with pride.!!

and he picked up Harry and hugged him like a really big loving friend might pick up and hug a much smaller friend that he cares for deeply.

and then the ghost of Professor Snape apparated in front of all of them.



## PART 2

“What do you mean you’re a Horcrux, Hagrid? I thought you were a giant!” asked Harry skeptically.

“You can be both a Horcrux and something else, Harry! Like how you’re a boy and were also a Horcrux!” explained Hagrid.

“I think I get it now, thanks Hagrid.” whispered Harry. He turned away from Hagrid sadly, knowing what must be done.

“AVADRA KEVALIER!” shouted Harry, spinning around and turning his super wand on Hagrid’s face.

“HARRY, NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” yelled Hagrid, as he died in a flash of green betrayal.

“Harry, what you have done!!!!” shouted the Wease. “Hagrid was our best friend who was an adult! Our best adult friend!”

“Don’t you get it, Ron? If I didn’t kill him, Voldemoart would have come back and killed us all! I took a life to save many, and many ethics professors would agree that I made the right decision!”

“I don’t understand, Harry.” cried Ronald, “I’ve never seen you like this.”

Harry turned away coolly.

“Yeah, well people change, Ron. When faced with extraordinary events, we must become extraordinary. I am extraordinary.”

He turned to Ron seriously.

“If you don’t have the guts for this, tell me now.”

Ron looked down at his feet. He was wearing a pair of black Vans, which are very cool, but not very comfortable

as walking shoes.

“I’m sorry, Harry. But I can’t take this journey with you.”

Harry hugged Ron. “I know,” he whispered as he pushed the knife into Ron’s heart.

“H-harry, what...” Ron gasped.

“Before Hagrid died, he told me where the Horcruxes are:

they are everyone that I love.”

He kissed Ron’s forehead,

and Ron fell to the ground, dead.

To be continued



part 4

Harry drove his broomstick, the Nimble-20k up to Ginny's shitty house.

He knocked on the door and hid behind a nearby shrub.

Out walked Mrs. Weasley.

Harry snuck up behind her and clobbered her with a stone, yelling "Avatad Kevlar!"

Mrs. Weasley fell to the ground, dead.

Mr. Weasley rushed outside to find out what the ruckus was and saw Harry Potter standing over his dead wife with a bloody rock in his hand.

"Harry, don't do this," begged Mr. Weasley, "I will do anything! I am an expert at technology! Here, take this gun!"

Mr. Weasley bowed and offered up a P90x- the same gun Tony Horton used when he saved Great Britain from teh Russians. It had a suppressor and a laser sight. The perfect weapon to kill a man who just gave it to you.

Harry shot Mr. Weasley in the head, yelling "Avast Kebaba!"

The Weasley clan was all but extinguished. All that remained was the Ginny, the sexy redhead Harry had lusted after ever since saving her from a stupid giant snake.

Harry burst into her room. She gasped and covered up her nakedness, because she was naked and matsubishiing to the thought of Harry.

"Ginny, I'm sorry. But you're a Horcrux, and I have to kill you."

"I know, Harry," she said sadly, "But please, before you kill me, make love to me."

Harry obliged.

The two made love on top of Hagrid's coat, which Harry had brought with him because it was really warm and perfect as a blanket for banging hot girls, like Hermione and Ginny. Harry's only regret was that he couldn't have slept with both of them at once.

After Harry made Ginny come a dozen times, she was about to pass out and said "GOodbye, Harry."

Harry held back a tear as he put his wad to her face and said "Goodbye Ginny..."

"Avada Kuwabara!"

Whichever twin didn't die in the books came back home and saw Harry crying and naked on top of his dead sister. He rushed at Harry, but Harry had p90x and used it to kill Fred or George instantly.

“My work here is done,” he said, as he put his clothes back on.

He returned to his broomstick and prepared to head to Hogwarts.

TO BE CONTINUED...



And when she died, she opened up a bathroom portal.

“Her death opened up a bathroom portal!” Harry noted wisely.

from the portal emerged none other than Professor SNAPE! YOOOOO!

“Harry, when you kill a ghost, it comes back from the dead. But when I was alive, I slipped all of the ghosts in the school a Switcheroo Potion so that if I ever died, and one of them died, I would come back to life!”

“Professor that’s great! But Voldermort’s coming to kill me and I don’t have my mom’s love to protect me because I killed a bunch of people!”

“You don’t need your mother, Potter. You have me,” Snape said as he pulled out a grenade launcher.

TO BE CONTINUUUUUUUUED.

## Part 6

Professor Sever-god-damn-rus-Sape started tearing through the hallways of Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizzazrrry on rollerblades and shooting Death Eaters with his Grenade Launcher of Slytherin.

“THIS IS MY REVENGE” he roared, shooting hooded goons left and right.

“KILL HIIIIIIIIIIIM!” shrieked Voldermort, casting Avado Kilimanjaro.

“I BLESS THE RAINS DOWN IN AFRICAAAAA!” shouted Albus Dumbledore, transcending death and kicking Voldermort in the testicles.

Voltermont cupped his balls in agony, casting Defendicus Repellerino. Now nothing could touch him. He screamed at Severus.

“WHY ARE YOU PROTECTING POTTER, HIS MOM WOULDN'T BANG YOU YOU FUCKING CUCK WHITE KNIGHT FAGGOT!!!!!!”

Severus Snape stopped rollerblading and flipped on some shades.

“No, Tom. James was the cuck. Harry is my son, LMAO,” he laughed, and then he cast Cutteroo Slicey at Voldermoon's shield, tearing it to ribbons.

“What the fuck?” asked Voldermont.

“My slicey-spell can cut through ANYTHING. It's the strongest spell in the world,” explained Severus Snape, now the fucking champion of everything.

“I WILL KILL YOU REEEEEEEEEEEEE!” screamed Voldercunt, cast AVADA SUPERKILLTACULAR at him.

But Snape just did a backflip and cast Cutty Cuttero at it, slicing the spell in half. It flew into some Death Eaters instead.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOO! THIS ISN'T FAIRRRRRRRRRRRR!”

Dumbledore laughed so hard he started crying.

“I only came back because I thought I was the only one who could defeat you, but it turns out you're a punk-bitch. I'm gonna get going back to Wizard Heaven now, later fam.”

“Bye, Professor!” said Harry.

“Goodbye Albus,” said Professor McDonaldgal who was now awake.

“Buy, Albums!” said Snape respectfully.

The Death Eaters started running away, but Peeves had thrown marbles all over the ground, so they just tripped like fucking idiots.

“OH NO, WE'RE DOOMED!” they wept, “MASTER YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO PROTECT US!”

“Nothing can save you from me,” said Severus Snape, “For 18 goddamn years, I put up with your shit, but now it's over. You're all deader than shit.”

Snape cast Slice-and-dice at the Death Eaters, and cut their hands off. They'd never be able to cast spells again. A fitting end for those who abused their power.

Voldemort turned and started running. Snape tried to cast CutCoKnives at him, but Voldemort had put on his best running shoes, and was able to escape into the labyrinth that was the Hogwarts halls.

Snape turned to Harry.

“Harry, we have to kill him. He's still dangerous.”

He handed Harry his grenade launcher.

“Professor, are you really my dad?”

“I don't actually know for certain, Harry. I did bareback your mother several times around the right time, though. And I never pull out. But no matter what, I loved your mother and I love you. I will always look after you.”

“T-thanks, Professor or maybe dad,” said Harry, getting all emotional.

Snape put his hand on his shoulder and smiled at him.

“Now what do you say we kill Voldemort?”

“NOT SO FAST!” shrieked a shrill, annoying voice from behind them.

It was... LUSCIOUS MALFOY!

TO BE CONTINUED!!

part 7

“YOU SHOT MY SON IN THE SPINE, POTTER! I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE!” yelled Luciussss Malfoy as he ran towards Harry with a knife.

“Not so fast!” yelled Harry, and he shot him in the chest with his handgun.

“GAAAAAAAAAAAAH! MY CHEST!”

“Yeah, that’s right. The only thing that can stop a bad wizard with a knife, is a good wizard with a GUN!” laughed Harry, and he reloaded with the speed and skill of a Navy SEAL.

“WOW Harry, you sure know how to handle a firearm!” commented Severus Snape, impressed.

“Yeah! I’m a natural!” said Harry proudly, and he shot Malfoy in the head.

“Jesus Christ, Harry.”

“Things will never be the same, will they Professor?” asked Harry.

Snape looked sadly at the bodies lying scattered throughout the hall.

“No, no, it’s fine. We’ll blame it on Voldemort.”

“That’s a great idea, Professor!”

“Right? It’s pretty much all his fault anyway. But Harry, you have to promise to never shoot anyone ever again. Except Voldemort, he’s the last guy you can shoot. But then, no one ever again. Please.”

“Yeah, okay that’s fair,” agreed Harry, “It was fun, but not being a homicidal maniac can be just as fun I think! Maybe!”

“I’m glad you see things my way, Harry. A wand can do a million different things. But a gun can only do two things: Kill, and give you boners,” said Snape wisely.

“I’m sorry I shot up the school, Professor McGonadlale. Can we put this behind us, or do I have to kill you too?” asked Harry sincerely.

“Jesus Christ, Harry.”

Snape realized that Harry would never be the same after committing so many atrocities. He knew what he had to do.

“Close your eyes, Harry. I have a surprise for you.”

“Sure!” said Harry, stupidly closing his eyes.

Severus Snape placed his hands around Harry's head softly and swiftly snapped his neck.

"There, that's probably for the best."

"What the fuck happened to that boy?" asked McGonagall.

"He was swept up in bloodlust. Guns are serious business, they're not for the mentally or emotionally weak. Harry was both of those things, he was a total pussy."

"I see. Well, I'll look for survivors. Go kill Voldemort once and for all Severus, please. End this."

Severus Snape picked his grenade launcher from the ground and began moving slowly through the room-littered halls in search for Voldemort, the most dangerous wizard who ever lived.

It was now a game of cat-and-cat with grenade launcher.

Snape cast "Snakeadiddle Shoobop" from his grenade launcher, which he had built around his wand, making it a grenade launcher that could cast spells. Imao and a river of snakes flew from it, hissing angrily.

"Find Tom Riddle, and bite him right in the dick," commanded Snape to his army of snakes.

"HSSSSSSSSSSSS!" they hissed in acknowledgement, and they swiftly slithered away in all directions. Wherever Voldemort was hiding, he was about to be bitten in the dick.

Snape waited for a moment.

"OW, MY DICK!" shrieked Voldemort.

Snape smiled. "Gotcha," he said, as he quickly and quietly moved to the door of the room where the cry had come from.

to be continued...

## SEVERUS SNAPE: THE POTIONS MASTER WHO DIED TO LIVE ANOTHER DAY

Severus Snape lit a cigar.

On the other side of this door was Lord Voldemort, history's biggest asshole-wizard. A sociopath with no nose, but much magical talent.

What Voldemort had never counted on though, was Snape coming back from the dead with a grenade launcher, killing all of his Death Eaters, and sending an army of snakes to bite him right in the dick and trap him inside a classroom, with the entire staff of Hogwarts right outside.

"Come on out, Tom," said Severus.

"NO, FUCK YOU," shrieked Voldemort.

Severus took a puff of his cigar. Magical Cuban. Illegal, expensive, and sexy. He had been saving it for a special occasion, like killing the worst magical criminal of all time.

"We can do this the easy way, or we can do this like my dick. Rock-hard."

"I'LL NEVER SURRENDER!" Voldemort hissed, "I'M DESTINED TO RULE THE WORLD!"

Snape sighed and pulled a revolver out of his robe. It was engraved with the name "Lily", after the woman he loved.

"I'm coming in there, Tom. I'm coming in there and shooting you right in your bitch-ass head."

"YOU WILL DIE IF YOU TRY SEVERUS!"

Severus Snape kicked the door open to be greeted with a Killing Curse firing out of Voldemort's wand. But Snape had anticipated this, and in the same movement as his kick, he leaned back Matrix-style and dodged the curse. It flew out the door and into a wall, ineffectual and pathetic. Just like Voldemort now.

In a split second, Snape made the decision to discard his revolver, and instead grabbed Voldemort's wand, still in the Dark Wizard's hand, and snapped it in half.

"WHAT THE FUCK, BRO!?" shrieked Voldemort, and he tried pushing Severus.

But not only was Severus a master of potions, he was also a master of Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu.

He grabbed Voldemort's arm, and got him in a standing arm bar.

"OW, FUCK!" the Dark Wizard screamed in agony, tapping out immediately. Referee Flitwick called the match.

But Severus Snape wasn't having any of it, not anymore. He broke Voldemort's arm and was disqualified. But he didn't care. He might lose his belt, but the Wizarding world would be safe- and that's all that mattered to him in that moment.

A tear rolled down his cheek as he thought of Lily, and he knew that she'd be so proud of him. Indeed, as she watched from Wizard Heaven, Lily was regretting leaving Severus for that punk James. Severus's dick was way thicker and longer, and half the time James couldn't even keep it up. Oh well, no use crying over dead lovers.

Voldemort was carted away to be sent to Azkaban, where the the hooded soul-sucking goofballs no longer floated guard. The prison was now manned by a skeleton crew of witches and wizards, and was largely kept running by a number of charms to prevent escape.

His final words before he was loaded up into the Wizard-Ambulance rung in Severus Snape's ears.

“I'M GOING TO ESCAPE, SEVERUS. I'LL BE BACK BY WIZARDMANIA 20, AND I WILL TAKE YOUR TITLE FROM YOU.”

Severus began searching for a gym. If Voldecuck wanted a rematch, he wouldn't be disappointed.

THE END. BUT NOT REALLY

TO BE CONTINUED, in **HARRY POTTER AND THE CHAMBER OF VOLDEMORTS**