

Harry Heartbreak - A (Slightly) Humorous HP Fanfic

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Dear Diary,

My first entry... how shall I begin?

I am Harry Potter. A stench, much like toad poop and old cheese together in a pudding, hangs about me, its origin my armpits. Mould clings to the numerous hairs emerging from my ridiculously large

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Chapter 1 - The Whole Freaking Story

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1 - The Whole Freaking Story

Dear Diary,

My first entry... how shall I begin?

I am Harry Potter. A stench, much like toad poop and old cheese together in a pudding, hangs about me, its origin my armpits. Mould clings to the numerous hairs emerging from my ridiculously large nostrils and the eyelashes surrounding those eyes, coloured like diarrhea that occurs when one eats blue licorice-flavoured ice cream. But the mould could be but mucus, I wonder. If only I could wipe away my troubles, like one wipes away the crusty boogies from their upper lip with a Kleenex[®].

She'll never accept me. She's bald... she'll never like the grease-ridden hairs that root themselves on my thick skull. She'll never find my, gangly, bony, withered body attractive.

Perhaps I should take to wearing old bed sheets, coated with grime and something sticky that smells horribly like vomit, or Ron's breath. Silly Ron, we always loved to eat cat hair together... but that is besides the point.

I'm in *love*, dear diary. Love as colossal as the crimson boils adorning my bum-chin. Love as warm as one urinating on my incredibly hairy chest. Love as sweet as the taste of my snot after I eat worm-ridden strawberries. Love, dear diary, love. Perhaps this proves I am not asexual? My hormones are rabid as Ron's. Chew on that, Hermione!

Footsteps echo in the marble corridor outside the Gryffindor common room. Tiny footsteps, made by wrinkled, warty, brown feet, much like my own. I hold my breath. It's her!

With an eerie creak, the Fat Lady allows her to enter the circular room, decorated by those with the intelligence of trolls, the banners blood-red and perfectly hideous. Should I leave you on this table, stop writing? No, I must appear subtle, manly. I heave out my chest, hoping to gain her attention, and continue writing, as you evidently know.

There she is! Her eyes are like bits of dog feces, shimmering with fresh rain; her face squashed and resembling a wrinkled brown paper bag, or perhaps a half-rotted potato. She is dressed simply, like that hobo, Russell, from down the street, in tatters to filthy for words - almost as dirty as mine. Her bald head gleams with foul sweat in the light of the crystal chandelier, and her shriveled hands shake with anxiety, rattling the silver tray she clutches. Then comes her voice, squeaky, music to my ears, like a suffering bagpipe!

"Mr. Harry Potter," she squeals, eyes wide, "I have brought you a sandwich, in case you are hungry."

My heart leaps! A sandwich, for me? How kind, how thoughtful! Is there a possibility that she may... she may *like* me?

Be subtle, I remind myself, and reply in my most masculine voice (it sounds much like a dying buffalo), "Thank you, Winky," I chortled, almost pissing myself with glee. I feel like a turkey, running about, unaware that its head will soon be chopped off!

Suddenly, Hermione bustles up to the gorgeous house elf, and flings her arms around her, and cries, "Winky! My love! It is such a delight to see you, to smell your despicable odor!"

"NO!" I yelp like a drowning dog (and smelling like one, as well), throwing my arms up in protest. Tears cling to my lashes, sweeping away the mould, which, as it turned out, was but that sleepy stuff that comes from your eyes when you're tired!

Winky's eyes begin to water, and soon glistening tears run down the deep, rut-like wrinkles covering her cheeks. For a fleeting, wonderful moment, I think I still have a chance...

I get the message as she plugs her round, squishy tomato nose. It's the reek of my armpits, not her love, that brings tears to her eyes.

I'm flustered, baffled, horrifying! And no, I did not mean horrified; I am clearly horrifying. I'm going to soak in a steaming tub of fresh elephant lard!

* * *

Dear Diary,

I am afraid I must dispose of you... Ron has discovered you, read your tear-stained, crumpled pages that have withered from my stench... I now shall toss you at Moaning Myrtle. Goodbye, my dear friend, who listened to me, of my undying love for a house elf, goodbye