

Snergle Repellent

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A bit of Neville/Luna fluff happening around the holidays. Luna's oblivious to what it meant when she hung mistletoe over herself. ^_^

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Chapter 1 - Tradition

2

1 - Tradition

A/N: Fluff, fluff, fluff! Okay, so it isn't Christmas, but I got the idea, and it sounded do Luna-esque. ^_^
~_^^_^

It was almost Christmas, and for the past week, Luna Lovegood had been walking around with a red hat on. that wasn't the most interest part of it, though. She had charmed a piece of mistletoe to float above her. She acted like it was perfectly normal, at times, totally forgetting about it.

She was avoided my everyone, the guys and girls alike. The guys, because they didn't want to have to participate in mistletoe's tradition, and the girls because they thought she was weird. She was almost oblivious to this.10

There was only one person willing to ask her about it, and that was Neville Longbottom. At first, he was too nervous to talk to her.

Really, he thought, she's so pretty. She... wouldn't want to bother with me. I'm... a nobody... He'd always thought he should have been in Hufflepuff, because, almost whenever he needed it, his Gryffindor courage failed him.

Finally, after school, she was sitting outside on a snowy ledge, alone- again. He went over to talk to her. He sat down... but not that close.

"Oh, hi Neville," she said, looking upthe little design she was makin in the snow with her finger. She scooted towards, him but she said nothing about the mistletoe. "What is it? Was there something you wanted to say?"

"Umm, sorta... yeah, well..." he was starting to feel uncomfortable. Her wide blue-grey eyes stared into his. He didn't want to make a fool of himself- not in front of her. "Uh, what's with the mistletoe?"

"Oh, that! It's used as a Snergle repellent."

"Senergle... repellent...?"

"Yes, they're tiny, tiny creatures that'll infest your hair during the yuletide season," she said knowingly. "Mistletoe is used as a repellent. Many people have been avoiding me, though, which leads me to think," she lowered her voice, " that almost everyone's infected with Snergles."

Neville nodded. He was silent for a moment, then whispered, "Well, mistletoe is usually used a in famous tradition. That might be what people were thinking about. Actually, I'm not sure everyone knows about Snergles..."

"Really? I thought they'd know... I mean, Snergles are quite a pain." She looked up at him again. "Anyway, what's the tradition?"

Neville gulped. "I, uh... when two people are under mistletoe, they... when they're underneath it, they... I..." He paused, then said quietly, "Would you like me to show you? It it tradition, after all."

Luna nodded, a grin going across her face.

Neville stood up, pulling her to her feet. The mistletoe bobbed in the air above them. He slipped his hands around her waist and gently pressed his lips to hers.

He drew away quickly, blushing. "I'm... I'm sorry, Luna," he said, as he saw the surprised look on her face.

She backed up, looking up at the mistletoe. She quickly hopped up, snatching it. She looked at him, shaking her head. She threw the mistletoe and flung her arms around him.

She kissed him again. "So much for those Snergles... I'm not so worried anymore. Actually, that mistletoe was getting on my nerves... but that tradition on the other hand..."

The pink on Neville's cheeks faded as he slipped his arm around her shoulders as they walked back towards the castle.