

Funny Quotes from Harry Potter and the Prisoner of

By Dannyandharryaremine333

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These quotes took me two years to write... i know.. i was just really bored... Well...enjoy!

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1 - Quotes

Funny quotes from Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Askaban

Written on paper by Kayla-Rose Jason

Story by J.K. Rowling

“Harry!” said Fred, elbowing Percy out of the way and bowing deeply. “Simply *splendid* to see you old boy-“

“Marvelous,” said George, pushing Fred aside and seizing Harry's hand in turn. “Absolutely spiffing.”

Percy scowled.

“That's enough now,” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Mum,” said Fred, as though he'd only just spotted her, and seized her hand to. “How really corking to see you!”

“I noticed that you two haven't made you prefects.”

“Why do we want to be prefects for?” said George, looking revolted at the very idea. “It'd take all the fun out of life.”

P.s. Ron says that Percy's head boy. I'll bet Percy's really pleased. Ron doesn't seem too happy about it.

"We tried to shut him a pyramid," he told Harry, "but mum spotted us."

"We've got it," Fred whispered to Harry. "We've been improving it." The badge now read *Bighead boy*.

"Well, I hope he's up to it," said Ron doubtfully. "He looks like one good hex would finish him off, doesn't he?"

"I don't go looking for trouble," said Harry, nettled. "Trouble usually finds *me*."

"I'm not going to take any rubbish from Malfoy this year," he said angrily. "I mean it. If he makes one more crack about my family, I'm going to get a hold of his head and-

Ron made a violent gesture in mid-air.

"Do you really think he's going to worry about attacking Harry just because we're there?"

"As to our new appointment," Dumbledore continued as the lukewarm applause for professor Lupin died away. "Well, I am sorry to tell you that professor Kettleburn, our Care of Magical creatures teacher, retired at the end of last year in order to enjoy more time with his remaining limbs. However, I am delighted to say that his place will be filled by none other than Rubeus Hagrid, who has agreed to take on this teaching job in addition to his gamekeeping duties."

Harry, Ron and Hermione stared at one another, stunned. Then they joined in with the applause, which was tumultuous at the Gryffindor table in particular. Harry leaned forward to see Hagrid, who was ruby-red in the face and staring down at his enormous hands, his wide grin hidden in the tangle of his black beard.

"We should of known!" Ron roared, pounding the table. "Who else would have assigned us a biting book?"

"That little git," George said calmly. "He wasn't so cocky last night when the dementors came to our end of the train. Came running into our compartment, didn't he Fred?" "Nearly wet himself," said Fred, with a contemptuous glance at Malfoy.

"Yea, we'll call you," muttered Ron as the knight disappeared, "if we ever need someone mental."

"Stand and fight, you mangy cur!" yelled Sir Cadogan.

"Oh, shut up," Harry yawned.

"We will be covering the basic methods of Divination this year. The first term will be devoted to reading the tea leaves. Next term we shall progress in palmistry. By the way dear," she shot suddenly at Parvati Patil, "beware a red-haired man." Parvati gave a startled look at Ron, who was right behind her, and edged her chair away from him.

"Right, you've got a crooked kind of cross..." Harry consulted *Unfogging the Future*. "That means you're going to have `trials and suffering'-sorry about that- but there's a thing that could be the sun...hang on...that means `great happiness'...so your going to suffer but be very happy..." "You need your inner eye tested if you ask me," said Ron.

"You look in excellent health to me, Potter, so you will excuse me if I don't let you off homework today. I assure you that if you die, you need not hand it in."

"If being good at divination means I have to pretend to see death omens in a lump of tea leaves, I'm not sure I'll be studying it much longer! That lesson was absolute rubbish compared with my Arithmancy class!" Hermione snatched up her bag and stalked away. "What is she talking about?" Ron said to Harry. "She hasn't been to Arithmancy class yet."

It happened in a flash of steely talons; Malfoy let out a high pitched scream and the next moment, Hagrid was wrestling Buckbeak back into his collar as he strained to get to Malfoy, who laid curled in the grass, blood blossoming over his robes. "I'm dying!" Malfoy yelled as the class panicked, "I'm dying, look at

me! It's killed me!" "Yer not dyin'" said Hagrid, who had gone very white.

"Loony, loopy, Lupin," Peeves sang, "Loony, loopy, Lupin, Loony, loopy, Lupin!"

"Right Neville," said professor Lupin, "First things first: what would you say is the thing that frightens you the most in the world?" Neville's lips moved, but no noise came out. "Didn't catch that Neville, sorry," said Professor Lupin cheerfully. Neville looked around rather wildly, as though begging someone to help him, then said, in barely more than a whisper, "Professor Snape." Nearly everyone laughed. Even Neville grinned apologetically. Professor Lupin, however, looked thoughtful. "Professor Snape...hmmm...Neville, I believe you live with your grandmother?" "Er-yes," said Neville nervously, "But-I don't want the boggart to turn into her either." "No, no, you misunderstand me," said professor Lupin, now smiling. "I wonder, can you tell us what sort of clothes your grandmother usually wears?" Neville looked startled, but said, "Well...always the same hat. A tall one with a stuffed vulture on the top. And a long dress...green, normally...and sometimes a fox-fur scarf." "And a handbag?" prompted Professor Lupin. "A big red one," said Neville. Right then," said Professor Lupin. "Can you picture those clothes very clearly, Neville? Can you see them in your mind's eye?" "Yes," said Neville uncertainly, plainly wondering what was coming next. "When the boggart bursts out of the wardrobe, Neville, and sees you, it will assume the form of professor Snape," said Lupin. "And you will raise your wand-thus-and cry '*Riddikulus*'- and concentrate hard on your grandmother's clothes. If all goes well, Professor boggart Snape will be forced into that vulture-topped hat, and that green dress, and that big red handbag."

"He seems like a very good teacher," said Hermione approvingly. "But I wish I could have had a turn with the boggart." "What would it have been for you?" said Ron, sniggering. "A piece of homework that only got a nine out of ten?"

"We've got three superb chasers." Wood pointed at Alicia Spinnet, Angilina Johnson, and Katie Bell. "We've got two unbeatable beaters." "Stop it Oliver your embarrassing us," said Fred and George Weasley together, pretending to blush.

"Disgusting," Lupin said. "Well, Harry, I'd better get back to work. I'll see you at the feast later." "Right," said Harry, putting down his empty teacup. The empty goblet was still smoking.

They had such a pleasant evening that Harry's good mood couldn't even be spoiled by Malfoy, who shouted through the crowd as they left the hall, "The dementors send their love, Potter!"

"Well, all right. I'll try to help. But it'll have to wait until next term, I'm afraid. I have a lot to do before the holidays. I chose a very inconvenient time to fall ill."

"Well, in our first year Harry, young, carefree, and innocent." Harry snorted. He doubted whether Fred and George had ever been innocent.

"So, young Harry," said Fred, in an uncanny impersonation of Percy, "mind you behave yourself."

"Ugh, no, Harry won't want one of those, they're for vampires, I expect." Hermione was saying. "How about these?" said Ron, shoving a jar of cockroach clusters under Hermione's nose. "Definitely not," said Harry. Ron nearly dropped the jar.

"Precisely," said Professor McGonagall. "Black and Potter; ringleaders of their little gang. Both very bright, but of course- exceptionally bright, In fact- but I don't think we've ever had such a pair of troublemakers--"

"I dunno," chuckled Hagrid, "Fred and George could give them a run for their money."

"And what are you tutting us for?" said Ron irritably. "Nothing," said Hermione in a lofty voice, heaving her bag over her shoulder. "Yes you were," said Ron, "I said what's wrong with Lupin, and you--" "Well, isn't it *obvious*?" said Hermione, with a look of maddening superiority. "If you don't want to tell us don't," snapped Ron. "Fine," said Hermione haughtily, and she marched off. "She doesn't know," said Ron, staring resentfully after Hermione. "She's just trying to get us to talk to her again."

"Got plenty of special features, hasn't it?" said Malfoy, eyes glittering maliciously. "Shame it doesn't come with a parachute--in case you get too near a dementor." Crabbe and Goyle sniggered. "Pity you can't attach an extra arm to yours, Malfoy," said Harry, "Then it could catch the snitch for you."

As though an invisible hand were writing upon it, words appeared on the smooth surface of the map.

Mr. Moony presents his compliments to Professor Snape, and begs him to keep his abnormally large nose out of other peoples business.

Snape froze. Harry stared, dumbstruck, at the message. But the map didn't stop there. More writing was appearing beneath the first.

Mr. Prongs agrees with Mr. Moony, and would like to add the Professor Snape is an ugly git.

It would have been funny if the situation hadn't been so serious. And there was more...

Mr. Padfoot would like to register his astonishment that an idiot like that ever became a professor.

Harry closed his eyes in horror. When he'd opened them, the map has its last word.

Mr. Wormtail bids Professor Snape good day, and advises him to wash his hair, the slimeball.

"Have you ever seen anything quite as pathetic?" said Malfoy. "And he's supposed be our teacher!" Harry and Ron made furious moves toward Malfoy, but Hermione got there first---SMACK! She had slapped Malfoy with all the strength she could muster. Malfoy staggered. Harry, Ron, Crabbe, and Goyle stood flabbergasted as Hermione raised her hand again. "Don't you *dare* call Hagrid pathetic, you foul—you evil—" "Hermione!" said Ron weakly, and he tried to grab her hand as she swung it back. "Get off Ron!" Hermione pulled out her wand. Malfoy stepped backward. Crabbe and Goyle looked at him for instructions, thoroughly bewildered. "C'mon," Malfoy muttered, and in a moment, all three of them had disappeared into the passageway to the dungeons.

"Well, honestly... 'The fates informed her' ...who sets the exam? She does! What an amazing prediction!" Hermione said, not troubling to keep her voice low.

"Seen anything yet?" Harry asked them after a quarter of an hour's quiet crystal gazing. "Yeah, there's a burn on this table," said Ron, pointing. "Someone's spilled their candle." "This is such a waste of time," Hermione hissed. "I could be practicing something useful. I could be catching up on cheering charms—" Professor Trelawney rustled past. "Would anyone like me to help to interpret the shadowy portents within their orb?" she murmured over the clinking of her bangles. "I don't need help," Ron whispered. "It's obvious what it means. There's going to be loads of fog tonight."

"My dears! Which one of you left his seat first? Which?"

“Dunno,” said Ron, looking uneasily at Harry.

“ I doubt it will make much difference,” said Professor McGonagall coldly, “unless there is a mad axe-man waiting outside the doors to slaughter the first into the Entrance hall.”

“Have either of you seen my copy of Numerology and Gramatica?” “Oh yea, I borrowed it for a bit of bedtime reading.” Said Ron.

“Hermione!” said Lupin startled. “What's the matter?” “P—P—Professor McGonagall!” Hermione gasped, pointing into the trunk. Sh—She said I failed everything!”

“Hermione, I don't know what's gotten into you lately!” said Ron, astounded. “First you hit Malfoy, then you walk out on Professor Trelawney--.” Hermione looked rather flattered.

“Ron...haven't I been a good friend... a good pet? You won't let them kill me, Ron will you...your on my side, aren't you?” But Ron was staring at Pettigrew with the utmost revulsion. “I let you sleep in my *bed!*” he said.

“Godfather?” sputtered Uncle Vernon. “You haven't got a godfather!” “Yes, I have,” said Harry brightly. “He was my mum and dad's best friend. He's a convicted murderer, but he's broken out of wizard prison and he's on the run. He likes to keep in touch with me though...keep up with my news...check if I'm happy.” And, grinning broadly at the look of horror on Uncle Vernon's face, Harry sat off toward the station exit, Hedwig rattling along in front of him, for what looked like a much better summer than the last.