

## "A Lonely Life"

I live in shadow.

For many years, I've been banished to a lonely existence, never seeing the sun. I live in heat and humidity, but always in the shadow.

As such, I'm deathly pale, so white that I look like I'm wearing clown paint.

The life of Harry Potter is well documented. There is an entire wall dedicated to him in Flourish and Blotts, and even though I've been with him over all those adventures, I am not mentioned. Not once.

In his lifetime, Harry's faced Dementors. I was there. I am not mentioned.

He's faced a werewolf. I was there. I am not mentioned.

He faced a Hungarian Horntail. I was there. I am not mentioned.

He destroyed the Dark Lord Voldemort. I was there. I am not mentioned.

Are you seeing a pattern here? Ron Weasley, Harry's best mate, and Hermione Granger, Harry's best friend, were there, and they are mentioned. You can probably tell, I'm a bit bitter about this.

I try to live without regrets, but I'm so very lonely. My life of shadow and loneliness...

By now, you're probably wondering who I am, huh? Not surprising. I've been speaking about myself for quite a while here. Well, see if you can put it together from the clues.

I'm very pale.

I live in the shadow.

I've been with Harry for many years, and I'm never mentioned.

Worked it out yet?

No... okay, I shall reveal my identity.

I am, of course, Harry's penis.

Yeah, you probably weren't expecting that, were you? No? Good.

Harry Potter's 'love-life' is well documented, just like the rest of his adventures. According to Rita Skeeter, Harry was dating Hermione Granger in fourth year. He wasn't. He was dating Cho Chang during his fifth year. Which is partially inaccurate. He had *one* date and left it halfway through. I didn't see even a glimpse of action.

Then he was dating Ginny Weasley in his sixth year. The girl, during one of their many snogging sessions, tried to grope me, but I executed tactical manoeuvre #2: "turtle" to escape. I don't know why, but the prospect of that hand touching me... no. Not interested.

During what would have been Harry's seventh year at Hogwarts, he was forced to roam the country, with just Ron and Hermione as company. Ron pissed off partway through the mission, because he was bored and hungry, leaving it just the three of us; Harry, Hermione and me. I truly thought I'd get some at that point, but no...

I often find it curious that I was assigned to Harry Potter. He seems to be the most asexual person I've ever heard of. Not once, not *once*, has he ever taken me out for some exercise. I'm a bit masochistic and enjoy being strangled, but he's never done that. Me and the boys could drop off and I doubt he'd notice.

After the final battle at Hogwarts, practically every unmarried witch between the ages of twelve and a hundred and twelve wanted to play with me. It seemed once he killed the Dark Dick again, I was in popular demand. That's the problem with noble people; they stop the little guy having fun.

So now, here I am, locked in my cruel cloth prison (least the bastard could do is wear boxers... I want *some* room to move around), and it seems that my life will get no better. I shall be alone for a long... wait a sec... something's happening...

I'm waking up. *Properly* waking up. The blood's pumping, and I *am alive!*

If I had a nose, I'd be sniffing, wanting to find out what's going on, but then again, considering where I live, having a nose may not be the best idea. 'Teenage Male' and 'Personal Hygiene' don't generally go together.

The zipping noise makes me twitch, trying to find out what's going on, but a blast of light blinds me.

Ah, yes, another point; I only have one eye, so my depth perception is crap. Seriously crap. But there's something approaching me. One, two, three, four... four fingers. Do I need to prepare to retreat? Wait... oh, thank god. It's not Ginny's hand. Whose hand is it, though?

Ooh, it's warm... and surprisingly skilled. Like I said, I'm a masochist, and I'm being abused perfectly by that hand.

Ah, bright light, bright light! I've just been taken out of prison. Ah, fresh air feels good! Fresh air plus being molested feels even better.

There's something coming closer. I have to squint a bit, 'cause my vision's dreadful. All I can see is brown... like a bush of brown... Whatever that 'something' is, it getting dangerously close. And opening. And I'm enveloped.

Ah, it's like a sauna. It's warm, comfortable, plenty of humidity, and I'm getting a relaxing massage.

If you'll excuse me, I need to wake up the lads. We've got work to do.

The sauna pulls back, leaving me bobbing in the air. I'm manhandled up slightly, and then... ooh... I have to squint, but I'm fairly certain I recognise that face. Bushy-brown hair, beautiful chocolate eyes, straight teeth and...

I think I'm about to sneeze... excuse me a second... Achoo! Achoo! Achoo!

And now that face has a beautiful mother of pearl sheen that wasn't there a minute ago. She looks happy, though, if that grin is anything to go by. Normally, my first inclination after such a vigorous workout would be a nice kip. Maybe a gentle massage to send me off to sleep... Shit, I've just had a thought; Hermione Granger *never* achieves something. She overachieves.

Don't bother going back to sleep, lads. Round two's coming up.

You know... maybe it's not so bad being Harry Potter's dick...