

# The Munchies

*by Southern\_Witch\_69*

The boys do something Hermione doesn't approve of.

## Only Chapter

*Chapter 1 of 1*

The boys do something Hermione doesn't approve of.

Disclaimer: Not mine. No money. All the usual things.

This was written for HermioneWeasely1972, who issued a prompt during the Potter Place Saturday Night Drabble Chat. You can find it at the end.

---

Ron reached out to grab Hermione's wrist. "Wait. Before you go..."

She stepped closer and became breathless. "Yes, Ron?"

"Make sure you get enough food this time. I'm tired of starving," he said, letting her go.

"That's all you wanted?" she asked incredulously. She might have known that his request would have to do with food. She'd hoped that maybe he'd planned to kiss her. "Never mind," she muttered and pulled Harry's cloak over her before stepping out of the tent.

They were all tired of eating wild mushrooms and berries, but it was too dangerous to venture out often for real food. They'd spotted a tent a little further down, and the blokes in it had caught fish and had groceries. She'd gathered some of the money they had and planned to "buy" those items from the men, leaving a monetary payment in return. She hated stealing, so leaving them something made her feel better about it.

As quickly and as quietly as possible, she went down to the other tent and waited for its owners to set off on a hike. Instantly, she crept over and began tossing food into her beaded purse. There were drinks, fried fish, packets of crisps, and even a bag of leaves, obviously used for cooking. She took it all and left the money, scurrying off.

~oOo~

Later, after Hermione washed up and changed into her nightclothes, she went to see what Harry and Ron were laughing about. However, what she found had her eyes bulging in disbelief.

"What do you two think you're doing?" She waved her hand in front of her to clear the air of the smoke and stench. "You're smoking fags? No way! Do you mean to say that you're smoking marijuana?" She realized then that the leaves in the clear bag had been pot, not herbs for cooking or eating.

"Hahahaha," Ron laughed loudly. "We saw this and decided we might as well try it."

"It smells horrible!" Hermione retorted.

Harry grinned widely. "My face hurts from all this laughing and smiling."

Hermione frowned and crossed her arms over her chest. "We've got important things to do, and you're... smoking pot!"

"Can't a guy get a break?" Ron asked through laughter. "There're no Dark Lords here right now."

"Lord Arsehole," Harry piped up.

"Say, I wonder if he even has an arsehole," Ron mused aloud. "I mean, he's rather... snakey." His brow furrowed in thought. "Do snakes have arseholes?" he asked and then broke into loud laughter again.

Harry joined him and ignored Hermione's attempts to snatch away what was left of the joint the two were sharing. "I wish I'd never gone to get that stuff!" she said angrily.

"Oh, come on. Get off your high horse and join us," Ron said, coughing as he exhaled his last puff.

"I most certainly will not."

Harry said, "Have we any more of those crisps? I'm getting hungry again."

"Me, too. It's the munchies," Ron said seriously. "Fred and George told me about that. Good thing she brought so much."

Hermione spun on her heel and marched to her corner of the tent, calling out, "You might as well change your name to Harry Pothead and Ron Weedley now!" Lying back on her pillow, she muttered, "Boys!" in exasperation.

---

The prompt from HermioneWeasley1972 was:

The trio finds some marijuana and they decide to try it. Explain what happens.