Dream a Little Dream

by peskipiksi

Ron's habit of midnight snacking results in a very strange recurring dream.

Oneshot

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'Go on, Ron,' said George, holding out a brown paper bag.

'A Sickle a sweet,' added Fred, waving the silver enticingly.

With the success of their Skiving Snackboxes, the twins were trying a new product, Show Off Sweets – candies designed to enhance academic performance, or, in the case of Muscle Man Marshmallows, boost sporting prowess. And after Ron's disastrous performance in the first Quidditch match of the season, they had decided he was the perfect tester. The only problem was that due to Hermione's ban on testing in the Gryffindor common room they were forced to try them out at midnight in the boys' dormitories. Fred was now sitting on Harry's bed, and George on Ron's. Lee Jordan was keeping a lookout at the door.

Neville stared at Ron fearfully. 'Ooh, no, Ron; I don't think you should. Not after last time!'

'Neville,' said Ron, reaching into the bag. 'I'm pants at Quidditch. I haven't got a choice. Not if we want to win the next match.' And he stuffed three marshmallows into his mouth at once.

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'AAAAAAAARRRRRGGHHHH! NOOOOOOOOO!' Ron was sitting up in bed, a look of utmost terror on his face.

'Not again,' groaned Dean Thomas, pulling the bedclothes over his head.

'Third time this week!' roared Seamus Finnigan.

'Something wrong, little bro?' asked Fred, nonchalantly Apparating onto Harry's bed again.

'Marshmallow Man! Chased me through the woods! Ate me up!'

'It's my fault,' said Harry quietly. 'We're doing dream interpretation in Divination, and last week Ron said he dreamed he was playing Quidditch. I told him it probably meant that he was going to be eaten by a giant marshmallow.'

'Nah,' whispered Fred. 'It's not you. Mistake taking him to see "Ghostbusters" in the summer holidays, eh George?'

'Definitely,' said George.

'WHAT is going on?' Lee Jordan had evidently slept through the commotion, as the doorway was unguarded and now contained an irate Hermione.

‘It’s happened again,’ whispered Neville, wide-eyed.

Hermione strode into the dormitory, stooped, and picked a brown paper bag off the floor. ‘Oh, really! This is ridiculous!’ She fixed Fred and George with a gimlet stare. ‘I’m writing to your mum. Right now!’

Fred and George stared back at her, horrified. Harry decided he and Ron should miss breakfast tomorrow. He had a funny feeling Fred and George would be receiving a very embarrassing Howler.

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A/N: Prompt from Muse Amusant: Ron’s habit of midnight snacking results in a very strange recurring dream.