“Potter!” screamed Malfoy from the hallway. Harry paused and slowly glanced back to Malfoy. Hermione reached for his wrist and urged him on.

“Come on Harry, he’s not worth it.” Hermione insisted. She tried to pull him on but he wouldn’t budge.

“Mark my words, Potter, you’ll regret this,” he threatened. His eyes left Harry and glared at Hermione and Ron.

“The same goes for you two,” he scowled. He turned his back and descended swiftly down the stairs. The three were silent; no one spoke a word until Hermione suddenly punched Ron in the arm.

“Ow, what the Bloody Hell was that for?” Ron asked rubbing his arm.

“For stealing Draco’s underwear and hanging it in the Great Hall!” screamed Hermione. Before Ron could answer, Harry punched his other arm.

“Ow, what the Bloody Hell was that for!” he squealed again and rubbed his other arm.
“That, was for pinning the blame on me,” Harry said.

Ron looked at both his friends, both his hands rubbing the sides of his arms. “That hurt,” he pouted.

The three split. Harry went to his Dark Arts Class while Hermione and Ron went to their Botany Class.

“What do you think he’s gonna do to Harry?” asked Ron. He had an icepack wrapped around both sides of his arms. His arms didn’t hurt anymore, but he kept them there because it annoyed Hermione.

“Ron, please, take them off. You look silly!” she begged. Ron smiled and shook his head.

“I like them,” he said with a smile. Hermione rolled her eyes.

“Honestly Ron, you look like a complete...” Hermione stopped suddenly, she could hear someone calling.
“Can you hear that?” she asked, she pulled her ear in the direction of the sound.

“Put me down Malfoy! Put me down,” a little voice screamed.

“It’s Harry!” Hermione shrieked. She grabbed Ron’s hand and burst into a sprint down the hallway.

They followed the sound of their screaming friend until they came upon Draco, Herb and Gargoyle. Draco was grinning like a mad scientist while his friends chuckled. His wand was out and their eyes were locked on a green slimy toad suspended in the air.

“Hermione! Ron! Help me!” the little frog cried.

“Confundus!” Hermione yelled, the little wand in Draco’s hand flew away and landed on the ground. Draco spun around, his eyes meeting Hermione. Before Hermione could cast another spell, Draco ran away.

Hermione watched him and his friends flee. She raised her wand and whispered, “Pigerto,” and three little
curly pig tails emerged from their ends. Draco let out a yelp and stumbled away.

“Harry, what happened to you?” Ron asked shocked, he knelt down and leaned close to inspect the slimy and ugly toad.

“I got turned into a frog Ron, that’s what happened!” Harry said irritated.

Hermione leaned down beside Ron, she reached out and lifted Harry into her hands. Ron grimaced. “Is he slimy?” Ron asked slightly disturbed.

“Well of course he is Ron, he’s a frog. Frogs secrete mucus which makes them very, very slimy.”

Ron shivered, “What are we gonna do?”

Hermione bit her lip. For once, she wasn’t sure.

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They headed down to the library into the transformation section where Hermione began her search to find the cure to Harry’s predicament.
“Okay Harry, I’m gonna try another spell on you. Brace yourself!” she warned.

Harry croaked and nodded his head. “Okay. Here goes!” She raised her wand and said the incantation, “Totem Tarus Alievarus Propectrum.” There was a bright flash of light that covered Harry for a split second.

“Bloody hell,” Ron uttered in amazement. The bright light began to slowly fade revealing Harry in his human form. “Blimey Hermione, you did it!” Ron squealed happily. But as he turned his back, Hermione wasn’t there. He looked closer and found her on the floor, as a green icky slimy frog.

“Hermione, you’re a …”

“Ron, stop stating the obvious and hand me that book now,” she yelled angrily.

Ron jumped back a little surprised, “Alright, alright.”

Hermione inspected that spell closely, sighing when she realized the problem.
“What happened?” Harry asked. Hermione looked up, her dark and beady eyes seemed sad. “The spell has unexpected side effects when performed by a muggle born.”

Ron sat up, “Alright let me try, I’ll do the spell on you and I’m a full blooded wizard so it should work.”

Hermione nodded, she wasn’t sure what to say. The two watched as Ron prepared himself for the spell. “Totem Tarus Alievarus Propectrus!” The bright light returned blinding everyone momentarily. When the light subsided, Ron found himself looking at two frogs. “Hermione?” Ron uttered shocked, “Harry?” he squeaked. He knelt down and shook his head.

“Ron you said the spell wrong!” screamed Hermione.

Ron Weasley stashed them into an old bag of his. He then headed out the castle to the only person he thought could help him.
“Hagrid! Hagrid! Hagrid! I turned Hermione and Harry into frogs and I can’t turn ‘em back and I don’t know what to do!” he cried in one breath. He banged on the door refusing to stop until they opened. When Hagrid finally opened the doors, Ron rushed out and hugged him. “Please help me Hagrid. Hermione’s been saying some pretty nasty things!”

Hagrid laughed. He looked to the bag and smiled. “Well, good thing they’re frogs. That’s an easy one to solve.” Hagrid said with a smile.

“It is?” asked Ron.

“Yep, all you gotta do is get the person who cast the spell, to kiss them.”

“What!” the three screamed in unison.

“Ron has to kiss me!” screamed Hermione in complete and utter shock.

“And Draco has to kiss me!” Harry cried in complete terror.

Hagrid grinned, “Well, where do you think the story of the Princess and the Frog came from?”
Ron looked at Hermione with a horrified expression.

“Ron you’ve always wanted to kiss Hermione, here’s your chance!” Harry teased.

“Shut up Harry, it’s not the same,” Ron cried.

“Ron, just hurry up and get it over with. It’s not gonna be any fun for me.” Hermione yelled.

Ron nodded. He reached and lifted out the ugly toad. “Ew, ew, ew,” he mumbled over and over again. He closed his eyes and puckered up and brought the frog up to his lips.

The bright light flared up again and ever so slowly dissipated. There was Hermione standing before him. She reached over, grabbed the bag and pulled Harry out.

“Thank you, Hermione.” Harry said and sat on her shoulder.

“Ron, come on, let’s get this over with.”

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“Malfoy!” Hermione screamed. Malfoy jumped up from his bed and faced the wand that glared in his face. “What-wh-what do you want?” he stuttered.

“I want you to kiss this frog.” Hermione growled.

“You want me to what?” cried Draco. “I said, I want you to kiss this frog because if you don’t.” Hermione leaned close.

“You don’t want to know,” she menaced.

“Alright, alright, I’ll do it. But if this is your way of revenge, it’s pretty pathetic,” he mumbled.

“Just do it!” screamed Hermione. Draco nodded his head, reached out and kissed the frog. The bright light flared and Harry returned. He fell on top of Draco but quickly scrambled away, wiping his mouth.

“Alright you got your kiss, now get out!” he screamed.
Harry, Hermione and Ron simply shook their heads.

“Monster,” mumbled Harry.

“Dim witted cretin,” muttered Hermione.

“I’m hungry,” mumbled Ron.