

Harry Potter Madlibs

“Tea Time with The Dark Lord at Malfoy Manor”

“It is so very (adjective) ALBINO to have you here, my lord,” Narcissa Malfoy said (adverb) CLUMSILY as she poured (a liquid) CUSTARD into The Dark Lord’s tea cup.

“Yes, it is truly an honor, my lord,” said Lucius Malfoy, bowing his head (adverb) LUSTILY.

Lord Voldemort narrowed his (adjective) BLUE eyes and said

(adverb) QUIETLY “I find your groveling most tiresome and

(adjective) HAIRY.”

Narcissa offered, “Sugar, my lord? One lump or (number) 25?”

The Dark Lord replied, “(number) 69.”

As he stirred his tea (adverb) SULKILY with a (noun) TEA BAG,

Lord Voldemort (past tense verb) BENT at the Malfoys. “Why is the

Lady of Malfoy Manor serving tea? Shouldn’t your house elf be doing that?” He asked condescendingly

as he sipped his tea (adverb) QUEERLY, then promptly spit it out, sputtering tea at the Malfoys’

(external body part - plural) KNEE’S. “You call this tea? It tastes like (adjective)

SMELLY (noun) CREAM!”

Narcissa dabbed her face with a (noun) CROISSANT and said, “I assure you, my lord, I only stock

the finest, most (adjective) GREASY tea, imported from

(place) BRONX ZOO.”

Lucius wiped tea out of his (external body part) NOSE and said, “I apologize, my lord. My wife

is not used to such (adjective) SULTRY domestic tasks as making tea. You see, we lost our

house elf a few years ago.”

“You *lost* your house elf? How very (adjective) EMACIATED of you Lucius!”

Lucius clenched his gloved hand into a fist as he replied (adverb) CRAZILY, “It was the Potter boy. He gave him clothes.”

“Ah, Potter,” Lord Voldemort spat (adverb) BUSILY. “He is the (noun) CRAVAT of the wizarding world and a royal pain in my (body part) FINGER. That abomination must be stopped.”

Narcissa nodded emphatically and said, “I agree with you (adverb) SOFTLY my lord. He’s been a very bad influence on my (adjective) DARK son.”

The Dark Lord raised an eyebrow and said, “How so?”

Narcissa sighed, “Well, Draco and the Potter boy have been spending a lot of time together playing quidditch, (verb) COERCE -ing, and (verb) FAKE -ing.”

“Really?” replied Lord Voldemort with a (adjective) HUNG yawn.

Lucius huffed, “Narcissa, dear, as much as I abhor the (adjective) SALTY Potter brat, I would hardly call those unusual activities for two (adjective) SHIFTY teenage boys at Hogwarts.”

Narcissa shifted (adjective) CLEAR in her seat and said, “Yes, however, I found this in Draco’s trunk when he came home for Christmas.” From her pocket, she pulled out a well-worn note scrawled on a (adjective) FUNKY piece of (noun) NOOSE.

Lucius snatched it out of her hand and read it (adverb) SHOCKINGLY.

“To my (adjective) SIMPLE Draco. I had such a (adjective) PALE time with you last night playing ‘one-on-one quidditch’. Thanks for letting me ‘ride your broom’. Next time I might even let you ‘ride my Firebolt’, but you have to ‘polish the handle’ for me to earn that privilege. (adjective) POORLY Yours, Harry.” Lucius smoothed back his (adjective) FRECKLED hair (adverb) COCKILY and said haughtily, “What’s so upsetting about that? No harm in a little quidditch.”

Narcissa replied, “Read the post script, dear.”

“PS: You left your skivvies in my room again and I’m beginning to think you’re doing that on purpose.”