

Double, Double

by Ravensblood

The girls brew a potion out of a Shakespearean play in order to bring back their dead Potions master.

Toil and Trouble

Chapter 1 of 1

The girls brew a potion out of a Shakespearean play in order to bring back their dead Potions master.

The disclaimer:

All of the characters belong to the incomparable JKR. The poetry and potion, of course, belong to the Bard himself.

I make no money off of this farcical parody. All giggles belong solely to the giggler.

The plot is so thin as to be worthless, I admit. But worthless as it is, it's mine.

The Scene:

Near a cave in the forbidden forest, three witches in dark cloaks stand around a rather over-sized cauldron that squats over a fire. By their hair we can guess at their identities. The first, a rather unmanageable mop of corkscrew curls in shades of gold and brown. The second, a copper-red that shines in the firelight. The third, a blond so light as to almost be white, flowing down below her waist. They are accompanied by a ginger, striped half-kneazle. All other creatures appear to have deserted the area in an act of self-preservation. But maybe there's a hedgehog, albeit a masochistic one.

HERMIONE:

Thrice the brindled cat hath mew'd.

GINNY:

What?

HERMIONE:

Crooks. He meowed three times.

LUNA:

Yes, three times. I heard him. And there, I think I heard a hedgehog whine.

GINNY:

Oh. So, according to this, it's time.

HERMIONE: (Sucks in a breath)

Well, here goes:

Round about the cauldron go:

In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

GINNY:

What?

HERMIONE:

Poisoned entrails and the sleep-venom of a toad that's spent thirty-one days and nights under a cold stone.

GINNY:

Oh. That doesn't make any sense. What type of poison in the entrails? Was it a magical toad?

HERMIONE:

As far as my research has been able to show, it doesn't really matter if it's an esoteric toad or just a naturally poisonous one. Just so long as the neurotoxin induces sleep.

GINNY:

If Snape were here, he'd call us all dunderheads and dock house points for following an inaccurate recipe.

HERMIONE: (Holding back tears)

Well, he's not here and that's why we've had to resort to this. Didn't Harry tell you about the potion that Voldemort used to come back?

GINNY:

Yes. But he was already halfway back. All we have is some of Snape's old clothing. And this is NOT the same potion.

LUNA:

I see no reason why this can't work. Shakespeare was a wizard, after all.

HERMIONE:(Frowning)

But most potions instructions aren't written in iambic tetrameter. At least none that I've ever seen in a Potions text.

LUNA:

The Bard was brilliant. If anyone could devise a potion in tetrameter, it would be him. Now shush, it's time for the incantation:

ALL:

Double, double, toil and trouble,

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

HERMIONE:

Now, read your part and throw these things in.

GINNY:

Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

Now, what exactly did I just touch?

HERMIONE:

Better not to ponder on it.

LUNA:

Relax. You got the easy part. Time again for the refrain!

ALL:

Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble.

LUNA:

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab.
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

GINNY:

WHAT? What did you just put in there?

LUNA:

Shhh! We're almost done. Sing that rhyme, one more time!

ALL:

Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

HERMIONE:

Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

GINNY:

Oh, gross! That smells awful!

LUNA:

But did it work?

HERMIONE:

Uhh... guys?

By the bunging of my bum,
Something snarky this way comes!

SNAPE: (A flowing robe of relentless black, summoned out of the darkness into the circle of witches)

WEASLEY! LOVEGOOD! What nonsense are you playing at??? MISS GRANGER! I should have known you'd be behind this farce!

HERMIONE:

Sir! You're alive! (Faints dead away)

GINNY: (Fanning her fainted friend)

Oh, sweet Merlin. I can't believe it actually worked!

SNAPE:

I can't believe that you actually tried to recreate that potion! If you'd actually READ the play, you'd know the purpose of the brew was to bring forth apparitions, not raise the dead! Bloody dunderheads!

LUNA:

But it worked. You're here now.

HERMIONE: (Rousing and summarily launching herself at the dour man in black)

Oh, Severus, sir! I am so GLAD you're alive!

SNAPE: (Turning faintly purple)

Miss Granger! Remove yourself from my person this instant!

GINNY: (Dancing around in a circle)

We brought him back! We brought him back! Oh, Harry will be so PLEASED!

SNAPE:

I mean it, you insufferable know-it-all! Let me go! And Weasley, I wasn't dead. I was in hiding. You just so happened to be brewing this nonsense near to one of my secret potions stores. Your trespassing set off my wards, which in turn alerted me. GRANGER, OFF!!!

HERMIONE:

I'm never letting go of you again! I missed you SO MUCH! (A distinct cracking sound can be heard from Snape's spine as her hold increases in strength tenfold.)

SNAPE:

Argh! My spine, you brainless twit! Are you trying to finish what that damnable snake started?

HERMIONE:

Sorry! But you must know that I L--

SNAPE: (Cutting her off with a stony glare)

If you complete that sentence, it will be your last.

LUNA:

It's good to have you back, sir. I'll just tidy this up. A shame it didn't really work.

SNAPE:

Thank you, Miss Lovegood, but as soon as I pry off my own personal barnacle, I must be off.

HERMIONE:

NOOOOOOO!

SNAPE: (Disapparates away)

HERMIONE:

Why did he have to leave? (Sobs uncontrollably)

LUNA:

There, there. You simply scared him off. But now that we know he isn't dead, I'm sure we can find some other way to locate him.

HERMIONE: (Hope shining in her eyes)

Really? You think so?

GINNY:

And next time, I know Harry will want to help.

HERMIONE:

Of course! With Harry helping us, I'm sure we can't lose!

LUNA: (Aside to Ginny)

You know, I almost feel sorry for Professor Snape.

GINNY: (Nods)

FIN?

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Author's Note:

I hope you found the idea as entertaining as I did. Please review, even if just to flame.

I could only bear to explain what the first ingredients were. But I found a good interpretation of the rest here:

<http://www.enotes.com/macbeth-text/act-iv-scene-i#mac-4-1-10>