

Misadventures in the Potions Storeroom

by lyn_f

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One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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I don't own them. It's all JK Rowling's. I'm just borrowing them for the moment.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione were in their usual corner in the Gryffindor common room. Their heads were bent over a book, and they were whispering furiously at each other.

"It has to be you, mate," Ron whispered. "You're the one with the Invisibility Cloak."

"But Hermione's successfully raided Snape's storeroom before."

Hermione rolled her eyes at Harry. "That's because you'd managed to throw that cracker into someone's cauldron. It was enough of a distraction for me to get what we'd needed."

"But—"

Ron interrupted Harry with a snort. "But nothing, mate. It's settled. You're doing it, and that's final."

Harry grumbled all the way to the Potions classroom. He had a silencing charm on his trainers and was wearing his Invisibility Cloak. After hiding in an alcove whilst waiting for a group of giggling Hufflepuff girls to pass by, he continued on until he reached the classroom. He was shocked to find the door ajar. Peeking in, he noticed two first-year students scrubbing cauldrons. Much to his surprise, the surly Potions master was nowhere in sight.

Harry entered the classroom and quickly made his way towards the storeroom. He entered the room and quickly closed the door behind him.

"It's just as you predicted, Severus. Mr Potter is, indeed, in your storeroom."

Severus scowled at the Headmaster. He was exceedingly unhappy that Albus had called him away from his office, leaving two Hufflepuff first years alone to scrub cauldrons.

"I know they are up to something, Albus. They will be sorry when I catch them doing something... illegal..."

"Come now, Severus, be reasonable. I'm sure there is a perfectly good reason behind their actions." Albus reached into his drawer and pulled out a couple of sherbet lemons. As he pulled them apart, he said, "Go and deal with your students."

Harry pinched his nose. "I hate the smell in here," he grumbled as he climbed down the ladder. The ingredients were safely ensconced in a pouch that was tucked away in his robes. Much to his dismay, the door was locked. Harry tried all the unlocking charms he could think of to no avail.

Think, Harry, think. He looked around the room to see if there was any other way out.

A loud noise startled him out of his thoughts. Looking behind him, he groaned as he noticed a jar containing a bright green substance had fallen off the shelf.

The two first-year students froze with fear when they heard the noise coming from the storeroom. Their eyes shifted towards Professor Snape as he glided towards them.

"Your work is completed," he hissed. "Dismissed."

The students stared at Severus with frightened looks on their faces.

"Need I repeat myself?" Severus asked. "Leave. Now."

The students didn't need to be told again; they quickly gathered their things and left.

Severus knew that Potter was still locked in his storeroom. An inventory charm revealed which items he had stolen, as well as the item that had fallen.

Babbling gel, he thought smugly.

Harry frowned at the green substance. It didn't have any discernible odour, which relieved him to no end. He poked at it with his wand, but it did nothing. Bringing his wand up to his face, he examined the gelatinous glop. A small drop fell on his hand, which caused him to drop his wand.

"Eugh!" he exclaimed. "That's disgusting!"

He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped away the drop; however, it left a bright red splotch on the back of his hand.

"Bollocks! I need to get out of here soon so I can see Madam Pomfrey."

Severus sat at his desk and started to mark the fourth-year Ravensclaws' and Hufflepuffs' essays. He wasn't concerned that there wasn't much noise coming from the storeroom; he knew there was no way Potter could get himself out of there without blasting the door open. *Might as well let him sit there for a bit*, he thought smugly. *If that dunderhead managed to get some of that gel on him, this should be a very interesting evening.* He settled back into his chair, dipped his favourite quill in his pot of blood red ink, and continued reading through the essays.

Harry kept staring at the red splotch on his hand, and for some inexplicable reason, he started to find it funny. He chuckled because it was funny that he was locked in the feared Potion master's storeroom whilst stealing ingredients for a potion Hermione wanted to brew. Chuckling became laughter when he thought of how funny it was that he somehow knocked over the jar of green goo and got some of it on his hand. He laughed so hard until tears were falling. Then he laughed some more when he noticed the red splotch resembled Professor Snape's billowing robes.

Severus heard the raucous laughter coming from the storeroom. *What is that bloody boy up to now?* he thought wearily. He threw his quill down, stood up, and took long strides towards the storeroom. The door opened with a flick of his wand, and his eyes narrowed as he noticed Potter laughing uncontrollably on the floor.

"See, Professor Snape?" Harry said, pointing towards his reddened hand. "This is funny! This green goo happened when I was trying to steal ingredients from your storeroom."

Severus raised an eyebrow. "Indeed?" he asked sardonically.

Harry looked at Severus' expression and dissolved in laughter.

Harry was mortified. Whatever that green goo was had caused him to talk non-stop, and when he wasn't talking, he'd been laughing for no good reason. After having had a silencing charm cast on him, Snape had taken him up to the Hospital Wing. Madam Pomfrey had given him a potion that reversed the effects of the green goo, but the embarrassment and shame that followed made Harry wish he could disappear. He glanced at the forbidding expression Professor Snape wore.

"That will be fifty points from Gryffindor, Mr Potter. Don't let me catch you rummaging in my storeroom again."

A/N: Prompt issued by Scorpio: *Harry gets locked in Snape's storage room.* Without the disclaimer and A/N, this story contains exactly 1000 words according to Microsoft Word, with each scene at 100 words each. Thanks go to ladyinthecloak for the Saturday evening beta-reading.