

# Severus at the Aborigine Campfire

*by Amita*

Way out back with Severus

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Way out back with Severus

I am a sad man, an unhappy man, a man wholly consumed by himself, a man who has ruined his life. Let me cry out my fate by a display of unadorned misery and loneliness; let me lash out at those who approach me; let me weep through the night at the damage I do; let me sink into the pit ... I think my wand is wonky.

Perhaps I am ugly, too, but I am not going to admit that. No, that would blame an accident of nature for my state, and I would prefer to take all the blame myself. I will not groom; I will not care for my complexion; I will not wear flattering clothes. And I am not going to have my wand checked, either.

I will persevere and succeed despite these obstacles to show my total superiority. Any nit can win if he gives himself all the advantages, but only those way above the average can handicap themselves and still come out ahead. I raspberry all the wizards who did not win a trip to study the outback chemicals. I should delete that last sentence since it reveals a character defect of pride. But I will not. I am too proud, you see. I will live with that.

The natives are looking at me and smiling. They think that concoction I drank will bring about a catharsis for past mistakes. They think it will be about my failed relationships. Savages. It is only the power of suggestion that has me lamenting the insults I hurled at a toothsome daughter of some farmer. My regrets are that my comments were not more cutting – I can think of better ones now. How sharper than the fang of a snake are the images of that blonde angel wife of my supposed friend. How impressed she was by my dark skills. How that sissy girl withdrew from my cruel taunts. It must be the sunset that makes me see a head of deep red hair. I actually led her on for a while. Any pain I thought I felt was merely savoring what she experienced. The sun must be in my eyes since I am tearing up. The natives are shaking their heads. I am stronger than their potion.

Possibly a demonstration is in order to show I am in complete control of my faculties. I will wave this little tricky-stick I have up my sleeve and grow a cactus from this barren waste. Oops. The little tricky-stick appears to have produced a deep hole. It is the fault of the natives for trying to invoke the female principle. I will do better the second time around. Those stupid tribesmen are yelling that I am going to externalize my internal destructiveness. Nonsense. Just a little wave of the wood. If that don't beat all; the irresponsibility of back country folk is incalculable. They never told me this site was prone to spontaneous avalanche.

I must get this wand checked.

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Prompt from saraladydalian: Potions – collecting hallucinogens from the Australian outback.

Author's Note: parody of Dostoevsky.