

Summer Cold

by janus

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It was a summer cold. While it was nothing serious, Molly thought it best for Remus to be segregated from the children on one of the upper floors of number twelve, Grimmauld Place. His room was close and seemed almost haunted with layers of generations of Black family breath, dust and touch. It seemed dark even though he could set lights or open the window if he wished. He yearned for freshness, but the air seemed unreasonably chilling for the season and made him sneeze. His back ached when the window was open. His head ached when it was closed. The book lying beside him was entitled: *Impossible Creatures - Or Are They?* and was emblazoned with a pair of huge round eyes and a mouth of teeth that was sometimes open, sometimes shut, and sometimes locked in a dizzyingly rapid chewing movement. It was hungry. It made him cross.

Downstairs, the door slammed. "What now?" he wondered a little bitterly. What news was he missing now, that he could have contemplated in his mild fever? It was so frustrating.

There were feet on the stairs, and his own door opened. The room sucked in air as if it were a vacuum, and there was a smell of rain from the dark robes silhouetted in the doorway. Remus blinked at the sudden brightness behind the figure.

"Mrs. Weasley tells me that she has been keeping you regularly dosed with Pepper-Up Potion."

Remus nodded. "Yes." Then he added wearily, "Good afternoon, Severus."

"I've brought you one of my own potions to ease the throes of your noxious malady." He set a paper sack of rattling bottles beside Remus' bed.

"Thank you, Severus." He imagined it would taste foul. He also imagined it would indeed make him feel better, once he had downed it and rinsed its residue from his mouth.

The dark figure moved to the bed and lay a cool hand briefly to his forehead. Then the door closed sharply and Remus was alone again. He sighed and dutifully extracted one of the bottles, removing the cork. He sniffed carefully, then looked at the label. Could it really be? Was it...

He drank thirstily, and his throat felt better at once. It was clean. It was clear. It was ginger beer.

Author's Notes:

Prompt from A Stopper in Death: "lupin is sick. with a cold or something. not deathly sick. someone cares for him. humor, drama, whatever. just go with it."