

Sleeping Draught

by JackieJLH

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Notes: Written for the Gen HP Last Drabble Writer Standing competition. The rules required two drabbles, each 250 words, from two different POVs, from characters of two different generations, set during Potions class. Many thanks to the wonderful Annie Talbot and Christev for their insight, beta work, and utter fabulousness.

"Mr Black, is there a problem with your potion?"

Regulus sighs. "Um... no?"

"Perhaps if you paid a bit more attention in class, hmm?" Professor Slughorn shakes his head. Across the room, a smattering of giggles bursts from a group of Gryffindors, and Regulus glares at them. He *does* pay attention in class. This potion's just... hard.

"Your brother, now, he never seemed to have trouble with this potion. Why don't you ask him to help you?" Slughorn suggests before turning to the next table over to inspect their potion.

Regulus angrily begins chopping ingredients to begin his Sleeping Draught anew, cursing to himself when he accidentally knocks a vial of frog eyes to the floor.

He's so tired of hearing how Sirius is good at *everything*. Sirius gets into trouble constantly. He hexes his classmates. He drives McGonagall spare. Yet he flies through his classes like they're simply something to do to fill the time between Hogsmeade weekends and Quidditch games.

Perfect Sirius with his *perfect* friends, his *perfect* life that involves hanging around with Gryffindors and *Mudbloods*, of all people, and most definitely does not involve Regulus or the rest of the Blacks.

Not that Regulus *wants* to be around his brother, of course.

Really.

Waving his wand, he clears the mess out of his cauldron and begins again. He'd rather make this potion a hundred times than ask Sirius for help.

Besides, he thinks, narrowly avoiding cutting his hand, *it's not as if he'd help me anyway*.

~

"Miss Patil, is there a problem with your potion?"

Parvati gives Professor Slughorn a confused, innocent look. "I don't think so."

"It's *green*, Miss Patil. I assigned a Sleeping Draught—those are generally purple."

Across the room, Malfoy and his friends let out barely-constrained laughs. She shoots an irritated glare their way.

"Sorry, sir. I guess I added the ingredients in the wrong order."

"I'm surprised, Miss Patil," he continues. "Your potions are usually perfect." He looks again at the ingredients on the table, a sudden look of recognition crossing his face. Before he can go on, she interrupts him.

"I'm just... distracted," she says quietly, dropping her tone to a whisper as she adds, "It's just, Padma's in Dark Arts class right now...." Her voice trails off, her expression belying the worry behind her words. There's no telling what could be happening in that classroom; each day seems to be more horrible than the last. "I'll try to get it right next time," she finishes finally, dropping his gaze.

After a long moment, he nods and mutters, "Yes, well, there's always tomorrow," heading back to his desk.

Once class is over and the other students have filed out of the room, Parvati ladles her potion into a few jars and tucks them into her bag. Professor Slughorn pointedly ignores her.

He's quickly becoming one of her favorite teachers.

After all, he knows as well as she does that Sleeping Draught is usually purple, but healing potions? *Those* are green.