

# Cold Sweat

*by Rose of the West*

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## Staff Meeting

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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It was a tub of ice cream, for Helga's sake. The first professor to get to the staff room looked at it. It seemed innocuous enough, but Dumbledore was known for his little jokes, of course. Why would ice cream be called "Cold Sweat?"

The second professor to arrive looked at it and then at the first professor. "Well?"

"Around here, there's no telling," answered the first. The second sat back and watched the tub of ice cream with the same intensity as the first.

A third professor entered the staff room. "The very man!" said the first. "This exquisite treat was left for us, but I think it's really for you."

"My loyal fans," gushed the golden-haired wizard. He quickly conjured a bowl, spoon, and ice cream scoop. He served himself a generous helping and then looked around the table. "Would either of you like some?"

The two glanced at each other. Although rivals on many issues, they were completely united on this one. "No, we will enjoy it through your enjoyment."

"Ah, quite right. I'm sure the enthusiasts who left it for me would prefer I have it all. 'Cold Sweat.' One of the dears is probably dreaming of me at night. Naughty creature."

"By all means," was the answer as the carton moved down the table.

After setting everything just so, the flamboyant professor took his first bite. "This is quite good," he said aloud. He quickly took a second bite. "This is very interesting. It's clear that my adoring fans wanted me to—" He couldn't finish his sentence. The peppers in the ice cream found the taste receptors in his tongue, and he suddenly jumped up as if hit by Tarantallegra!

He started dancing around the room, but before he finished swallowing one mouthful of the ice cream, he had to come back for another. He started hooting, and was soon covered by a fine sheen of *something*—could it be perspiration? Soon another professor entered the room, followed by yet another. By the time the Headmaster arrived, ten minutes after the scheduled start time, the ice cream's victim was rolling on the table and begging, first for the pain in his mouth to stop and second for another bite of the dangerous food.

The other professors lined the walls around the table, and quietly money changed hands as bets were made, about the nature of the ice cream, about the total number of spoonfuls the professor would actually eat, and the amount of time before he would simply wear out.

It usually took a lot for Dumbledore to behave other than as a kindly grandfather, but he could change when the situation required. "WHAT IS GOING ON?" he boomed, loudly.

Suddenly the room was silent, except for a whimpering professor crouched on the table. Usually grandly turned out, his robe was tattered and sweaty, and his carefully

curled golden locks were in stringy clumps around his face. "More!" he cried pitifully.

Dumbledore looked at the ice cream and rolled his eyes. "Poppy, take Gilderoy into the infirmary and give him doses of milk and sugar. You should probably give him a bed near the loo." He turned to the other professors. "Did any of you do this?"

McGonagall and Snape shrugged at each other. "You didn't leave it here? It was here when we arrived. We knew better than to try it, but Professor Lockhart thought it must be a gift from a loyal student."

The Headmaster looked at the rarely united front and made a note to himself to look into it. He was distracted, however, by the Chamber of Secrets and would never get the chance to find out. It was probably a good thing for the two red-headed fourth years snickering down the hallway.

*For the Saturday Night Drabble prompt written by Lyn F: Someone leaves cold sweat flavoured ice cream in the staffroom. Which professor(s) notice it, and what is their reaction after having sampled it?*

*Cold Sweat Ice Cream: <http://www.coldsweaticecream.com/>*