

Indigestion

by peppermint

"Missing scene" from CoS

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Snape hurried along the dank dungeon corridor, his mind whirling with annoyance and his stomach churning with his second helping of pumpkin pie. He always ate too much at Albus' ridiculous Halloween feasts and wanted nothing more than a dose of Pepto's Peptic Potion and an eight-hour nap. Instead, he was off to verify Potter's alibi.

Potter! The boy and his wretched sidekicks were a constant, throbbing thorn in his side. He knew he was getting close when he smelled the rotting ghostly feast and heard the eerie music of the horrid sawblade orchestra.

He swept into the party, narrowly missing the hazy form of the Wailing Widow, and shuddered. He'd best make this quick. His stomach was beginning to rebel. He managed to catch the incorporeal eye of the Grey Lady, motioning her over near the door.

"Good evening, Professor Snape," she greeted quietly, coming to hover near him.

"Good evening, Lady. I wonder, have there been any students here this evening?" he asked politely. Dead or not, she was still a woman of breeding, and he always treated her as such.

"Why yes, Professor. Three small students in Gryffindor ties. They left a while ago, but they were here for quite some time."

Snape grimaced. Potter had been honest, and he had had to put up with Lockhart-the-lackwit's peacock-like posturing all in one night. It was too much to bear. He usually stayed awake on Halloween to watch the Wild Hunt go by from the Astronomy tower, but he was just too depressed this year to enjoy it.

He trudged to his quarters, took a generous dose of Peptic Potion, and went to bed in a snit.