

# How Not to Cook a Chicken

*by lyn\_f*

The Dark Lord sends Crabbe and Goyle to Sweden. Hilarity ensues.

## Bork Bork Bork

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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*I don't own them. It's all JK Rowling's. I'm just borrowing them for the moment.*

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Crabbe and Goyle were frowning as they surveyed their surroundings. When the Dark Lord told them they were going to Sweden, they did not expect to find themselves in a kitchen with a bushy-mustachioed, squat-looking man wearing a floppy chef's hat and a pink bow tie.

"Yuoo moost be-a my tvu epprenteeeces," the chef said.

Crabbe and Goyle looked at each other and frowned.

"Er..." Goyle said.

"Tudey ve-a ere-a gueeng tu cuuk a cheeckee. Hefe-a yuoo ifer cuuked a cheeckee beffure-a?"

Crabbe had a blank expression on his face. "Er..." he said.

"Cume-a oofer here-a tu see-a zee cheeckee. It's a neece-a cheeckee."

"Can you understand what he's saying?" Goyle asked.

The loud clucking of a chicken interrupted their conversation.

"Furst ve-a teke-a zee cheeckee leeke-a thees," the chef said as he took hold of the chicken in a large stockpot.

Crabbe frowned. "Why are we here? Isn't this house-elf work?"

The chicken clucked even louder.

"Next ve-a poot a skooer thruoogh zee cheeckee." The chef brandished a sharp, pointed object whilst brandishing a knife at the chicken. This made the chicken cluck even louder.

"Yuoo, help me-a tu poot zee skooer thruoogh thees cheeckee," the chef said, pointing the skewer at Crabbe.

"Huh?" Crabbe asked.

Goyle took the hint and held the chicken.

"Noo yuoo teke-a zee skooer und yuoo poot it in leeke-a thees... "

The chicken screamed, if a chicken could scream, and it bounced out of Goyle's hands and landed on Crabbe's head.

"Help!" Crabbe cried. "I'm being attacked by a chicken!"

The chicken continued to scream as it slid down Crabbe's body back to the worktop.

"Yuoo cheeckee is beeeng deefffficoolt. Yuoo ere-a gueeng tu be-a stoo!" the chef exclaimed as he waved a cleaver at the chicken.

The chicken clucked loudly and started to run away. The chef started running after the chicken, waving his knife.

"I'm gueeng tu get yuoo noo! Cume-a beck here-a! Bork Bork Bork!"

Goyle frowned at the chef. Taking out his wand, he pointed it at the chicken.

"*Avada Kedavra!*" he growled as a jet of bright green light left his wand and hit the chicken, causing it to drop right on the spot.

He put his wand back in his robes and smirked at the chef. "There. Your chicken is done."

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A/N: Prompt issued by Lady Dragonsinger: Two purebloods of your choice go to the Swedish Chef school of cooking. The chef's speech was generated from an on-line translator found by clicking [here](#). (Apparently, some computer science students at the University of Texas had some time on their hands. ;) ) Thanks go to silverdoe for the beta-reading.

The photo manipulation was done by Lady Dragonsinger, who gave permission for me to post it here. Enjoy! :D