

The First Annual Wizarding Iron Chef Britain

by blue artemis

Hogwarts hosts Britain's first Wizarding Iron Chef competition.

The First Annual Wizarding Iron Chef Britain

Chapter 1 of 1

Hogwarts hosts Britain's first Wizarding Iron Chef competition.

It was inevitable. Television had finally made its imprint on the Wizarding World. Helped along by Hermione Granger and her campaign to give house-elves their rights, well, things happened.

Winky became one of the first elf daytime talk-show hosts. Her first show, where she spoke of her stint in rehab as well as her subsequent recovery and job working for Hermione, broke all sorts of records. It helped that she was almost psychic when it came to tending to her guests' needs.

The Wizarding Food Network was one of the most popular on the waves. Molly Weasley's show was very popular with young mothers and those who just liked comfort cooking. In fact, that was the title. *Comfort Cooking with Molly Weasley* was one of the most popular shows full stop. Other popular titles were: *Taste* starring Severus Snape, who decided to use his skills in a less stressful fashion as well as *Foods of the World* starring Narcissa Malfoy, who was trying to rebuild the Malfoy vaults and was succeeding quite well. The star of the MOST popular show on the network was Kreacher. *This is How You Cook* made history. Apparently it had gone international, since the other house-elves around the world pirated the feed so they could watch.

Trying to bring together a nation that was healing, yet captivated by this new magi-technology, Kingsley Shacklebolt and Minerva McGonagall decided to host an Iron Chef competition at Hogwarts. Their Iron Chef was certain to blow minds.

Molly, Narcissa and Kreacher agreed to compete. The judges were: Winky, their celebrity elf, Kingsley, Severus Snape and Harry Potter.

The Great Hall was converted into a grand set, with four complete kitchens at the disposal of the chefs.

Lavender Brown-Weasley was the host.

"Welcome, everyone, to the first annual Wizarding Iron Chef competition! I am your host, Lavender Brown-Weasley. I would like to introduce you to our competitors."

Lavender sashayed over to the first kitchen station and winked at her mother-in-law who gave her a dirty look. "Here we have Molly Weasley, who cooked for her husband and seven children and has taught a whole new generation of witches how to make their men happy." Molly glowered at the woman she was certain snookered her son into having sex so that he couldn't marry Hermione. "Yes, dear. Too bad you haven't learned anything I have to teach." Lavender hurried past her.

Throwing her shoulders back, Lavender walked deliberately up to the next kitchen station and introduced the next chef. "Here is Narcissa Malfoy. Who knew that a society wife could learn to cook so well!" Narcissa also gave the blowsy blonde a dirty look. "It was a good escape. There is something satisfying about chopping and pounding and

setting things to boil." Lavender decided it was safer to move away from the beautiful woman brandishing what looked to her like a machete.

"Do not introduce Kreacher, Missy-lie-about-baby. Kreacher can speak for himself." The grizzled little elf crossed his arms and 'humphed' at Lavender imperiously.

An audible growl could be heard from Molly's station.

A visibly shaken Lavender walked over to the fourth, curtain-covered kitchen station. "Here we have our Iron Chef. She has cooked or overseen all the meals at Hogwarts for the last seventy-five years. Here is Cookie!"

The curtains were swept back dramatically, and a small elf, wearing a chef's jacket and hat on her wrinkled head just stared at everyone in the room with her bulbous eyes.

As everyone waited for her to say something, the room got so quiet you could hear a pin drop. But still, Cookie said nothing.

"I can't take this anymore! Why did Ron think this was a good idea?" Lavender wailed as she left the set. She knew her life was over.

Minerva McGonnagal walked onto the set and took over the hosting duties.

"We will give all our chefs three hours to prepare the finest four-course meal they can. For the first course, our mystery ingredient is: calamari!"

All the contestants nodded.

"For the second course, our mystery ingredient is: deer heart!"

Narcissa raised an eyebrow.

"For the third course, our mystery ingredient is: jackalope!"

Molly sighed.

"For the final course, you must prepare dessert. Our mystery ingredient is: rosewater!"

Kreacher grumbled under his breath.

Harry turned to Severus at the judges' table. "Where did they bloody get jackalope? I thought that was something fake the Americans came up with to cheat tourists."

"You may want to ask your wife about that."

Harry laughed. Luna probably knew exactly where to find jackalope.

The timer started, and the contestants started to cook. Molly had her wand and other utensils practically flying as she struggled with some of the ingredients. It was hard to make something homey out of jackalope and rosewater.

Narcissa was making something that looked like puff pastry while pounding the daylights out of a deer heart. It was lucky the other kitchen stations were warded because there was blood flying everywhere.

Kreacher was singing to himself, something that oddly sounded like Avril Lavigne's "Girlfriend" while waving his hands like a conductor.

Cookie was staring at Minerva as though she had lost her mind. "Headmistress? You really wants me to use this stuff?"

"Yes, dear. We want a gourmet meal."

"Ah, Cookie understands. Fancy looking food made from garbage. No problem!"

Cookie then looked at the pantry of items, pulled out celery salt, wasabi, ginger, tumeric, yucca root and extra virgin olive oil.

She was calmly putting together her dishes, knowing she had nothing to worry about.

Two hours and fifty-nine minutes later, the audience started to chant. "Sixty, fifty-nine, fifty-eight... "

Molly hurriedly put the finishing touches on her dishes. There was enough to feed forty people, not four.

Narcissa's plates all looked beautiful, even though they were little more than mouthfuls. Perfection was better than quantity, of course.

Kreacher snapped his fingers, and his food plated itself beautifully.

Cookie happily put everything on its plates, humming the Hogwarts School Song to herself.

"...three, two, ONE!"

All the chefs put their utensils down. A wave of Minerva's wand and all the meals floated to the judges' table.

"For the first course, Cookie has prepared a calamari salad with wasabi, ginger and extra virgin olive oil dressing. Now, what is this little bits of black in the salad, Cookie?"

"That is Great-Squid ink cheese croutons!"

The four judges were quite pleased with the meal. "It is very refreshing, and the cheese croutons add a spicy bit of crunch!" said Harry when the microphone floated toward him.

Minerva waited until they were all done tasting, then moved on to the next contestant. "Molly has made some lovely fried calamari rings, with a spicy marinara dipping sauce."

The judges enjoyed that as well. Kingsley commented: "I would love these for those long meetings."

Minerva moved on. "Narcissa has prepared a calamari crudite, garnished with sour cream made from Thestral milk and some lovely caviar."

Winky commented that it was "so pretty and yummy too!"

"Finally, Kreacher has made calamari tempura with a sesame dipping sauce."

"A delight of Japanese flavor!" declared Severus.

The next course proved to be just as interesting. Cookie made deer heart tartar, with lots of capers and onions. Molly made roasted deer heart with mashed potatoes and gravy. Narcissa had also made deer heart tartar, but hers was flavored with a little bit of ginger. Kreacher made deer heart tacos, with homemade tortillas, cilantro and lime wedges. Also, a special tomato-based salsa that brought out the flavor in the heart, with cumin, oregano and ground pepper as well as pickled yellow chilies.

The third course was a vision in the fantastical. Cookie made fried jackalope, with butter beer batter. Molly made roasted jackalope with roasted vegetables. Narcissa made jackalope mousse on puff pastry. Kreacher made jackalope cacciatore.

Minerva took the microphone and went to each station again to talk about the desserts.

"What did you decide to do for dessert, Cookie?"

"Cookie has made rosewater flavored cake with rosehip ice cream, and a rosewater and raspberry syrup."

"It sounds wonderful, Cookie."

"Cookie hopes the judges have taste as good as the Headmistress."

Minerva moved on.

"Molly, you look a bit frazzled, are you all right?"

"I don't think that rosewater treacle tart turned out as well as I hoped."

"How about you, Narcissa?"

"I made a rosewater ice. It is good to cleanse the palate and it is refreshing."

Kreacher didn't even wait for the microphone.

"Kreacher made chocolate cake with rosewater scented vanilla ice cream and raspberry and lemon coulis."

"Sounds impressive, Kreacher."

There was a lot of back and forth at the judges table. Molly was put out of the running quite quickly. Too many roasts and rose and treacle just didn't work.

Narcissa was also put out of the running. There wasn't enough to feed anyone magical.

There were quite a few arguments for Cookie over Kreacher and the other way around.

"I need to excuse myself from this round of judging."

"Why, Potter? Can't make a decision?"

"No, Severus. And it is Harry. But Kreacher made all my favorite foods. I prefer his cooking to just about anything."

"My apologies, Harry. That is reasonable."

"I really did like Kreacher's food, but I don't want to hurt Cookie's feelings."

"Cookie not mind. She prefer cooking for children instead of judges."

The judges were startled. "I think we forgot who we were dealing with," Kingsley said, then laughed.

Winky was pleased. "It is good Kreacher wins. Is good for all house-elves who aspire to more. Not all elves can be Cookie."

The judges all nodded.

Minerva walked out onto the stage. "Our winner today, with the votes of all the judges, is Kreacher! Congratulations, you have beat our Iron Chef!"

Kreacher took the trophy. "Of course. Kreacher is best."

Minerva was just about to tell him about his other prizes when he left. "Kreacher?"

Harry laughed. "Don't worry, Minerva. He just wanted to win. He doesn't care about the prizes. He may be a bit conceited, and he is definitely famous, but he is still an elf."

Minerva turned back to the camera. "That is all for the first annual Iron Chef competition. Be certain to tune in next year."

Many thanks to silverdove and Rose of the West for the beta!

Prompt from LaMuseAmusant: 1. Hogwarts hosts the First Annual Wizarding Iron Chef Competition in which some of Britain's finest cooks find themselves battling a snooty house-elf celebrity chef.