

# Revenge of the Squirrel

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This is the sequel to Potions Ingredients. Please read that first.

## One Shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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I don't own anything. I am just borrowing them for now.

Ron woke up shaking, the bedsheets below him drenched in sweat.

"Ron?" Harry's sleepy voice came to him in the dark.

"Yeah?" Ron answered, trying to stop the chattering of his teeth.

"You alright?" Harry asked, turning on the light.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Ron said, his voice sounding false even to himself.

"Same dream?"

"Yeah, same dream," Ron answered. He had told Harry everything, and of course he'd told him about the dream where a squirrel the size of a mountain troll chased him. The squirrel was screaming for its nuts.

"Maybe you should ask for a Dreamless Draught," Harry said with a yawn.

"Yeah, maybe," Ron said, making a mental note to do that the next day. He finally drifted back off to sleep once he had calmed down.

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The next day, he was hoping that he'd found his solution when he'd gotten a Dreamless Draught from Madam Pomfrey. That was until he got to Defence Against the Dark Arts, and they were practicing their Riddikulus Charm. Ron, who had bravely faced the spider Boggart in third year, ran out of the classroom, screaming, when he faced a giant squirrel speaking in a female voice, asking for its nuts back.

In Care of Magical Creatures, Ron seemed to see an overabundance of squirrels coming close to their outdoor study area and looking at him accusingly. Feigning illness, he claimed to need to go see Madam Pomfrey. All he really needed to do was to get inside somewhere so that he would not have to see squirrels anywhere.

Months passed, and thanks to the Dreamless Draught he didn't have any more dreams about squirrels wanting their nuts back. But he still felt them out there watching him, accusing him, and waiting for their revenge. They would gang up on him.

When Christmas time came around, Ron was determined to get revenge on his brothers. Most of all, he wanted to get back to the Burrow where he wouldn't be confronted

by the squirrel whose nuts he'd stolen.

Christmas morning came, and he was feeling better than he'd felt in months. When he found a sizable pile of presents at the bottom of his bed, he dug right in eagerly.

Suddenly a terrified scream was heard throughout the Burrow, and everyone rushed to Ron's room to find him curled into a fetal position, shaking and covering his ears with his hands. Sitting on the bed next to him was the gift from Fred and George.

A talking stuffed squirrel that said, over and over, "I want my nuts."