

# Regular! Ordinary! Scottish Potion Time!

*by Pennfana*

In English! Potion-making like you've never seen it before. Thank goodness.

## ROSPT

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Disclaimer:** *Please* don't try this at home. (Not that most of the ingredients are readily available, anyway...) And as always, anything that you recognize from another source here is very definitely not mine, and I'm certainly not making any money from it.

Oh, and by the way, I've been informed that it's a good idea not to be consuming any form of food or beverage while reading this story. You have been warned.

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Black robe billowing in his wake, he stormed up to the stone Potions bench and slammed down several ingredients. "WATER! GRINDYLOW SKIN! ACONITE! ASHWINDER EGGS! ARMADILLO BILE! UNICORN MANE HAIR! AND WHOLE MILK!"

"FILL A MEDIUM CAST-IRON CAULDRON WITH WATER!" he bellowed, casting a particularly violent *Aguamenti* on the container. "BOIL THE WATER!" he yelled, flicking his wand again and bringing the water to an instant boil. "LET IT BOIL!"

A manic grin crossed his face. "Grindylow skin, which is the skin of a Grindylow," he declared. He picked it up. "SHRED THE SKIN!" he shouted, picking up a knife and sneering at it. "THIS ISN'T SHARP ENOUGH! WE NEED A GOOD KNIFE!" So he Transfigured the knife into a short sword. "A CLAYMORE IS NOT PRESENT. THIS WILL DO!" And with that, he hacked the skin to pieces on an indestructible cutting board. "ADD THE SKIN!" He threw the Grindylow skin into the cauldron, and the water immediately turned bright purple.

He grabbed a mortar and pestle. "SMASH THE WOLFSBANE!" Giving it a few violent pounds with the pestle, he growled in frustration when it didn't go as quickly as he thought it should and dumped it onto the cutting board. "SCOTTISH STYLE! AAAAUGH!!!!!" he screamed, slamming his fist down on the offending plant matter several times until it was as mashed up as it was likely to get.

He bellowed, "MIX IT WITH THE ARMADILLO BILE!" and scooped up a handful of aconite mush, dropping it into his canister of armadillo bile and shaking it violently. Then he dumped the whole thing into the still-boiling cauldron, the contents of which turned electric blue and started to spark.

"ADD THE MILK!" A violent splash of milk turned the potion a slightly darker blue and produced a thick yellow mist just above the potion's still-bubbling surface.

"ADD THE UNICORN MANE HAIR! PLAIT IT IF YOU WANT TO! I WON'T! THIS IS REGULAR!" He threw the hair into the potion and gave it a little stir. Tiny multicoloured fireworks-like explosions were now happening right at the surface of the potion. Satisfied, he placed his stirring rod on the cutting board.

"PRE-POTION SNACK!" he yelled, taking a spoon and a jar of fresh custard out of his pocket. He took a luxuriously-large spoonful of custard out of the jar and ate it, licking his lips several times. "Gooseberry fool," he sighed contentedly. "It's good for you!"

He set the jar and spoon down on the potions bench. "Ashwinder eggs," he purred, picking up the carefully-warded container of eggs and stroking it slightly. "You should be gentle with them. BUT I WON'T!" Discarding the need for safety procedures, he grabbed a few glowing eggs, screamed, and threw them into the cauldron with enough force to shatter the shells. Big mistake. The resulting explosion was powerful enough to shake the whole castle from the deepest part of the dungeons to the highest point on the Astronomy Tower. He just barely managed to cast his protective shield in time to save his life.

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He woke up in the hospital wing about a week later, head aching like it might have if it had been used as a drummer's practice pad.

"Oh, good, you're awake," Madam Pomfrey said, sounding much less pleased than he'd thought that she might. "Perhaps you would care to tell me precisely how you managed to blow up the dungeon, make the Astronomy Tower unstable, cave in the ceiling of the Headmistress' office, and live to tell the tale?"

"Regular Ordinary Scottish Potion Time," he groaned, turning over in his bed and covering his head with the blanket. He was never going to live this down.

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**Author's Notes:** I blame teshara for this one. If she hadn't posted a link to the meatloaf episode of Regular Ordinary Swedish Meal Time in the chat room one evening a few months ago, this weird little plot bunny wouldn't have tormented me until I finally wrote it out. Thanks, tesh. :)

The unidentified potion maker may or may not be Snape; I'm not entirely sure. Or maybe it's just Slughorn's replacement as the Potions teacher at Hogwarts after the war. Or maybe he's a student who saw Regular Ordinary Swedish Meal Time while he was at home with his family this summer and who decided to sneak into the dungeons and emulate Niclas Lundberg, ROSMT's angry chef, in the only way he knew how. Regardless of who he is, though, I can't say I blame this character for refusing to identify himself; I'd be pretty embarrassed, too, if this had been me.