

Ollivander's Os

by TeaOli

A young, hip (if a bit clueless) relative of Ollivander's launches a line of comestibles called Ollivander's Os. The line consists of foods and drinks packed into things they shouldn't be packed in, and each item is named after the food/drink plus the packing material. If you turn your nose up at box o'wine, then perhaps you've just been waiting for Tube o'Jam.

Galahad Octavius Ulysses Randolph Magnus Abram Nathaniel Damien Ollivander Makes an Impression

Chapter 1 of 2

A young, hip (if a bit clueless) relative of Ollivander's launches a line of comestibles called Ollivander's Os. The line consists of foods and drinks packed into things they shouldn't be packed in, and each item is named after the food/drink plus the packing material. If you turn your nose up at box o'wine, then perhaps you've just been waiting for Tube o'Jam.

The Boy-Who-Had-Wielded-the-Sword-of-Gryffindor-to-Such-Great-Effect wished he still had the storied (and deadly) artefact in his possession. He grimaced anew as his fiancée – who'd (most days, anyway) looked so worn and tired since taking over the Leaky – chuckled softly at the young man whose wares were spread across the gleaming bar.

"Stupid, if you ask me," he muttered to no one in particular. Unfortunately, Gran heard every word.

Augusta Longbottom shot a sharp look at her grandson. Her words were even sharper. "Jealousy is the province of orphans, tramps and spineless ninnies, Neville. You will cease such nonsense at once!"

Then she turned to Galahad Octavius Ulysses Randolph Magnus Abram Nathaniel Damien Ollivander and offered the young wizard a dazzling smile. No one who knew the crotchety old witch would have recognised her, Neville reckoned.

"Do tell me more about your Box o'Sausage, Mr Ollivander," Gran cooed. "Now, of course, it won't do for the wedding, but it could be a delightfully economical addition to Hannah's menu here."

"Please," said Ollivander, his gleaming grin making Neville want to relieve him of a tooth or thirty-two, "call me Gourmand. All my friends do... Augusta. The Sack o'Soup and Pot o'Bread go with it beautifully."

A/N: Written weeks ago in response to my own SND prompt and invitation.

Thanks to the Ladies and Gentleman of SND for naming G.O.U.R.M.A.N.D. and some of his wares. I couldn't have done without you! And a special thanks to linlawless for the beta!

Box o'Sausage, Oh My!

Chapter 2 of 2

Neville tries to take a stand.

The Tube o'MushyPeas spurted. Blushing, Hannah dropped it in favour of the box of unidentifiable meat Gran proffered.

"It's very nice, I'm sure," she said, almost immediately putting it down again. "And all of your Sack o'Soup line sound lovely. Particularly the London Particular..."

Her smile was a bit strained, but lovely nonetheless, Neville thought.

Better than that prat deserves!

"... but I don't know that my guests will want their sausages from a box," Hannah was saying.

"Oh, but Hannah! You don't mind me calling you 'Hannah', do you? A beautiful name for a beautiful woman. You do know it means 'gift of God's favour'?" oozed the slimy git. "Dear Hannah, just wait until you *taste* my sausage. You haven't *lived* till you've had sausage in a box."

Neville was on his feet, wand out, before Ollivander had finished speaking.

Nearly as quickly, Gran was also standing, her hand pushing his wand arm out of sight.

"Need the loo, do you?" she bellowed. Even if the Leaky had been full to bursting, no one would have had trouble hearing her. "Always leaving it to the last minute! Off you go, then. I've a mind to use the facilities, myself."

Offering Hannah and Ollivander a smile that more closely resembled a grimace (and shooting Neville a dark look), she led the way to the ladies and gents.

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He'd known it was coming, but for once, he was too angry to be frightened of a dressing down from his grandmother.

"I'll have no more of these fits, boy! Do you hear me?" She glared down her long nose at him. "Do you *like* seeing your betrothed run off her feet all the time? Perhaps you do, but I won't stand for her being too tired to give me great-grandchildren!"

It was usually useless trying to explain anything once she was in a mood. Neville tried anyway. "But, Gran..." he began. "You see, sausage... and 'box' means... Oh, bugger it all!"

Frustrated beyond words, he started to turn away, but Augusta Longbottom was having none of it. She reached out a claw-like hand and grasped his wrist.

"Goodness gracious, boy!" she growled. "Grow a pair. I know what a 'box' is – I have one, haven't I?"

Neville turned a little green at that. Who wants to think of their *gran* having bits?

"Don't see how you mean to wed and bed the girl if thinking of *that* twists your gizzards!" Gran shook her head in disappointment and disgust. "But that's neither here nor there. Your fear of lady parts has nothing to do with pub food. And that lovely boy, Gala— That lovely *Gourmand* – his parents must have been so clever to name him that – wouldn't dare stoop so low as to be that crass with a client. It's bad for business!!"

But Neville had stopped listening. Galahad Octavius Ulysses Randolph Magnus Abram Nathaniel Damien Ollivander was leaning over the bar, his bristly cheek inches away from Hannah's smooth one.

A/N: I hadn't planned on writing Chapter Two myself, but then Sunny33 put naughty thoughts in my head.

Thanks to linlawless for the beta and the chapter title. Everyone/Anyone else – especially those of you SNDers who laughed at my plot bunny and helped me shape the original – have at it.