

The Quest for the Crystal Vial

by Fairfield

A true account of high adventure.

Chapter 1 of 1

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"Old maps are so romantic."

"Where do you think this one leads?"

Luna had just shown Parvati and Lavender an artifact she had found in her grandfather's chest.

"We need a reveal spell," said Parvati.

"No problem," said Lavender, waving her wand.

Luna read the script that appeared. 'Ye Olde Map to Ye Crystal Vial of Passione.'

"What do you think that means?" asked Parvati.

"It's an old map to a crystal vial of passion," said Lavender.

"I figured that much out," said Lavender. "Do you think we should follow it?"

"Love potions never work out," said Parvati.

"It doesn't say anything about love," observed Luna.

The other two thought things were getting interesting, but they noticed the fine print at the bottom. 'Use dried roses for Ye Vitale Essence.' They decide they could dry some roses any old time. A more immediate problem was that these old treasure maps always led one to unexpected dangers. Parvati and Lavender suggested they find someone stalwart and brave. Luna thought loyal would be better since someone stalwart might be tempted to abandon them if he was given a chance to show his bravery, or given the object of the quest, virtuous might even better. After arguing for a while, they decided the ideal wizard would be all of the above. One name came immediately to mind.

Draco Malfoy.

But how to persuade him?

After a short spell of silence, Luna announced that she had wrangled with her conscience and was prepared to sacrifice her vital essence for the common good. She, dried rose though she might be, would offer Draco the opportunity to share the vial with her. The other two girls objected that that might work with a wizard of lesser virtue, and even if it did work, she, as the leader, should remain inviolate when there were two lieutenants who were equally prepared to demonstrate their courage. Luna retorted that it would be courage that came from a vial, and Parvati and Lavender answered that it was her idea and where did she think she would get her courage.

The expedition was about to fall apart before it began when Luna called for calm and said, "We need to think about this long and hard."

"That's how we're thinking," said the other two.

After some discussion, they decided to appeal to his chivalric nature, always a winning strategy. Furthermore, they knew just when to approach him: Tuesday morning after his meeting with the family's investment bankers when he would be at his weakest.

At noon the next Tuesday, they found a frazzled Draco at an outdoor tea shop, staring blankly into space.

They seated themselves at his table and gave him their sweetest, "How are you, Draco?"

"What do you three want?" he asked.

"Those suspicions are unbecoming of your noble nature," said Parvati.

They explained their quest and their need for a wizard who embodied all the virtues. He declined. They pleaded. He remained stubborn.

"I'll write an expose of investment bankers," said Luna, "and your family, out of concern for their assets, will have you meeting with them twice a week."

"I've always been interested in crystal vials," said Draco, thinking it was crystal clear he was the victim of a vile plot.

The next Monday, he knocked and entered the Lovegood residence.

"Eek," said Lavender as she moved to place herself between Draco and a pile of lacy garments.

"Are you certain that's appropriate clothing for an adventure?" asked Draco.

"A gentleman wouldn't have looked," said Parvati as she packed her favorite lipstick and eyeliner, "and it's what we need when we find the vial."

"If the vial is everything you say it is, you won't need those things," said Draco.

"That's barbaric," said Parvati.

"You're supposed to be a wizard of breeding," said Lavender.

He was trying to think of a rejoinder when Luna arrived – in denim trousers, cotton shirt, leather jacket, and with a sword strapped on her back. It struck him that she was the type of girl that made things happen. But Luna sank dejected into a chair. She had gone to the forest, and she had found a man-eating wolf, but it had declined to accompany them on the treasure hunt.

"That's too bad," said Draco.

The next morning, everything packed, they were ready. For an old relic, the map was amazingly clear. The path led past the hut of the Soul-Eating Nymph, over the bridge of the Dwarf of the Invincible Axe, and straight into the Oasis of Eternal Darkness. The four set off in high spirits.

As they neared the hut, Draco pulled out his wand and Luna loosened the sword in its scabbard. The Nymph stepped into their path and cackled. Luna whipped out her blade. It cut through a pine tree branch that fell on Parvati's foot, took the tip off Draco's wand, and sliced open Lavender's backpack, spilling its contents.

Parvati stopped hopping around long enough to say, "She's the most feared sword in all England."

"Yeah," agreed Draco.

The Nymph was eyeing the items that Lavender was retrieving. In a moment of clarity, Lavender held up one of her intimate garments for the Nymph's appreciation.

"Stop gawking, Draco," whispered Parvati.

The Nymph was smiling and nodding. After she had chosen four that she particularly liked, the Soul-Eater waved the adventurers a fond farewell.

As they neared the bridge, Parvati announced she had a plan, and when the Dwarf appeared, she stepped forward, held out a powder compact, and said, "Isn't there a Mrs. Dwarf? Wouldn't she like to appear elegant at the next Dwarf ball or Dwarf banquet or whatever Dwarfs do?"

"It smells good, too," she said. She took a sniff to illustrate her point, but she was not as calm as she was pretending to be, and breathed in a fair amount of powder.

She sneezed. Powder flew into the Dwarf's face.

"I'm blind," he yelled.

Then he sneezed hard enough to drop his axe. Luna ran forward, grabbed the axe, and kicked the Dwarf off the bridge into the stream below. Luna and the others dashed across the bridge to safety, but Lavender paused, tossed the powder compact down to the Dwarf, and shouted, "You can have it, anyway."

They finally arrived at the Oasis of Eternal Darkness.

"No problem," said the girls.

They arranged their vanity mirrors to illuminate the Oasis with reflected sunlight and easily retrieved Ye Crystal Vial of Passione.

Success.

From a prompt from MuseAmusant: an old map, dried roses, a crystal vial.