

Bog Rolls

by Pennfana

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: While I'm responsible for having arranged these words in this particular order and with the intent for them to produce a comedic effect, the characters and setting are not mine. Come to think of it, neither is the plot bunny, which arose from somebody else's honest mistake.

Remus sat at his desk trying to work out the lesson plans for his fourth-year students and wondering whose stupid idea was it to put Hufflepuff and Slytherin together for this course—most of the fourth-year Hufflepuffs were avid pranksters, and the fourth-year Slytherins were more than happy to indulge in an all-out prank war with them in retaliation—when there was a sudden urgent knock on his door.

"SIR! SIR! LET ME IN!"

He sighed, recognizing the voice. Porter Stebbins, one of the worst of the pranksters. He was also one of the least diligent students Remus had ever encountered in his life—and that included Peter Pettigrew! "Come in, Mr Stebbins," he sighed. "What's got you so excited, then?"

"BOG ROLLS!" The student shouted, still evidently panicking. "COME HELP! QUICKLY, SIR! THERE ARE BOG ROLLS IN THE SECOND-FLOOR LAVATORY CUPBOARD AND THE FIRSTIES ARE *TERRIFIED!!!*"

"Calm yourself!" Remus said, perhaps uncharacteristically shortly, probably because of all of the shouting. "Of *course* there are bog rolls in the cupboard! Where else do you expect Filch to keep them? He could hardly be expected to supply the entire castle from his office!"

"*FILCH* KEEPS THE BOG ROLLS IN THE—URK!" Stebbins' eyes went wide at Lupin's nonverbal *Silencio*, and he flapped his mouth open and closed like a fish in the water. His face grew progressively redder as he tried to shout, but his vocal cords failed to co-operate.

"That's staying on until you can speak to me in a normal tone of voice, young man," Remus said sternly. "Now take a couple of deep breaths—I *think* that's it—and once you've calmed yourself down, tap gently on my desk." With that, Remus went back to his planning. A few minutes later, a gentle, and perhaps slightly sheepish, tapping sounded on the surface of his desk.

Lupin smiled. "Very good, Mr Stebbins. That took less time than I'd expected it would. Now, could you please explain to me in a calm and rational manner precisely why it's such a concern to you that there are bog rolls in the cupboard?"

"Aren't they dangerous?" Stebbins asked once he'd recovered the use of his voice. "I mean, they can be pretty scary. Ezekiel Jennings accidentally let one out and took one look at the one that escaped and it turned into a piranha and he fainted even though the piranha couldn't bite him because it couldn't breathe and the next thing it turned into was an elephant clinging to the top of a flagpole, which crashed down to the ground and nearly squished Silas Greenfield and Jack Packard—"

Remus raised an eyebrow. "And are you sure that you're not responsible for it turning into any of those things? I seem to remember hearing about an incident involving you and a quill that turned into a Muggle blowtorch and set fire to Martha Collins' chair in your Transfiguration class yesterday."

"No," Stebbins said, looking down at his shoes. "The Bog Roll turned into me dressed up as a clown when I looked at it," he said, embarrassed.

And then something about the whole absurd interview finally made sense. "Stebbins," Remus said slowly, "Do you think that you could possibly have actually meant that there are *Boggarts* in the second-floor lavatory cupboard?"

"May have been it, sir," Stebbins muttered.

Lupin sighed. "Thank you for telling me, Mr Stebbins," he said. "Tell your classmates to get out of the lav; I'll be along to deal with the Bog Ro—er, the Boggarts, as soon as I can."

When Stebbins had closed the door behind him, Lupin cast a Silencio on the room and finally let loose the great yelp of laughter that had been threatening to burst out since Stebbins' panicked arrival.

"Bog Rolls" indeed!

Author's Notes:

Stebbins is known to have been a Hufflepuff student at some point during the seven years dealt with in the books, but otherwise, we know nothing about him. I felt free to make use of him for the purposes of this story. :)

This fic is dedicated to Bruce, whose reference to using *Ridikkulus* to subdue a Bog Roll made me laugh at a time when I sorely needed to do so. Thank you for your kindness, your patience, and your willingness to let me turn your mistake into a story.