

# Once Upon a Time Capsule

*by Amita*

Our intrepid pair open a time capsule and find a masterpiece.

## *Chapter 1 of 1*

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"Okay, Miss Granger, what are you getting me into this time?"

"That's what you call me when I want your help with something," she said. "When it's bedtime, I'm your little gryffie lioness."

"The last time I helped my little gryffie lioness, you wanted me to sort out the strange herbs you found in this dodgy apothecary. You broke the jar I was holding in my lap when you tapped it with your wand, and my crotch itched for two weeks."

"And you didn't dare touch me for a month," said Hermione.

"Yes, that too," said Severus.

They were descending the stairs to the depths of the castle where Hermione had thought she had found a time capsule. She pointed it out. It was being used as a wedge to hold a big timber in place that braced a wall. She tugged it loose. The timber shifted; the wall leaned further off plumb. The building shuddered. There was a rumble from the upper part of the castle.

"I think the stairs are moving," said Severus. "Don't you Gryffindors ever get tired of your foolish bravery?"

"Why should we?" she asked.

Severus insisted on carrying the capsule to the surface before trying to open it since that would give them a better chance of survival if it brought the whole castle down. Several hours later, they were examining the contents: a bottle full of liquid stamped with Salazar's seal and a jewelry box stamped with Rowena's seal. Severus sampled the liquid and declared it to be Absinthe.

"In 1000AD?" asked Hermione.

"Salazar was head and shoulders above all other men," said Severus.

Hermione huffed. "Don't you Slytherins ever get tired of being so full of yourselves?"

"Why should we?" he asked.

Hermione opened the box which was inscribed with 'From Salazar to Rowena' and declared she had found a crumpled note.

Severus unfolded it. "It's not a crumpled note. It's a saga composed by Salazar for Rowena."

He read it.

There once was a troop of Vikings who landed on the North coast. They had many bear-shirts. Their ships were laden with plunder, but they proceeded inland for one last raid, for one thing in particular.

At that time, there lived an enclave of magicians nearby, and they soon learned of the approaching band and went to meet it with what few warriors they could gather from the village. The magicians were called Godric the Stout, Helga the Healer, Rowena the Learned, and Salazar the Cunning.

When the two groups met in a clearing, the Vikings gazed on the small number of opponents and were filled with mirth. Great laughter swept their ranks. The Viking chief announced that the natives had shown more courage than anyone by simply appearing in front of them and that they, noble Vikings, would merely take what they wanted and not harm such valiant opponents.

As the invaders waited for the natives to disperse, Rowena the Learned stepped forward with a manikin dressed as a Viking lord. It had a great shield and a big ax and was wearing a bear shirt. The Vikings approved. Then Rowena the Learned pulled up the bear shirt to reveal an enormous member. The Vikings cheered and banged their shields with their swords and declared that Odin had returned.

Rowena the Learned, full of great art, pulled out her wand and conjured a luminous blue ball. She caused it to descend on the exposed member. The horde watched it shrivel. The horde clutched their pride and backed away.

Their shamans ran forward weaving spells, but before the spells could take effect, Helga the Healer sprang forward, wearing only blue paint and waving a spear. Even Godric the Stout and Salazar the Cunning blanched as she danced the Sacrament of the Earth.

There was a moment of silence before the Viking Chief gathered his courage and stepped forward.

Oh fair enchanters and gentle people

We came with one goal before we would part

To steal the women of this blessed isle

To take them to bed and into our heart.

But now we must thank you for what we've seen

The dramatic display has changed our mind

It has opened our eyes to what is true

And shown the nature of your female kind.

They have not the heat to warm the cold couch.

Nor the art to brew nor sing the sweet songs.

Only shrivel our manhood with their ways.

And to sour our lives and do many wrongs

Godric, obviously moved by this lament from stout-hearted men, stepped forward and, wiping a sympathetic tear from his eyes, declaimed

Well known are the Vikings through the lands

For cunning raids and fierce last stands

This shows your clan at its very best

Your renown has soared at this great test

Your wit and wisdom will not surpass

This day of choice for good and fair lass

As men of honor, we wish you well

To find better girls with whom to dwell.

whereupon Helga the Healer thumped him a good one with the end of her spear.

"Oh, that's so romantic," sniffed Hermione. "Salazar wrote out the whole drama, complete with verse for his lady love."

She gave Severus the look. "You never do that for me. Even though you're lousy at poetry and can't express your feelings, it would be a nice gesture."

"How is it I can resist such a gracious hint?" asked Severus. "I will feel shame for not responding with an outburst of iambic pentameter."

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From three prompts from MuseAmusant

- Professor Granger discovers a time capsule
- Someone plays with a voodoo doll
- Absinthe, a crumpled note, a jewelry box