

## **Sneak preview chapter: humiliating Snape**

As part of the test-week, they not only had to do writing test-papers, but also several practical exercises, that would lead up to their OWL's. All students had reviewed the recipe's and general procedures of the portions they had made for the last couple of months, but they soon found out that these were of no use for the next exercise. Their potions-teacher explained. "Good morning, students! Last week I received a suggestion, request or you might have said a complaint that you all were making potions that were only for academical use, and the quality only testable by school-staff. One from Huffelpuf suggested to make something every one could test, something for daily use. I heard that the very first potion-lesson, in the first year, my college Peatery had done something similar. According to Madam Pomfrey with astonishing results."

Some Slytherin students behind them moaned, "Oh, not again!", but Slughorn replied, "As the kitchen is 'Terra Incognita' for me, -actually I'm not really sure if my own house has a kitchen at all- I had to reside to something else. When I scratched my head to come up with something, it dawned to me. Something you all need -and use I hope- Shampoo! It also guarantees that you will do your best, unless you don't mind risking your own hair. General recipe is here on my desk, enough copies for each and everyone of you."

After everyone fetched their own sheet Slughorn continued. "As you can see, it starts with the general production of soap. That will yield an 'acceptable', you should present it to me, and I'll test if it is safe. In case so, I challenge you to use it and wash your own hair with it. In order to prove you did, come to me me tomorrow before the first hour. Those daring to get

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higher marks, the next paragraph describes what kind of colors, odors or other additives you can apply. All required ingredients can be obtained at the regular desk. Good luck!”

James said with a wide grin, “We certainly have luck. I planned to do something entirely different with that bottle that we brought along, but this is better, so much better!”

As to be expected, one of the best potions-students, Snape, was highly upset, “What a humiliation! I wouldn't even lower my self too buying things like that myself, servant business, let alone making it. That's even worse.”

And with a pestering tone Sirius added “You wouldn't even lower your self to USE it, even that is far below your dignity!”

And James added, “No, the least thing are respected co-students wants to make, is snake-oil, eh, I mean Snape-oil!”

The whole class roared with laughter.

“Very funny, Potter! Playing with one's name.”

“Yeah, it is just too bad my friends name is Sirius, instead of kettle.”

“Why so?”

“In that case, I, Pot-ter could calling kettle Black!”

Much of the class laughed again. “You can't beat that, Severus.”

Angrily Snape started to draw up a list of the chosen ingredients and started while all others were already weighing mixing, dissolving or filtering. Finally even Snape produced about a pint of a clear sirup. As instructed he put some of it into a test-tube, put a cork on it and approached Slughorn for test-evaluation. There he had to wait for his turn, and got a sour

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remark that his sample wasn't labeled. When Snape did add a label to his tube, he wasn't able to see that James threw away the content of the bottle he left on his desk, and replaced it with the content of a bottle from one of his pockets.

Next morning, when all the students gathered for the next potion-class, most unexpected results were to be observed. Some students complained about the lack of fresh air, as a couple of girls clearly put way too much smelly ingredients in their shampoo. None of the boys or girls had turn bold or felt victim to an irresistible rash. But Robbert Sheldrake had a very trendy, but daring coupe that would make an easy camouflage while laying in the grass, that green! Alexandra had painted her hair black, but most of the others looked unchanged.

Except for Severus, he was raging with anger.

All of the students had to line up, and Slughorn tested a bit of everybody's hair, with the content of the sample they handed over the day before. No mismatch was discovered, all students had dare to tryout on themselves what they had brewed. Except one: Severus.

Slughorn tried again and again.

“You did wash your hair this morning as we all agreed to do so?”

“Yes I did, professor!” he hissed.

“And with the substance you produced yourself?”

“Yes, professor!”

“Very strange, Snape. The sample you gave me yesterday was a basic shampoo, nothing more, nothing less. Safe but nothing

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special. But on your hair I find something different, something completely different!”

“That's not possible!”

“Do you brought your bottle along, Snape?”

“Yes, professor.” And Severus handed over his bottle.

Slughorn looked serious. “If there is one thing I hate, is lying students who are trying to cheat on me!”

The professor started to compare the content of the bottle with the previous given sample.

“These are totally different! You washed your hair with... this?”

“Yes professor!”

“Trying to be funny, Snape?”

And Slughorn started to write a note, put it into an envelope, sealed it, and gave it to Snape.

“You were warned in advance, for trying to cheat you get detention. Report to our school head with this letter and now out of my sight!”

By the end of the day, the secret information had leaked out through the entire school. When students heard that Severus had washed his hair with frying-oil, some students looked surprised. “Ah! He was using is regular shampoo” or “That explains his greasy look!”

James only said, “Well, honestly, I'm not surprised at all!”, and he didn't even had to lie for that statement, as he very well knew what was in the bottle from his pocket. “Highly suitable for him!”