

Harry could not contain his excitement. Potions was the one lesson he was becoming increasingly good at (even though Hermione was always going to be much better at it). Professor Snape, who was the one person Harry did not want to disappoint, was a master of potions. In this class, Harry needed to impress.

The ingredients were ready on the table- all Harry had to do now was put them together in the correct way. He needed 5 bat's wings, 6 lizard's tongues, a feather of a falcon (it needed to be dark in colour), a medium-sized ear lobe of a gnome and, last but not least, a toe of a toad. As soon as the bat's wings were put into Harry's cauldron, the bubbling began. Bubble. Bubble. Concentrating hard, Harry slowly put the next ingredient to the side of the cauldron, that was now beginning to hiss. Inside the cauldron, an orange-yellow flame began to grow. Once the ingredients were all in, Harry had to mix them all together, whisking at least four times. Finally, it was done. Bubble. Bubble.

"Here, Malfoy! This potion will make you lucky for the rest of the day," fibbed, Harry, smirking without Malfoy noticing.

"Why would I believe you?" retorted Malfoy, giving Harry a look of disgust.

"Well, I won quid ditch last week! Ever wondered why I was so lucky?" asked Harry.

"Give it here then!"

Malfoy snatched the potion and gulped it down, without it touching the sides.

The next thing Harry knew, Malfoy was becoming redder and redder. His ears looked like they were burning, as if they were turning into two huge, red apples. After this, Harry could not believe what he was seeing. Every part of Malfoy's being was red and bulbous. Walking away was not an option- he looked like he'd have to float.

"Uh, oh! What have I done?" said Harry, his eyes popping out of his skull. GULP.