

# Harry Potter Restaurant

\* December Feast 2010 \*

## MAIN COURSE

### WARM AND HEARTY MULLIGATAWNY SOUP

At long last, the final evening of Marge's stay arrived. Aunt Petunia cooked a fancy dinner and Uncle Vernon uncorked several bottles of wine. They got all the way through the soup and the salmon without a single mention of Harry's faults... (*Prisoner of Azkaban*, Chapter 2)

"Fred—George—NO, JUST CARRY THEM!" Mrs. Weasley shrieked....Fred and George had bewitched a large cauldron of stew, an iron flagon of butterbeer, and a heavy wooden breadboard, complete with knife, to hurtle through the air toward them. The stew skidded the length of the table and came to a halt just before the end, leaving a long black burn on the wooden surface...."FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!" screamed Mrs. Weasley. "THERE WAS NO NEED—I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS—JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE ALLOWED TO USE MAGIC NOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO WHIP YOUR WANDS OUT FOR EVERY TINY LITTLE THING!" (*Order of the Phoenix*, Chapter 5)

## 2 VEG

### BRUSSELS SPROUTS WITH CHESTNUTS

[Ron and Harry, Christmas at the Burrow, the Weasley home.] They were standing alone at the Burrow's kitchen sink, peeling a mountain of sprouts for Mrs. Weasley. Snow was drifting past the window in front of them. [Ron's brothers, the twins, enter the room.] "Aaah, George, look at this. They're using knives and everything. Bless them." "I'll be seventeen in two and a bit months' time," said Ron grumpily, "and then I'll be able to do it by magic!" [The twins tease Ron.] Mrs. Weasley entered the room just in time to see Ron throw the sprout knife at Fred, who had turned it into a paper airplane with one lazy flick of his wand...."Can't you help us with these sprouts? You could just use your wand and then we'll be free, too!" "No, I don't think we can do that," said Fred seriously. "It's very character-building stuff, learning to peel sprouts without magic, makes you appreciate how difficult it is for Muggles and Squibs—" "—and if you want people to help you, Ron," added George, throwing the paper airplane at him, "I wouldn't chuck knives at them. Just a little hint." (*Half-Blood Prince*, Chapter 16)

### MASHED PARSNIPS

Everyone was wearing new sweaters when they all sat down for Christmas lunch....Mrs. Weasley was sporting a brand-new midnight blue witch's hat glittering with what looked like tiny starlike diamonds, and a spectacular golden necklace. "Fred and George gave them to me! Aren't they beautiful?" "Well, we find we appreciate you more and more, Mum, now we're washing our own

socks,” said George, waving an airy hand. “Parsnips, Remus?” [The estranged Weasley son Percy briefly stops by as a pretense for his boss, the Minister of Magic, to meet Harry. The next day as they leave for school...] Mrs. Weasley dissolved into tears at the moment of parting. Admittedly, it took very little to set her off lately; she had been crying on and off ever since Percy had stormed from the house on Christmas Day with his glasses splattered with mashed parsnip (for which Fred, George, and Ginny all claimed credit). (*Half-Blood Prince*, Chapters 16 & 17)

## LIBATION

### PUMPKIN JUICE

[Ron and Harry decide (illicitly) to take Arthur Weasley’s flying car to Hogwarts when they can’t get on the train at the start of term.] It was as though they had been plunged into a fabulous dream. This, thought Harry, was surely the only way to travel—past swirls and turrets of snowy cloud, in a car full of hot bright sunlight, with a fat pack of toffees in the glove compartment...Several uneventful hours later, however, Harry had to admit that some of the fun was wearing off. The toffees had made them extremely thirsty and they had nothing to drink. He...was thinking longingly of the train miles below, where you could buy ice-cold pumpkin juice from a trolley pushed by a plump witch. (*Chamber of Secrets*, Chapter 5)

[Professor of Potions Severus Snape believes that Harry has broken into the potions office.] Snape had drawn out a small crystal bottle of a completely clear potion.... “Do you know what this is, Potter?...It is Veritaserum—a Truth Potion so powerful that three drops would have you spilling your innermost secrets for this entire class to hear,” said Snape viciously. “Now, the use of this potion is controlled by very strict Ministry guidelines. But unless you watch your step, you might just find that my hand slips”—he shook the crystal bottle slightly—“right over your evening pumpkin juice.” (*Goblet of Fire*, Chapter 27)

## DESSERT

### BLANCMANGE

[The French wizarding students from Beauxbatons come to visit Hogwarts.] At that moment, a voice said, “Excuse me, are you wanting ze bouillabaisse?” It was the girl from Beauxbatons who had laughed during Dumbledore’s speech. She had finally removed her muffler. A long sheet of silvery-blond hair fell almost to her waist. She had large, deep blue eyes, and very white, even teeth. Ron went purple. He stared up at her, opened his mouth to reply, but nothing came out except a faint gurgling noise. “Yeah, have it,” said Harry, pushing the dish toward the girl...When the second course arrived they noticed a number of unfamiliar desserts too. Ron examined an odd sort of pale blancmange closely, then moved it carefully a few inches to his right, so that it would be clearly visible from the Ravenclaw table. The girl who looked like a veela [siren-like creature] appeared to have eaten enough, however, and did not come over to get it.