

The Wizard spent a relaxing day working on his potions. Maybe *this* time he'd make a proper counter-spell potion. Magarius could only tell that night, though. And that would involve actually drinking it. Which involved finishing the potion.

With a sigh, Magarius finished his break and went back to combining odd ingredients, including some lilac for sleep, eye of newt for protection, and a bit of cinnamon for flavoring. Now, to wait...

...And a few hours later, just before bedtime, it was done. Magarius took a spoon, dipped it into the simmering liquid, and tasted it.

He'd need to remember this recipe! It might not work magically, but it tasted like the best stew he'd ever had- like a combination of lamb stew and the finest bread. Magarius reexamined his ingredients. Nope, none of them were remotely similar to *any* ingredients found in lamb stew, *or* bread. Except the cinnamon. He jotted down his notes in his little research book, put Snuffles back in his home, and headed up to his room. He put his nightshirt on, brushed his teeth, and went to bed. Almost instantly drowsiness washed over him.

*Hmm*, he noted, *Maybe it worked after all!* He fell asleep with a smile on his face, hoping that he might, for once, get a full, uninterrupted night of sleep.

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