

In the Kitchen

by debjunk

It's late night and Bill hears sounds coming from the kitchen where he's staying. What could it be?

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

It's late night and Bill hears sounds coming from the kitchen where he's staying. What could it be?

In the Kitchen

Thwrpt

"What the..." Bill Weasley mumbled to himself as he walked down the hallway of the Burrow.

It was midnight, and Bill's normal midnight munchies had started. He was headed for the kitchen and a well-deserved snack. Then that noise had interrupted his dreaming of doughnuts covered in chocolate syrup, surrounded in whipped cream with peanut butter on top. He stopped short when he heard his dad's voice coming from the same area where the unknown sound had originated.

"Ah, that was a good one," his dad muttered.

Bill furrowed his brow. *A good what?* he thought.

Suddenly another sound, louder than the first, assaulted his ears.

Fwpt

"Oh, that's rank," Arthur mumbled.

Bill's mouth dropped open. Could those sounds be what he thought they were? Could his prim and proper father be passing wind?

Pbbbt

"Not bad," came the remark from the kitchen.

A high pitched squeak was the next sound that came from the kitchen. Bill's eyebrows rose at the sound of it. It sounded like the air escaping from a balloon when you stretched out the part you blow into. He was unsure if a human could make such a sound.

Fweet

Quietly, Bill came up to the door and peeked in. What he saw surprised him. A bowl full of half-eaten chili sat on the table between his mum and dad. They were scooping

spoonfuls into their mouths' with glee.

His mum leaned to her side and emitted a roar. This bomb was the king of all farts. Its bright timbre reverberated around the kitchen and rushed at Bill and his virgin ears. The sound was indescribable. It was something between an elephant's trumpet and the roar of a tiger.

Bill squeezed his eyes shut, not that his eyes would be affected by the horrible sound that had come from his mother's bottom. Then of course, the scent wafted along to his nostrils. Oh, Merlin, it was hideous. His nostrils flared as the smell of rotting cabbage and cow dung crept into his nose. He thought he might pass out at any minute. Perhaps he'd even die.

During poor Bill's assault, his father had given his mum a caustic look. "Goodness, Molly, you've outdone yourself with that one!"

Molly smiled at her beloved husband. "I'm sure once you start up, you'll have me passed out on the floor, dear."

"Mollywobbles, no one could break wind like that except you!"

Molly blushed, but continued to shovel chili into her mouth. Chewing happily, she smiled at her husband as she tipped her backside and let another one roll.

Qweeert

Arthur raised an eyebrow. "That was a squeaky one."

Molly chuckled.

Bill quickly covered his nose with his shirt in anticipation of the stench. He wished he had a gas mask right about now. All thoughts of a late night snack had now vanished from his head. He turned and fled back up to his room and into bed. Staring at the ceiling, he couldn't get the vision of his saintly mother passing gas blatantly while his dad urged her on. What had this world come to?

Finally, after a long period of time, he fell back asleep. He dreamed of his beloved childhood home exploding in a mushroom cloud created by his not-so-saintly mother's gas.

Here's the prompt: It's late night and Bill hears sounds coming from the kitchen where he's staying. What is causing the sound?

Again, thanks to Maggie for her help in writing this, and Lisa for looking it over and scowling.