

A Moment of Peace

by Cat Feral

With a little help from Muggle technology, warring houses share a light-hearted moment.

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Before you read the fic, please click on this link and watch the action for a couple of minutes. If you haven't seen this, the story won't make sense.

badgerbadgerbadger.com

It started with the Hufflepuffs, of course.

Hogwarts had several large study rooms not directly connected to any one House. Currently the crowd in this one included Susan Bones and Millicent Bulstrode who, to their mutual dismay, had been assigned to work together on an Astronomy project.

"What was that?" demanded Millicent sharply.

"Sorry, nothing," said Susan, blushing a little. "How about this section on page..."

"Forget it, wimp!" snarled the husky Slytherin. "That's the second time I've caught you muttering under your breath. If you have something to say to me, say it!"

"I'm not saying it to anybody!" Susan answered, a little louder than she'd meant to. Several students looked up from other tables. "It's that blasted new 'Cyber café' thing they've opened in Hogsmeade! My Auntie warned me the Muggle Internet could do weird things to your brain, and I guess she was right! It's been running through my head all week, and I can't get rid of it!"

"What has?" asked Millicent, now more curious than aggressive.

Susan looked sheepish and then began to chant, "Badger, badger, badger, badger badger..."

Millicent looked at her as though she'd gone mad, but before she could make a comment, Genevieve Prewett and Kyle Malone, both Third Year Hufflepuffs, whooped and leapt to their feet. Finding a clear space in the center of the room, they held their arms out from their sides and began flexing their knees in an odd, stiff "dance."

"Badger, badger, badger, badger..." they chorused.

"Have you been sampling Snape's potions without permission?" demanded Cho Chang, apparently torn between laughter and shock.

"It's called the Badger Dance," explained Colin Creevey. "I saw it on-line when I was home for Christmas." Without warning, he suddenly boomed **MUSHROOM!** causing the Gryffindors on either side of him to edge away.

Several more Hufflepuffs had gotten to their feet and joined the dance. Even those who had no idea what this was about seemed to feel that a show of solidarity was called for.

"Badger, badger, badger, badger, badger, badger, badger, badger..."

"MUSHROOM! MUSHROOM!"

And then the truly amazing thing happened. How a Slytherin could know this piece of Muggle absurdity... Well, the Serpent house did include a few half-bloods, though they didn't broadcast it.

Second-year Slytherin Reynard Rasputin stood up and began moving through the crowd of dancers at a sort-of glide, intoning, "Aahhhh, Snaaaake! A Snaaaake!" Unwilling to leave their compatriot undefended, two more Slytherins followed.

Someone snickered. One of the dancers suddenly turned red and seemed to be choking. Reynard made a sudden sputtering sound and lost his rhythm. Within minutes, "Badgers" and "Snakes" alike were sprawled on the floor, whooping with laughter, while all around them, their fellow students, giggled, grinned, or rolled their eyes. As they got to their feet, exchanging now-embarrassed grins and began to head back to their tables, Colin said,

"So... Hamster Dance, anyone?"