

More Mayhem at the Ministry

by peskipiksi

The Ministry finds itself overrun with Pygmy Puffs...

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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'Arthur!' Perkins' quavery voice echoed down the corridor, and Arthur Weasley broke into a run. From the tiny, windowless cupboard he was forced to call his office, there was emanating an odd humming noise and an eerie, glowing light.

The light wasn't enough to see by though. 'Lumos!' Arthur yelled, and the spell revealed a truly bizarre sight – Perkins standing on his desk holding his robes up over his knobbly knees and, on the floor, dozens of squealing pink and purple furballs Arthur had a horrible feeling he'd glimpsed in Fred and George's bedroom at home. And they all seemed to be cowering away from the light emitted by Arthur's wand.

He was helping an extremely nervous Perkins down off the desk, when a high-pitched scream rang through the air. Perkins slipped off the desk onto the floor, where he was immediately swarmed by the Pygmy Puffs. Ignoring the ancient wizard's cries for help, Arthur raced out into the corridor and was met by a hysterical Mafalda Hopkirk emerging from the ladies' loo.

'Merlin's beard, Mafalda!' he cried. 'What is it?' She seemed unable to speak and merely pointed at the bathroom door, then streaked off down the corridor, sobbing hysterically.

Gingerly, Arthur peered around the door. There were even more Pygmy Puffs in here than there had been in his office. They had evidently been trying to drink out of the toilet bowls, because several of them had fallen in and were splashing around, humming. The strange glowing light looked even eerier when reflected in the bowl of a toilet.

As Arthur watched, horrified, the wet Pygmy Puffs began to shake, then little lumps formed under their fur and popped out onto the floor. They were reproducing! Arthur had a sinking feeling he knew who was responsible for this, but he didn't have a clue what to do about it. He belted along the corridor, almost tripping over more of the little blighters as they swarmed from every open office door. People were screaming, yelling, trying to catch them, stupefy them – anything to get rid of the infestation.

After a frankly terrifying lift ride, during which the little monsters tried their best to pull out his remaining hair and wriggle inside his robes, Arthur skidded to a halt outside Fudge's office door. There was the sound of furious shouting from within, and Arthur pushed the door open silently. Dolores Umbridge's head was sitting in the fire. She was red in the face – and it wasn't from the firelight.

'When I agreed to take over from Dumbledore, I didn't know I'd have to deal with an infestation of squealing rodents!' she screamed. 'First those blessed fireworks, now this! They've terrified my poor little kittens, the house-elves are hysterical, and Peeves is using them for Bludger practice. You've got to come to Hogwarts immediately and get rid of them!'

'My dear woman!' Fudge roared back. 'We're overrun with them here too! Merlin only knows what's going on. Get Filch to deal with them!'

In the doorway, Arthur grinned broadly to himself. *That's the last time I let Fred and George go to a Muggle cinema,* he thought. He knew he should be angry with the

twins, but actually, he thoroughly approved of the chaos they had caused Fudge and Umbridge. Still, he needed to keep his job here.

'Fudge!' he yelled, bursting into the Minister's office. 'Whatever you do, don't feed them after midnight!'

A/N: From a prompt several weeks ago. 'The Ministry is overrun by Pygmy Puffs, which are humming and glowing rather ominously. Then the strange little critters start turning up in other places. Where are they coming from and who is responsible?'

The title is from GoF Ch 10.

Regarding Peeves' cruelty: In *Fantastic Beasts* there is a note in the margin of the Puffskein entry in Ron and Harry's handwriting: 'I had one of them once.' 'What happened to it?' 'Fred used it for Bludger practice.'