

Keep Calm and Carry On

by ofankoma

Someone finally knows the truth and will put it to good use.

A Royal Pain

Chapter 1 of 1

Someone finally knows the truth and will put it to good use.



"We are not amused."

"No?" he asked blandly. "Well," he began, not about to apologise to her, "I confess I'm surprised you ever saw the book."

"It was in the office," she replied, "of a friend."

"I see," he responded, racking his brains for just who *she* knew who would possess an advance copy.

"This will be sold as non-fiction?" she asked, holding a copy in her gloved hands.

"Yes."

"Yet your readers don't know anything about me?"

"Not really, no."

"Only what they'll read in this book?"

"Highly likely, ma'am."

"Pity," she said with a sly smile. "I have to be seen to be believed."

He paused, flicking some lint from the lime-green bowler he carried. "You're not supposed to know anything about our world."

"Yet here I am."

He nodded, avoiding her gaze by staring at the angular fuchsia hat atop her silver hair.

Her demeanour was polite, if not friendly, and she read from his book with no uncertain authority. "You write, and I quote, 'Sharing a birth year with the man-who-would-become Lord Voldemort, her leadership ensured the conditions in a post-Grindelwald era that allowed a madman to thrive and evil to gain a foothold in England and the world at large.'"

He had the good sense to look uncomfortable at that.

"Furthermore, you write that I eat an English egg each morning and that I am an abominable horsewoman."

He squirmed agitatedly in his seat, eyes straying once more to her hat.

"You won't pull the book?"

"Of course not," he spat, frustrated. "This memoir is my public redemption. It'll save my name." He offered her a weak smile as he took it from her. "You won't mind in the end - won't even *remember*." He pulled his wand. "*Oblivi—*"

"I think not," she interrupted forcefully, rising from her seat. "It needn't have come to this." She called into the next room, "Minister?"

An imposing man with a bald head and a gold earring strode forcefully into the room and bowed to her. "Your Majesty."

"Shacklebolt?" Cornelius cried in astonishment.

"Fudge," he coldly replied.

The old woman's hand found the crook of Kingsley's arm in a warm gesture of familiarity, and the wizard stood silently beside her.

"So you see," she said, "you *will* pull your memoir or you *will* edit me out. Let us not take ourselves too seriously, Mister Fudge. In my time as queen, I have seen a dozen prime ministers come and go. Your kind have had many more, I believe, but you have not made it a practise to introduce yourselves. Not until this nice young man, of course."

She patted Kingsley on the arm in a grandmotherly fashion before redoubling in icy courtesy on the man before her. "There's quite a bit wrong in your book, Mister Fudge. I love my country, and I do not tolerate anyone who threatens it. I myself prefer my New Zealand eggs for breakfast. And another thing..."

"Yes?"

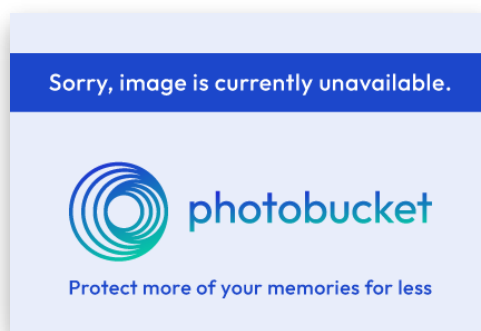
"Your hat is absurd."

PROMPT:

Someone takes creative liberties when writing their memoirs, royally ticking off the other "characters" in the story.

A/N:

Hearty thanks go to kittylefish, who was extraordinarily helpful with tidying up my words and teaching me how to insert images with html. I may have taken this prompt a tad literally, but who didn't love that first chapter of *HBP*? This, incidentally, is the image I have in mind (taken in June 2011 after her horse placed third, failing to win the English Derby):



Many of the Queen's statements are quoted directly from Queen Elizabeth II:

"I have to be seen to be believed."

"Let us not take ourselves too seriously."

"I myself prefer my New Zealand eggs for breakfast."

And this one's from Queen Victoria, but it was too good *not* to use:

"We are not amused."